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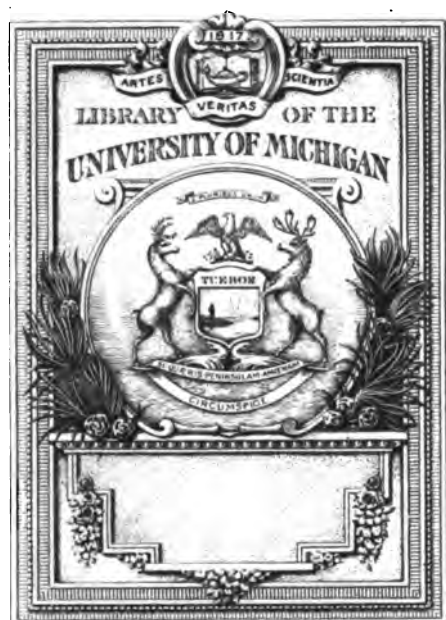
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THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

28890

AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND CO.
CONDUIT-STREET, HANOVER-SQUARE.

1821.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET.

P R E F A C E.

AT the close of a year's labour, the Editor of a periodical work is, by custom, allowed the privilege of addressing a few words to his Readers, in order to state the efforts which he has made to gain their favour, and to apologize for whatever real or imaginary defects may have been alleged against his publication. This explanatory privilege is peculiarly due to a new Editor.

The part of his reckoning with the Public which would naturally be the most agreeable to his own selfish feelings, would undoubtedly be the mention of those congratulatory eulogies which have reached him from friends, and from unknown individuals. But the world is not to be addressed by him with self-complacency; and his recency as an Editor makes it proper that he should rather declare the means by which he has endeavoured to deserve success, than that he should boast of having partially obtained it. Those means, it is true, are likely to be the very same which every other periodical publisher takes credit to himself, more or less, for having employed; and it is not his duty to disparage the merit of rivals and contemporaries in the same pursuit—only he will not shrink from a comparison with any of them, in the pains which he has taken to solicit the assistance of able writers; in the terms which he has obtained from the Proprietors of the work, as acknowledgments to its contributors; and in the care which he has exerted, to keep the developement of moral truth and feeling free from all taint of personal animosity or invasion of private character.

It is as deeply the interest of the Editor, as of his Readers, that every obvious and remediable defect of the work should be forthwith amended; and he will

never be deaf to sound admonition. But it is so far from being practicable to obviate all objections to which a publication like this is liable, that it would even be useless to string them together, unless it were for the sake of ludicrously illustrating the diversities of human taste. Such censures pour in, not merely from the impartially rigid, but from the prejudiced and inimical, and from observers who see the self-same object in curiously contrasted lights of falsehood. The medley of counsels on his conduct, which the present Editor has received, rivals a game at cross purposes in whimsicality. He has been upbraided by one epistolary censor for impious criticisms on the metaphors of Ecclesiastes; and cautioned by another to revoke his fanatical praises of the Psalms of David, as savouring of Jumperism. "A Friend to the Church of England" complains that the Work has forsaken the banners of the English Church; whilst a foreign Journalist laments that it is still Englishly illiberal towards the Catholics; although the present Editor has never admitted one disrespectful, much less intolerant, sentiment against that body of believers.

The length of the articles has been sometimes found fault with, as obstructive to variety. Were the Editor really convinced that his papers could be compressed and multiplied with advantage, he would immediately and zealously act on this suggestion. But he has strong grounds for believing, that no benefit could be derived from his doing so. An augmented variety of articles would make it necessary either that individual correspondents should write on a greater number of subjects, some of which would necessarily be foreign to their particular habits and abilities; or that the circle of his contributors should be widely extended. But to a very great number of contributors, it would not be possible for the proprietors of this, or of any other work, to offer acknowledgments for their communications, at all worthy of their acceptance. It is a truth neither unknown nor dishonourable, that no important periodical publication can be supported by gratuitous contributions. And for the usefulness of the literary

profession, it is of no slight consequence that its *honest* industry should be profitable. But setting aside, if they should be thought indecate, all ideas of profit, it is still but a sorry invitation to literary men, to tell them that, whether their subject be grave or gay, they must be stinted to a very few pages, and that their sentences are to be counted on the fingers of the Editor. Sometimes, it is true, and with painful feelings, he has been obliged to abridge the contributions of his coadjutors; but, on the whole, the system of compression could not be carried to rigour without either alienating useful writers, or requesting them to contribute mere scraps and fragments. Were the public even clearly disposed to patronize the scrap-system of literature, a spirited editor would be disposed to set his face against their taste. But England has, in fact, of late shewn decided symptoms of a predilection for a very different system of periodical writing.

The Editor pledges himself that whilst the Work remains under his superintendence, it shall inculcate neither licentious nor arbitrary principles. He declares his consciousness, however, of having no pretensions to rank among the periodical publishers of the time, who struggle for the honour of directing, or deeply influencing, political opinion. And he here uses the word honour, not ironically, but in good earnest. For he is aware that it would not be for the interests of the commonwealth, if all journalists, even with a leaning to liberal opinion, were to be equally abstinent with himself in commenting on public men and public measures. It is better, with all its drawbacks, that political zeal should be alive than dead; and its spirit may be honourably warm without outraging authority, or assassinating private character. But it does not follow, from the general utility of political discussion, that it should invariably pervade every species of literary compilation, or that there should be no calm spot in the world of periodical literature where all minds of common charity and candour may meet without the asperities of party feeling. There is no scarcity of polemical writers on political subjects; and there is no call for any man to add himself to

their number, unless he is conscious of his habits and pursuits having peculiarly fitted him to come with power into the contest. Impressed with this consideration, the present Editor the more willingly undertook this work, as the Proprietors declared their wish for its main object to be literary, and not political. Had the case been otherwise, there might have been room to charge him with inconsistency, in abstaining from the most interesting public questions of the day. But the circumstance which has been now mentioned, and the opinions of his countrymen, as far as he has heard them expressed, have set his mind at rest, that the motives of his reserve have not been mistaken. Sooner than be justly chargeable with servile or selfish motives of silence, he would expose his peace and character to any annoyances, in which the declaration of independent opinions could involve him. But, whilst concerned with these volumes, he thinks himself more likely to be usefully employed in stamping the Work with a purely literary character, than by coming forward in the arena of politics.

Whilst he thus declares himself deeply conscious of being answerable for the general character and moral tendency of the Work which he conducts, he must also remark, that his responsibility is not to be too rigorously interpreted as extending to every shade and expression of opinion which the publication may contain. It is impossible to give exact harmony and consistency to the sentiments of a numerous and changing body of contributors; and the spirit and originality of an amusing paper might often be more injured by pruning its eccentricities, than by suffering them to remain.

Under this plea the Editor has no desire to excuse himself for one article, which has given offence, rather too justly, on the other side of the Atlantic. He inserted it without reflection, but had observed its unfairness, and felt dissatisfied with himself for having published it, long before the fair and temperate reply which Mr. Everitt made to it had reached him. In adverting to this paper he will have occasion for once, and he hopes

only for once, to touch upon politics; but it shall be but generally, and nothing but the necessity of self-defence shall make him resume the subject. With reluctance, but from a sense of duty, he must criticise a paper in his own work, communicated to him by a valued friend, to whose taste and sentiments he would defer, perhaps, on any occasion but the present. But when his friend deprecates our literary feuds with America, he applies, in the Editor's opinion, the most faulty methods of appeasing them. He denies, and it is to be hoped we all deny, any systematic hatred towards the Americans; but he charges the large majority of that people with being vain, vulgar, and boisterous, and full of national prejudices; which, when they come to this country, take the form of unmeasured hatred and rudeness. Hard words these; and, perhaps, not very usefully uttered even if true. But if they be not true—if this sweeping computation of the tolerable or intolerable character of a whole nation can be even suspected of exaggeration, how unfair and how dangerous to have made it. For his own part the Editor can say, that he believes he has known more Americans than the writer of the paper. Possibly, in the course of his life, not less than an hundred—men of various vocations, characters, and degrees of education. He has argued with them, and heard them argue, on national subjects; but he can safely declare, that he never thought them more boisterous than other men; on the contrary, rather distinguished, in general, by coolness and self-possession. Exceptions of warmth, as among the people of all countries when their prejudices are ruffled, he may have observed; but unmeasured hatred, or rudeness, never.

If we dislike the American manner, (our own, the world says, is not perfect) we should not rake up its imperfections when we protest our wish to put an end to a paper war with that people. It is an useless jar in the tones of our harmony to talk of their disagreeable peculiarities at the moment of confessing that those faults have not eaten into the heart and substance of their national character, and after quoting travellers, who attest "*the gallantry, high feeling, and humanity of their troops, and the general religion and hospitality of their people,*"

But the Americans are told they should be satisfied with our full acknowledgments of their virtues. And so they would have been, no doubt, if the compliments from our press had not come to them so bedaubed with inconsistent aspersions, as to resemble oranges that have been dipped in the kennel. For, in testifying their humanity, we parenthetically bemoan their ferocity. We reproach them, and yet say we are willing to be well with them. We hold out to them the olive-branch, and whip them with it as a conciliatory ceremony. With all this we tell them, however, that they must not be offended, because it is our way to caricature and gibbet Kings and Queens, and Bishops, for the popular entertainment, forgetting that the Americans have nothing to do with our treatment of Kings and Bishops, and that our literature should be as dissimilar as possible to either gibbets or caricatures. Farther, we enjoin them silence and good humour. The charms of silence we illustrate by harangues on their soreness and irritability; and we suggest their vulgar manners, their scanty literature, and the prospect of their language being for ever amenable to our correction, as themes on which they may meditate during their pleased and pensive taciturnity.

But we admire the writings of Washington Irving, and, it might have been added, the pictures of Lesley, and of the American Newton.* And this is a pledge of our perfect liberality. So thinks the Editor's friend, but not so the Editor. For the Americans have gone before us in this species of justice, having praised our British books abundantly; and yet without obtaining credit for entire freedom from prejudices. Nor, in strictness, have they deserved it. It is on neither side an excuse for national abuse to have paid compliments to individuals. The charitable feeling between two kindred and free nations ought to extend much farther, and exclude all collective animosity. How to produce this Christian spirit is, to be sure, the problem which can never be practically

* The Editor calls him American, because there is an ingenious English artist of the same name.

beloved in perfection. Yet, let antipathies be softened, if they cannot be eradicated. If our interests and those of America be the same, they should unite us; if they jar, the more composure of mind is necessary to adjust them. America is told that she will always find friends in England, from the party which supports the republican side of our mixed constitution. But is this all that England can offer America—not the milk of human kindness, but the spare gall of political wrangling? Is not every English royalist interested to demonstrate, in his demeanour towards America, that Monarchy creates more courtesy of manners, than Republicanism?—that chivalrous recollections inspire magnanimity? that our Universities teach dispassionate ethics; and that our Church is at the head of Christian churches, by its having impressed our public character with forbearance and charity?

So much for the feelings that ought to be brought into this business. As to wrangling with America in print, it should be the policy of all honest British politicians to avoid it.

If the anxious Monarchist be alarmed at her citizens over-describing their democratical blessings, he should recollect that every contemptuous word we throw out is a challenge to their pride and boastfulness, and a temptation for them to exaggerate the pictures of their own felicity. And though we may expose many of their false assertions, yet, as all human things have imperfections, those of our own venerable institutions are in turn laid open to the detraction of antagonists, whom we irritate in order to make sure of their candour. It is true that rude remarks on England might come from America, supposing our press to be ever so moderate. English emigrants rail at us; but for these the native American character is not responsible. Granting, however, that this railing is an evil, how is it best to be mitigated? The transatlantic press cannot be silenced by force: though vanquished in argument, it would argue still. All angry discussion on our part that inflames the whole American people, makes them speak ten times of our tithes and taxes for once that they would mention them if not embarked in a provoking controversy. And their boastings

of immunity from such burthens -- boastings undeniably aggravated by the reproaches which we offer them -- come indirectly, through seditious newspapers, to our taxed and tithed, and reading poor. By wrangling with the only nation that speaks English, we render the only foreign newspaper an uneducated Englishman can read, to the utmost extent in our power, a gazette of his causes for discontent. If the American press be despicable, the surest token of our contempt would be silence; if it be formidable, it is better to be at peace than at war with it. If America has been violent in this war of words, it is clear that we have not been moderate: even her federalists have been insulted by us. When she has spoken of those whom she thought her great men, and mentioned Patrick Henry, it has been contemptuously asked, in one of our most popular publications, "Who is he?" -- The memory of Patrick Henry is deeply respected by his countrymen. He was the first orator who stood up in an American assembly to propose the resolution of their independence. Whether we choose to call him great or not, he was a bold and distinguished man. His name is inwoven in his country's history, and ought to have been known to every one pretending to write about America.

This is not the way to deal, either effectively or fairly, with the citizens of the United States. Let us increase the number of their liberals, by our own liberality. Their Republicans, in candid moments, will acknowledge defects in their own system of policy, calculated to make an Englishman better satisfied with his own institutions -- acknowledgements which their pride will justly refuse to our haughty treatment; and it must be owned that we treat them haughtily, when we subjoin to the name of one of their best and bravest patriots the ignorant and insolent interrogation of "Who is he?"

There is no need to flatter their self-complacency. But surely it need not compromise our dignity, that the general character of our publications should gain over the young American, who is to be the future senator or ruler of his country, to form pleasing associations with the political literature of Britain. It were better that the language recording his ties of affinity with us, were not

the only one, perhaps, in the world, in which he can read humiliating truths or irritating falsehoods about his country, and expressions of contempt, calculated to make him vow, in the weakness of human nature, that no love shall be lost between himself and Old England.

The worst thing urged against America is her negro slavery—a theme, no doubt, for the general philanthropist, but not for the Englishman as a ground of unqualified national vanity. Slaves cannot breathe in England. Yes, but they can breathe in the English West Indies, and breathe heavier groans (it is said) than in America. And we profit by this slavery, and we pay taxes to maintain it. The negro, however, is free the moment he reaches our shores. And could he reach them at his pleasure, we might then boast that we took the chains from his limbs, and bound them round his heart. But he cannot come over to us. An English soldier would help to kill him, if he asserted his liberty; and the main power that coerces him is English. Now, the plea which our own colonists allege for possessing slaves is necessity, and we either admit or reject this plea. If we absolve the West Indian, we cannot condemn the American. If we denounce them both as tyrants, it is clear that, of the two, we are most nearly and practically concerned with our fellow subjects of the West Indies. If we can justify or palliate their slavery, let us make allowance for that of America. And if we cannot justify it, then, before we preach the emancipation of slaves to another empire, we should first make efforts to accomplish that emancipation in our own.

It is prophesying at random to speak of the future dependence of the American language and literature upon ours; and it is unfair to deride their future prospects of fame, which are neither contemptible nor chimerical. In maintaining real rights, let us be resolute; but not in bandying irritating and useless speculations. Much less in accusations that heighten national antipathies. How degrading to both countries was the spectacle when the American press accused Englishmen of stirring their punch with the amputated fingers of Irish rebels, and when England retorted by charging Ame-

rican parents with letting their children run drunk about the streets—a loathsome rivalry in scandal that would have disgraced honest fishwomen. From calumnies like these, base as they are, ~~spring~~ antipathies that prepare the human mind for the guilt of war. The serpents' teeth, though buried in the dirt, produce armed men. The evil of nationally hostile writers lives long after their short reputations—it is felt by posterity, when their works are gone to the grocer's shop.

In all that the Editor has said, he has not meant to justify the malignity or injustice of any American railler against England. He has only argued that British pride ~~should be above exasperation, and should be inclined~~ rather to pardon than punish the irascible anxiety of the Americans respecting their national character, which, though great for their age as a nation, is yet proceeding, and incomplete. That very anxiety, though it may have been misdirected, is a virtuous emotion in a young nation.

If any ill-natured remarks should be made on this apology which the Editor has offered the people of the United States, he can promise his critics one advantage, that he will (in all probability) make no reply to them. But the sober part of the British community will scarcely require an excuse for his having spoken thus respectfully of the Americans. It was a duty peculiarly imposed on him by the candid manner of Mr. Everitt's reply; and it was otherwise, as he felt in his heart, deservedly claimed by a people eulogized by Burke and Chatham—by a land that brings such recollections to the mind as the wisdom of Washington and Franklin, and the heroism of Warren and Montgomery.

Confident that with the exception of such an accidental aberration as has been mentioned, his compilation will be found to have no characteristic at variance with the best interests of society, the Editor presumes to solicit the assistance of the literary men of all countries to support him in its continuance. And finally he begs leave to return his thanks to the individuals who have hitherto lent him their aid, as well as to the public for having given him their encouragement.

T. C.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

LECTURES ON POETRY, THE SUBSTANCE OF WHICH WAS
DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION,
BY T. CAMPBELL.

LECTURE I.

I PROPOSE, in the greater portion of the following Lectures, to treat of poetry rather abstractedly than historically. But as on entering on every subject there is an obvious advantage in taking a preliminary view of its nature at large, I shall devote this first lecture to some general remarks on poetical composition. I shall first of all endeavour to discriminate it from some other pursuits of the human mind, in which the intellect and the imagination are both concerned, and shall then subjoin some thoughts on the reciprocal influence with which it affects and is affected by the moral culture of society. If I should be far from giving my observations that comprehensiveness and method which ought to belong to a full and regular treatise on poetry, I must beg allowance to be made for my object being much more limited than to compose such a work. The philosophy of the poet's art is a vast field of enquiry, over the entire extent of which I make no pretensions to expatiate. My attempt shall only be to investigate some of its prominent and most interesting points.

Few sayings respecting poetry have been more frequently felt or repeated than the words of Lord Bacon—"that it accommodates the shews of things to the desires of the mind." It has not been always observed that the noble author uses this expression when considering poetry only as "*imaginary history*."* From his

* "Poetry," says Lord Bacon, "is a kind of learning generally confined to the measure of words, but otherwise extremely licentious, and truly belonging to the imagination, which, being unrestrained by laws, may make what unnatural mixtures and separations it pleases. It is taken in two senses, or with respect to words and matter. The first is but a character of style, and a certain form of speech not relating to the subject; for a true narration may be delivered in verse, and a feigned one in prose;—but the second is a capital part of learning, and no other than feigned History. And here, as in our decisions we endeavour to find and trace the true sources of learning, and this

having previously said that "he should take no particular notice of Satire, Elegy, Epigram, Ode, &c. but should hand them over to philosophy and the arts of speech," I suspect that his Lordship applied his memorable words to feigned history alone—but, to my humble apprehension, they will bear an universal application to poetry. For I can suppose no instance in which an affecting poem, taken as a whole, does not accommodate the appearances of nature to our wishes. The accommodation indeed is most palpably made in fiction; it is nevertheless also effected, although more subtly, in the poetical representation of truth. Delightful as nature is to us, yet a literal and facsimile transcript of her accidental appearances will not constitute poetry. Those circumstances, even of true objects, must alone be chosen and combined, which excite the warmth and light of agreeable passions and associations. When the poet, therefore, exhibits the credibilities of existence without the aid of invented characters or of fable, he still selects and concentrates only those traits of truth which attach our sensibility, and he re-

frequently without giving way to custom, or the established order, we shall take no particular notice of *satire, elegy, ode, &c. but turn them over to philosophy and the arts of speech*, and, under the name of Poetry, treat nothing more than Imaginary History."

I beg pardon if I mistake the meaning of so great an authority; but it would seem to me to be a natural inference from the proposed turning over of certain classes of composition to philosophy, that the poet in those classes is to be judged of by the same canons of criticism with the philosopher. If the transference be not for this purpose, I am at a loss to see what other end it can answer; and, to my humble apprehension, there is not in this distinction, at least thus briefly as it is worded, that irresistible clearness which so usually attends Lord Bacon's decisions. Supposing the poet and the philosopher both to endite truth, will they not treat it in a different manner, and ought they not therefore to be judged of by different laws? The philosopher exhibits all the circumstances of truth so investigated and analysed as to calm and counteract our passions: The poet selects and combines only those circumstances which excite them, and which connect emotion with intellectual perception. Poetry accommodates the shews of things to the mind's desires: Philosophy has in view to make the mind accommodate its desires to the realities of things.

The classes of poetry, thus discriminated from imaginary history, and left to be turned over to philosophy and the arts of speech, are satire, elegy, epigram, ode, &c. The arts of speech is a vague expression; I shall therefore only speak of the consignment as it regards philosophy. The light host of epigrams may take their place where they please; and so may satires, though they are at best but a one-sided sort of philosophy—But the lyrical ode may be highly fanciful, and it is difficult to see any thing in its transports peculiarly fit to be tried by a jury of philosophers. Didactic poetry has the most *apparent* connexion with philosophy; but the connexion is always forced, and generally unfavourable. It is the most unteaching of all things, and, in reality, is not judged of by its power of instruction: otherwise, the *Georgics* of Virgil might be submitted to the Board of Agriculture. There is unquestionably philosophy in poetry—in spirit, not in demonstrative form; but that spirit, I apprehend, is not locked up in any distinct compartment of the art, and least of all in those where the poet affects to be most philosophical. Nor can I see why classes of poetry different from imaginary history, are more to be referred to philosophy than imaginary history itself. There is surely more knowledge of man diffused over the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, not to speak of dramatic poetry, than over all the soberest didactic verses, and shrewdest satires, and most contemplative elegies, that were ever written.

jects others that would disturb the harmony of his picture, or repel our sympathy. This makes Truth herself appear more beautiful in the Muses' mirror than in her casual reality. I am far from saying, that fiction is of slight utility to poetry. I only mean, that the true circumstances of nature, when exquisitely chosen and combined, will constitute that high beauty of art which we call the ideal, without the necessary intervention of fiction. Nor do I mean that language can produce this effect, unless it also possess the power of exciting fanciful associations. The passions that give life to poetry are indissolubly connected with the liveliness of the associating faculty. No doubt, the language of real passion is not, in general, prone to remote and surprising combinations of thought. The wit of the fancy is a doubtful indication of passion. Nevertheless, when we read a strain of deep feeling, we naturally imagine it to come from a mind of rich associations, and it excites a reverie of luxuriant images in our own. But remote fancies, whether they are congenial or not with the language of passion, may have their place in the poet's survey of existence, and yet may be far from amounting to fiction, in the fair and general sense of the word. It is only in that acceptation, namely, the feigning of events and characters, that I deny fiction to be perpetually and essentially necessary to the poet. If all the imagery of language is to be so called, prose itself will be found to teem with fiction. But, however necessary fanciful associations may be to Poetry, she may portray the realities of Nature without absolute fiction, so as to touch the inmost recesses of our sympathy. The famous Love Ode of Sappho, for instance, affects us by the simple vehemence of its passion—and yet it is not fiction. If it were asked, how such a poem can be said “to accommodate the shews of things to the desires of the mind,” I should answer, that it conveys the conception of amatory transport as completely by selecting and concentrating the traits of truth, as if the finest artist had embodied it to the eye with ideal beauty. It is all nature, but it is perfect nature—there is no part of the outline weak, though it seems as if every one could trace it. And yet, though every one feels the passion, it has been seldom so well described in the course of two thousand years.

The spirited selection and concentration of truth is one means, and fiction is another, by which the poet maintains his empire. The one founds it, and the other extends it. If truth can thus be found, of itself, to constitute the soul of entire and inspired poetical effusions, fiction cannot well be denominated the soul of poetry; and I should rather be inclined to call it her highest prerogative. It is a privilege, too, of which the poet can avail himself more than any other imitative artist. For though painting and sculpture may surpass the power of verse in im-

mediate impression, yet from being mute and chained to the moment, they are sensibly limited in the means of explaining more of their subjects than meets the eye, and they can with difficulty embody any fiction which tradition or poetry has not in some degree prepared, and placed in their hands; whereas poetry, by her "winged words," to use the noble Homeric phrase, can widen the circuit of human thoughts undefinedly into the past and the future, and may feign what has not even been surmised by tradition. To return to the words of Lord Bacon, they apply, though I conceive not more truly, yet with easier and more extensive illustration, to imaginary history than to any other class of poetry. And his observation, that the art shews itself to be something divine, as it raises the mind by accommodating "the shews of things to its desires," bespeaks a sensibility in the sage as deep as his intellect. For poetry, in its highest sense, is scarcely any thing else than a synonyme for the religion of nature. It is true that we have a pleasure in the poet's representations of life, from our attachment to life itself. All imitations of objects have a certain value to the mind, as the resemblances and records of a perishable existence. They surprise us with traits of nature that have escaped our observation or faded from our memories, and affect us as if they restored to us a lost or absent friend, with all the tender illusion, though without the indistinctness, of a dream. But the poet does not establish his influence always merely on graphic fidelity to nature; he knows that there is a disposition within us to go beyond hope itself, and to shape reveries of things, not as they are, but as we would wish them to be. There is no imagination which has not, at some time or other, dreamt in a paradise of its own creation. It is true that this optimism of the fancy, when it vents itself in the castle-buildings of a weak mind, or is masked under the gravity of a false and Utopian philosophy, becomes pernicious and ridiculous. The love of ideal happiness, when thus drivelling and disfigured, appears a bastard species of the fancy, to which poetical feeling disdains acknowledging its resemblance or affinity. But when we look to the day-dreams of inspired fiction, and when we feel the superhuman force and excellence of its characters, it is then that we acknowledge the beatific idealism of our nature to be a feature of divine expression in the moral aspect of man. To compare the conceptions of so frail a being with his actual attainments of happiness, would be sufficient to persuade us, without a hint from revelation, that our natures are either the wreck of some superior past intelligence, or the germ and promise of a new one.

The object of poetry being to delight the imagination, divides it from every other pursuit of language. But it is neces-

sary to recollect that this is its primary and distinguishing object; because the fancy and passions are often addressed in other provinces of animated composition, and though the poet may have more imaginative powers than other men, he is not the only composer in language who employs them. In prose itself, zeal will warm the associations, and mould them into imagery; and metaphors, similes, and comparisons, will be found more or less scattered over every style that is not devoted to pure science and abstraction. Hence, while poetry claims her rank among intellectual studies, those other pursuits, which have truth more severely and immediately for their object, also make their occasional excursions into the field of fancy. So that, distinct as the ends of the poet and the moral reasoner may be, the one being pleasure and the other instruction, we shall find Shakspeare furnishing texts for philosophy, and the apothegms of Bacon adorned with figurative illustrations*. In pure metaphysics it is, no doubt, agreed, that fanciful analogies between mind and matter are apt to be dangerous and delusive lights to the enquirer, and that the language of philosophy should be shaded as much as possible by abstraction, like the glass that is darkened in order to enable us to look at the sun. Yet, in spite of this acknowledgment, we shall often find logicians amusing themselves very contentedly with ingenious images. Locke has given a description of the process of memory that is absolutely poetical. And if the flowers of Parnassus may thus be found starting up so far from their native soil as among the dust and thorns of metaphysics, how much more naturally may we expect to meet with them in the more genial regions of moral sentiment. In fact, there is a poetry in the human mind which partially diffuses itself over all its moral pursuits; and few men who have ever strongly influenced society, have been possessed of cold or weak imaginations. The orator must, on many occasions, appeal to the passions as well as the understanding; and the historian, even whilst adhering to facts, gives a natural prominence to spirit-stirring events and heroic characters, which lays a frequent and just hold on our enthusiasm.

But still there are plain limits which divide poetry from history, philosophy, and oratory, although the poet may often

* I allude to the felicity of Lord Bacon's figurative expressions, and not to their frequent occurrence; for as a writer he is (as we might naturally expect) no pursuer of such ornaments. But when he does indulge in them, there is a charm indescribably striking in the contrast,—I should say in the harmony between his deep thought and elastic fancy. And his beauties of this description may be treasured in the memory with as much safety as admiration. For though he may be said to blend figures with his philosophy, he mixes them not with abstract metaphysics, but with maxims that come home to our bosoms and business. And, unlike many philosophers, he uses them as mere illustrations of argument, and not as their subject.

impart philosophical truths, though the orator may move our affections, and the historian spread agreeable pictures before the fancy. We may again consider the poet as either exhibiting a true representation of Nature, or "*Truth severe in fairy fiction dressed.*" Viewed in the former light, he may seem to approach more nearly to the character of the historian than when he deals in fable; but he is still as essentially distinct from him in his main scope. For we must interpret the character of history by a collective view of its intended effect, not by appealing to the impression of insulated chapters and sentences, which, though they may rise to poetical eloquence, give the pursuit no generic identity with an art devoted to the imagination. Poetry affects us by views of the good and evil of existence thrown into large masses of light and shade. But History cannot give the chequered aspect of human affairs this supported contrast and strength of colouring without betraying anxiety for effect, and diminishing our confidence in her value as a science. The poet feels and inspires unbroken and determinate tones of emotion, whether they be gay, plaintive, or impetuous. They may change and succeed in rapid vicissitude, but they swell and fall in harmony, and even their fluctuation, with skilful management, need not make them check and neutralize each other. But the records of life, like life itself, teem with the elements not only of mutable, but of abrupt and jarring sensations. The historian may often excite our enthusiasm in this discordant spectacle, but he cannot prevent it from being often mortified. His great end is to make us impartial judges of events, and he must withhold no consequential fact, be it ever so unromantic, from the balance of impartiality. Into that balance he must throw all prosaic considerations and proofs of truth that enable us to weigh it dispassionately. If he does this, he must necessarily make our zeal circumspect and patient of drawbacks. But the moment that our sensibilities are thus modified by special exceptions and abatements, they cease to be the living fountains of poetry. Argumentative scruples and caution have no place there: for the very error of feeling is more poetical than its equilibrium. Hence we never smile so much even at an outrageous hyperbole, as when a dull good man betrays the lack of his would-be enthusiasm by some candid and qualifying expression in verse that escapes from the prose of his conscience.

We bring to history a philosophical interest, a curiosity to trace the chain of human events as causes and consequences of each other. Not that history is destitute of a harmony peculiar to herself. She proportions the space which facts occupy in narration to their magnitude, and gives them an agreeable order by tracing their springs and results. But that is far

from a poetical harmony, even in the picture of truth ; and in the interval between her most interesting scenes, she must follow the links of their connexion over grounds of detail which no good taste would attempt to make picturesque to the fancy.

As to fiction, it may seem superfluous to say that it belongs to poetry and to no other province of composition. It must be recollected at the same time, that the poet's fiction would not be a discriminating feature of his art unless it were open and avowed. Falsehoods in ethics and rhetoric often please us, but we are not conscious of their deception, and the moment the spell is broken we are displeased that it has been thrown over us. Imaginary systems of philosophy may last for ages after their founders are dead, but not a day after their foundation is detected. The orator has certainly to deal with our passions and imagination, but his object is through these to effect persuasion; and when he attains his end, of what do we imagine that he persuades us? Unquestionably, of the literal truth, whether it regards our own selfish interests, or abstract justice with regard to others. There is no doubt that the orator may often covenant with himself to gain us over by arguments, whether true or false; but he makes no such bargain with any intelligent part of his hearers; and if he succeeds in the latter way, it is only by fraud. In poetry, and there alone, the illusion of language is not deception. When either the pleader misleads us into false sympathies, or the sophist into fanciful theories, there is no convention of the mind with their falsifications; nor would the wildest zealot of the most Utopian school of philosophy so far compromise the dignity of his own understanding, as to acknowledge to himself that, for the sake of pleasure, he was voluntarily embracing an error. But in poetry, we are transported to enthusiasm with what, as to literal occurrence, we know on the slightest reflection to be a dream. Nor does the retrospect of the judgment at all prevent us from rebuilding, with fresh delight, the airy edifice which has been thus disenchanted.

At the same time that we discriminate the end of severer pursuits from that of poetry, we must not lose sight of the intellectual character of the art. All harmony of effect must proceed from principles observed by intelligence; and although those truths which the poet selects and concentrates for the purpose of delighting us, are grouped together on principles very different from those of demonstration or historical transcript—although he blends them with illusion, and addresses them to the imagination—it does not follow that the understanding is unconcerned with his works. The very illusion of the mind, unaccompanied with deception, of itself bespeaks that something is done to obtain the acquiescence of the judgment; nor could

a rational being like man cast a complacent retrospect even over the visions of his fancy, if these, in departing from the literal form, retained no affinity to the spirit of truth. The term imagination, therefore, when spoken of as the organ of poetry, ought not to be taken in the narrow meaning of mere fanciful association, to which it is sometimes limited, from the unsettled usage of language; but should be understood as a complex power of the mind—including fancy to associate ideas, and taste and judgment to combine them.* Admitting that, among the powers of the imagination, fancy is that which most strikingly distinguishes the man of genius from other men, let us glance at a few of the circumstances which betoken the connexion of intellect both with the enjoyment and the production of poetry. As to the understanding of the reader, it must be confessed, indeed, that it is submitted to the poet with no very striking symptoms of being likely to be treated with severity; for he addresses himself mainly to our sympathies and affections, and he professes to tell us no more of the truth than he can instantly render intelligible and agreeable. Moreover, he leads us into an ideal world, where the empire of literal truth is at an end, and where the laws of congruity that are to bind the new objects which he describes, appear to us to be, more than they really are, at the poet's own disposal. But though the needle varies in the compass when we are at first launched upon the ocean of fiction, we soon find that there are limits to its variation. In other words, the liberties which he takes with our belief, cannot please us without a general deference to our moral judgments. And if the poet neither tasks nor fatigues our understandings, it is not because he has unimportant truths to communicate, but because he is bound to reveal them with an easy and beguiling perspicuity. It is true that he conducts no abstracted chain of reasoning on the connexion of men's actions and passions, nor on their social interests, nor on their manners, religion, nor morals. Yet he throws light upon them all. He shews the landscape of life, the customs of ages, and the contrasts of individual character, with a power so full and illustrative, as sometimes to invite the historian and the philosopher themselves to consult him. It need not be denied, that the romance of poetry, if improperly studied, and imitated as a principle of con-

* Donald Stewart calls the imagination "a complex power. It includes, conception or simple apprehension, which enables us to form a notion of those former objects of perception or of knowledge, out of which we are to make a selection (in the fine arts); abstraction, which separates the selected materials from the qualities and circumstances which are connected with them in nature; and judgment, or taste, which selects the materials, and directs their combination. To these powers we may add, that particular habit of association to which I formerly gave the name of fancy."—*Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind*, p. 477.

duct in real life, would produce absurd and fantastic actions; but so would the abstract truths of philosophy, if applied as rules of practice without accommodation to circumstances. It is enough to say of poetry, that a recognizance of general truth is indispensable to our enjoyment of it. For the wildest fiction is bound to be consistent with itself; and its shapes, which are but magnified types of the natural world, must still exhibit, amidst their marvellous attributes, a harmony of parts that shall remind us of Nature. But the main business of the poet lies in the sphere of humanity; and there, though he may feign events and characters out of nothing, yet he can no more misrepresent the passions of our moral fabric with impunity, than the artist in visible forms can trespass against the laws of anatomy or perspective. Even in forsaking *minute* probabilities, fiction has in view to make us acquainted with those which more importantly interest us; and she rises above the literal ground of truth only to take a wider and more commanding prospect of its horizon. Thus when the dramatist brings together events and characters with a happiness and swiftness of succession that could hardly, if ever, exist in reality, his representation, though containing improbabilities, may, nevertheless, be more instructive, and put us in possession of more truth in the aggregate, than if he had gauged the likelihood of all his events by the doctrine of chances, or obtained their time to the hour and moment of chronology. For he can thus illustrate human nature in situations which he could not otherwise conceive, or which he could not, at least, portray with spirit and passion. And it is only in impassioned situations that the inmost traits of human character can be consistently described as disclosing themselves: for

“As perilous rocks lie in the sleeping seas
Unknown, and make no discord with the waves
Till these are blown against them with vexation;
So there are secrets in men's hearts as hid
In the hour of peace, as if they had no being,
And but speak out when passions rise in tempests.”

The importance of the intellectual faculty to the poet himself can be hid from us only by deceptive appearances. He may often seem to be happiest in composition when he abandons himself most carelessly to the accidental impulses of his fancy; but his acquaintance with truth must have come to him through much observation and reflection, though it seems to be intuitive amidst the burst of his inspiration. Indeed, when a writer conducts a great design of imaginary story; when he makes its characters congenial with the moral experience of mankind; and when he gives their complicated situations a perspicuity that supports our attention unfatigued—can we doubt that such a writer

has exerted his own judgment in proportion to the trouble which he saves to our own? He must understand the human heart who describes it well; and his knowledge is not the less intellectual that it shews itself in no formal process of reasoning, but operates like a spirit rather felt than seen, in giving congruity to the shapes of his fancy.

Owing to the subtle manner in which Poetry teaches us truth through our sympathies, while she abandons literal veracity, her art, though it appeals to the very simplicity of the heart, always yields a heightened enjoyment to the retrospect of judicious Taste. That power at least increases "our sober certainty of waking bliss." It may not be compared to the mine that yields us treasure, but it supplies a touchstone for appreciating its purity. The beauties of poetry shine on inconsiderate judgments, like the sun on objects fortuitously placed, the shadows of which but imperfectly enable us to guess at the hour of the day. Experienced sensibility is like the gnomon. It measures the altitude and dials the light of inspiration.

I have repeated the words by which Lord Bacon so well characterizes poetry, namely, that "it accommodates the shews of things to the desires of the mind," oftener than I should have quoted any expression of less weight and authority. When the truth of the expression is admitted however, it still leaves room for speculation on the fact of things painful in themselves being made subservient by the poet's art to the enjoyment of the imagination. This apparent paradox has been explained by some writers in a way that would make it still more paradoxical, namely, that painful emotions possess inherent sublimity. Human experience certainly contradicts this supposition. Pain and fear are, in themselves, humiliating sensations; and when a poet fills our imaginations with the conception of a battle or a storm, it is not the sufferings of humanity that constitute the sublime, but our associated ideas of the human energy and intrepidity which we suppose to encounter them. In like manner, when we are touched in fiction by the distress of venerable age or innocent sensibility, our reverence, enthusiasm, and love of beauty, not the thoughts of distress, occasion our enjoyment. Our predominant emotions in sublimity and pathos are the very antidotes to pain and danger, namely, glorying zeal and tender affection; and it is because they are antidotes that the poet employs them. The idea of happiness is, therefore, still the sovereign feeling of poetry. It lurks even in poetic misanthropy, when she tries to shape an infernal paradise out of her own pride and independence.*

* This subject has been ably treated by Mr. Knight in his *Work on Taste*. His illustrations, which refute Burke's theory of the Sublime and Beautiful, are too extensive

As language, the medium of the poet's communication, is judged of by the ear, or at all events by the memory of the ear, even in tacit perusal, the poet studies to make it agreeable to us by harmony. In prose itself we are not denied some degree of the same gratification; nor is it always an arbitrary association which we form between a writer's mind and the modulation of his style, when we infer slovenly habits of thought from his uncouth periods, and a graceful spirit from his power of making expression attractive even in its outward form.

But the utmost harmony which we can enjoy in prose is loose and desultory, and the grace of a prose style is not improved, but deteriorated, by any doubtful approximation to the harmony of numbers. In verse we not only enjoy the recollection of cadences that are past, but agreeably anticipate those which are coming. In prose we enjoy the harmony of periods only as they pass; and we should not be able to make any calculation by the ear of the pauses or flow of clauses that are to follow. No doubt, we experience in a prose sentence that the use of a spondee or an anapaest may have made a particular clause more graceful; but the moment we detect the writer's assignation for the use of any particular foot or rhythm, we are displeased. A sentence may be appropriately long or short, but we must have no precognition of its length or brevity. Alternations of common and triple time, which displease us in verse, are agreeable in prose. The harmony of a prose style, if it should not be, ought at least to appear, unpremeditated; and the best improvement which a writer can give to it by revision is, not to smooth or balance his periods, but to break up and vary their cadence from the monotony which carelessness is apt to produce. In prose, the ear follows the writer; in verse, it goes before him: a compromise between the variety of the one and the regularity of the other gives us the grace of neither. It is true, that in our translation of the Bible, measured prose is not without solemnity to our peculiar associations; but this dead march of language has never been permanently admired in any other than sacred compositions.*

for me to quote; and good illustrations are not safely abridged. But the book is almost in every one's hands. It confirmed me in several opinions which I endeavoured to convey in the first lecture I ever gave at the Royal Institution, at a time when I had not read Mr. Knight's Work, long celebrated as it had been, and was not aware that he not only anticipated, but explained those opinions in a clearer manner than that in which I had treated them, and with a minuteness into which my limits would not allow me to enter.

* The strictest anticipation of harmony which the ear can enjoy in verse, may be produced by two circumstances. The first is that of lines being equal in length from

It is true, that the fulfilment of what the ear anticipates in harmonious verse; though generally distinct, does not extend to the minutest inflections of harmony. These often give a grace to modulation from their very variety. But, upon the whole, the beauty of verse is supported by coinciding with our expectation, and there is much more chance of our being startled by strange turns of versification, than palled with those that are familiar. Hence nations have the highest relish for their own forms of metre, with the flow of which habit has made them best acquainted.

Though the delight which we experience in verse comes to us through organic impression, we must never lose sight of the intimate dependance of our pleasure on the associating faculty. It has been said, that harmonious words of unknown meaning would yield not the slightest pleasure to the ear.* I am not quite persuaded that this is the fact, for we are naturally fond of rhythm and time, both in articulate and inarticulate sounds. That pleasure, no one will doubt, is intrinsically feeble. But be it ever so slight, it may affect the association; for we must not judge mechanically of the influences that act on that subtle power. Slight impressions will often awaken all her activity; while strong luxuries of the sense absorb us in sensation. In reality, however, to abstract the consideration of harmony from its union with meaning, is to dismember the conception of our enjoyment

beginning to end, i. e. including the same number of syllables, or so proportioned that their inequalities and length have a regular return. The second is a similarity in the internal modulation of lines. There is, no doubt, agreeable variety in the harmony of verse without exactly fulfilling both of those circumstances; but they cannot be both absent from language at once, and leave it the character of verse. The length and shortness of lines may be varied, so as to present themselves fortuitously long or short. Much beautiful poetry has been written in this manner, and many persons enjoy its variety. Those who are lost to its magic irregularity may fairly allege that the four corner-pillars of Epic Poetry, the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, *Jerusalem*, and *Paradise Lost*, have been constructed on a different principle; but still there is a charm in variety, and this is still versification. But if the writer, besides using long or short measure at will, in the same poem, were also to pass at random from common time in one line, to triple time in the next line, or *vice versa*, he would certainly cease to write verse altogether. Even with lines of equal length, this vicissitude of time would be discordant. If a strain, for instance, were to commence thus, in triple time—

At the close of the day, when the hamlet was still,
and to continue in the second line,

And save the torrent, nought was heard upon the hill:
the last twelve syllables, though as strictly rhythmical as the former, would disappoint us, by change of time, and we should much rather expect him to write

And nought but the torrent was heard from the hill.

The vicissitude of time within the same strain, is therefore an anomaly in verse; and if it can have a place, it can come only like a discord in music, the more rarely, I apprehend, the better.

* Mr. Knight on Taste.

under the pretence of analysing it; for the thoughts and sound come to us simultaneously. There may be circumstances in the delight which verse yields us too impalpable to be discriminated. But we are sensible that it excites our perception of order, which is always pleasing. We feel also that harmonious language is consentaneous with the full and voluble sensations of poetry, which have nothing that falters with doubt or diffidence. At the same time, whilst we sympathize with the poet's torrent of feelings, we are sensible that our own powers of language could not throw them into the channel of musical expression, though it appears, when found, to be their natural bed. In addition to this sympathy with his triumph, his numbers assist our memory. Their utility to that effect is experienced in pages much less interesting than those of the Muse. And if verse can strengthen our retention of a dry and dreary muster-roll of words, how much more delightfully important must it be in fixing the fleetest and sweetest traits of imagination in the mind! Verse materially promotes distinct conception, by pointing the antithesis of words, and by making their grammatical relations more distinct. — It must, therefore, help the understanding: an important circumstance in an art which is bound to inform that faculty with the slightest possible fatigue.

It has accordingly been resorted to in language ever since human beings, arising above the mere, animal sense of existence, had bursts of tenderness to utter on the past, or of public zeal upon the present, or of religious anticipation on the future. It is older than prose as a studied form of composition. And poetry was the original record not only of human feelings, but of all belief, when history and religion were shrouded in fable. No doubt, it might tend to perpetuate superstition, but it preserved also feelings and thoughts that deserved not to perish, and indirectly prepared man for philosophical pursuits, whilst it sweetened and protracted the morning dreams of his intellectual day.

When the more diffuse use of writing led to the cultivation of prose, subjects of business and science were withdrawn from verse, and only those of imagination were left to it. But after men were either satiated with verse, or became too indolent to employ it, tales of fiction also were endited in prose. It need not be denied that fiction can thus come closer to life by the humility of speaking prose in the drama, and of imitating biography and history in her narrative style. But illusion itself is not an unconditional charm to the imagination; and the possibility of language losing agreeable effect by the strict imitation of life, is certainly exemplified in one species of composition, namely, in the graver Drama. The effect of prose tragedies, I think, will

generally be confessed to bring the pathos and terror of life too familiarly near us, by withdrawing that medium of language which interposes romantic and softening associations. No doubt, the stage is the mode of exhibiting nature, which requires the most reconciling art to soften her painful aspect, and prose fiction may be found more engaging in narrative than in tragedy. It is accordingly there, namely, in narrative fiction, that we find the great works of imagination which compel us to extend our view of Poetry from its popular to its philosophical meaning. Under the latter acceptation we comprehend all works of original and delightful fancy; and under the former those which not only "*Fill the impassion'd heart, but win the harmonious ear.*" The comparative magic of ideal nature will, no doubt, be differently estimated by men's different sensibility to the power of numbers. But the common usage of language gives the title of poet only to him who gives his art its crowning ornament; and we think of Milton more emphatically as a poet than even Cervantes.

Language does not give us this associated idea of preference without some reason. The prose writer of fiction drops at his outset the form of language most congenial with determinate or poetical emotion. Exceptions may exist, but, generally speaking, even the great and high order of prose fiction fulfils this token. It gives consummate inventions of character to the imagination, and these are poetical and ideal whether they be grave or gay. But, on the one hand, when prose fiction is serious, it aims at a less sustained elevation of the fancy, and stoops designedly from pathos and sublimity to views of life, which may refresh and amuse us, but are not poetry. Again, if prose has ever rivalled verse in ideal fiction, it is in the comic; and our sense of the comic, though it comes strictly within the powers of the imagination, stands confessedly the lowest among them. The primary object of ridicule is incongruity; and the laughing writer must therefore seek his materials, not merely in the humble, for these are often the most poetical, but in the HUMILIATING circumstances of existence. It is therefore in comedy that verse and prose appear to present their claims of possession on the most debateable ground. Comedy indeed must, I think, on the whole, be called poetical in its nature; and, as verse always heightens the expressiveness of language, as it wings the shaft of wit, and gives elasticity to the figures of fancy, it surely were better retained by the Comic Muse. But still her gaiety may compensate for her dishabille, and she makes no important sacrifice of her dignity in descending to the dialect of ordinary life. It is with the tender luxury of the mind, or with its loftier enthusiasm, that harmonious numbers have their most congenial alliance. Those feelings have an abstracted and unwordly cha-

racter, which belongs not to the sense of ridicule. They are drawn from conceptions of nature undisturbed by the discord of contempt; and as their luxury to the mind is full and pure, they naturally claim to be expressed in the language of harmony. Verse assuredly is neither a certain token nor guarantee of inspiration; but it tends at least constantly to remind the true poet of his high calling, to make his thoughts music to the mind as well as the ear—whilst the use of a prose style insensibly leads to prosaic views and sensations of life. Accordingly, prose fiction, collectively speaking, adopts not only the matter of fact air, but the spirit also, of biography and history. It feigns events indeed, but makes them appear no more poetically ideal than the literal transcripts of reality. I allude not to the highest rank of novels, which exhibit a mighty idealism in the picture of nature, though it may be interspersed with shades of common-place. Nor do I intend expressing disrespect for a meritorious and useful, though secondary class of such writings, which gradually diverge from this character. I only mean that the great mass of prose fictions deserve not to be called works of imagination, though they relate feigned events. The bulk of its writers pursue, not a minor path of poetry, but a totally different track. Their intention, and the desire of their readers, is avowedly common-place. They have no purpose to give a heightened or select image of life, but its flat likenses; and to ensure its resemblance, they sometimes conscientiously throw in all its *ennui* to the bargain. Even when common-place novel-writing leaves this safe insipidity, and tampers with the passions, it does not, on that account, approach nearer to the character of a poem. For the enjoyment of the imagination, in a poetical sense, is as little allied to sensuality as to dulness; and as productions of art, the immoral poisons of such fiction are as unsavoury as its moral drugs. It is true that the whole host of novels, to judge by their popularity, answer in one respect to Lord Bacon's definition of Poetry that "they accommodate the shews of things to the desires of the mind." But to what sort of desires? In how many instances to the love of scandal and personality! In how few, to more than a petty curiosity in the irritations and embarrassments of life! This dissipation of the fancy stands exactly in the same relation to poetry as to algebra.

TO THE RAINBOW.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem as to my childhood's sight
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws.

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign.

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam :
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS ON HER BIRTH-DAY; A SONG
TRANSLATED FROM THE BOHEMIAN.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

If any white-wing'd Power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
He surely bless'd that day.

I laugh'd (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripen'd life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes pourtray'd;
But thought I earth had one
Could make ev'n Fancy's visions fade
Like stars before the sun?

I gaz'd, and felt upon my lips
Th' unfinish'd accents hang:
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
To rapture chang'd each pang.

To a Child.

And though as swift as lightning's flash
 Those tranced moments flew,
 Not all the waves of time shall wash
 Their memory from my view.

But duly shall my raptured song,
 And gladly shall my eyes,
 Still bless this day's return, as long
 As thou shalt see it rise.

TO A CHILD.

BY JOANNA RAILLIE.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
 And curly pate and merry eye,
 And arm and shoulders round and sleek
 And soft and fair? thou urchin sly!

What boots it who with sweet caresses
 First call'd thee his, or squire or hind?
 For thou in every wight that passes
 Dost now a friendly play-mate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave but cunning,
 As fringed eye-lids rise and fall,
 Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,—
 'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far a-field thou hast not flown,
 With mocks and threats half-lisp'd half-spoken,
 I feel thee pulling at my gown,
 Of right goodwill thy simple token.

And thou must laugh and wrestle too,
 A mimic warfare with me waging,
 To make, as wily lovers do,
 Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
 And new-cropt daisies, are thy treasure:
 I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
 To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well ; let it be ! thro' weal and woe
Thou know'st not now thy future range ;
Life is a motley shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change.

A JOURNEY TO PALMYRA, OR TADMOR IN THE DESERT,
WITH A SHORT ENQUIRY RELATIVE TO THE WIND OF
THE DESERT CALLED SAMIELI.

BY COUNT WENCESLAUS RZEWUSKY.

PALMYRA, or Tadmor, situated in the arid and burning Desert of Arabia (the province of Hauran), is too interesting not to excite the curiosity of every traveller who loves to carry back his imagination to the remotest periods of antiquity, and to contemplate, among majestic ruins, the vicissitudes of fortune. Once splendid, and celebrated for its luxury and its commerce, interesting from the misfortunes of the warlike and proud Zenobia, Palmyra, whose temple rivalled in riches the most magnificent edifices, the number of whose columns seemed to equal that of the stars, is now only a heap of overthrown columns, of insulated colonnades, of broken capitals, and decayed porticoes. Koehla and Ada, two mountains at the foot of which Palmyra is situated, and which the Bedouins often celebrate in their poetry, no more re-echo to the cheerful songs of an industrious and prosperous people. Gloomy Silence, the presiding genius of the waste, has succeeded to the hymns and songs of joy ; and the Arab alone, armed with his lance, and mounted on his spirited mare, sometimes animates this solitude. There leaning on the tombs which cover the heights, he meditates the commission of some crime ; he watches the favourable moment ; or endeavours to surprise the ostrich for the sake of its feathers. The statues which adorned the temples and the galleries, are buried under deep sand, which the winds have been amassing for centuries. The sanctuary of the Sun has become a wretched hamlet, and its fine remains serve as vaults, or as walls to the miserable sheds which some poor inhabitants have fixed to them, and who daily abandon them, never to return. It is in the midst of these ruins that the eye of the philosopher is struck with the unequal combat between Time and Industry. It is on these precious remains that History and Tradition found their triumph ; before them, Time is compelled to humble his-

destroying scythe. It is through them that a single fragment rebuilds an entire space, that a single name re-animates whole nations. Time thus yields his sceptre to Memory, and Antiquity receives the homage which is its due.

There are travellers who prefer Balbec to Palmyra; but I am not of this opinion. Situated in the rich and fruitful valley of the Bequaa, enclosed in a more confined space, circumscribed within narrower limits, Balbec offers ruins, the *ensemble* of which is more easily embraced. Palmyra engages both the mind and the heart: they dwell, by turns, on the immensity of these ruins; on the romantic history of a warlike and unfortunate princess; on periods of glory and humiliation; on the mysteries of an ancient and natural religion. Balbec was the work of the Romans only. Sacred history, its own, with which we are unhappily too little acquainted, and that also of the Romans, are connected with Palmyra. At Balbec, all is great; at Palmyra, all is immense. A valley sufficed for Balbec; the Desert, that solid ocean, was reserved for Palmyra.

It was on the 17th of June 1819, that I set out from Aleppo by the Desert to visit Tadmor. This route, according to the accounts of the people of Aleppo, has not been taken by any one except Scheik Ibrahim (Mr. Burckhardt). I incurred great dangers during the twenty-three days that I remained in the Desert, in the hands of *Quazé* guides. I bore the name of the Emir Tage of Fakhr (*crown of glory*), the translation of my Polish Christian name, Wiencryslau. I owed this danger to the great celebrity which I had acquired among the Bedouins, on the various occasions when I visited them. I was considered by them as the great Emir of the Bedouin tribes of the North. My hardy and active mode of life, my manner of riding on horseback, the management of the lance and the sabre, which exercises are familiar to all true Poles from their childhood; some acts of generosity, a great knowledge of the races of horses of the Nedjed, and of their distinguishing characteristics, proved by examinations which I was obliged to undergo among the tribes of Hosueh, of Weled-Aly, of Sebah, and of the Fidanes—every thing, in short, caused me to be compared with the favourite hero of the Arabs, the celebrated Antar. Verses were sung in my praise among the tribes, and thus my name was spread in the Desert; and, as I afterwards learnt, it penetrated to the remotest part of Arabia. At the time when I determined to leave Aleppo, the Desert was in combustion. The tribe of Weled-Aly had just cut to pieces a body of Delibaches of the Pacha of Damascus. The Wechabites had begun again to act offensively; many Sheiks had been arrested and detained by the Pacha of Bagdad, and their tribes roamed about without guides. My appearance in the Desert put all these tribes in motion to

seize me. I had been betrayed at Aleppo, and they were informed of my departure from that city before I had quitted it. They desired to make themselves masters of my person, in order to obtain their Sheiks in exchange. The merchants of Bagdad, and Mess. Picciotto, the consuls, informed me of all this. However, I resolved to set out, depending on my good fortune, which has never deserted me. I was accompanied by M. Antoine Rossel, my interpreter, an active and intelligent young man, who was connected with the first families of Aleppo, and whose conduct I cannot sufficiently praise. I took some dromedaries, and repaired to the encampment of Auazés Fidanes, at Tal el Sultan; which I left two days after at nine o'clock in the evening, the night being very dark, directing my course by the stars. The time which I had chosen for this journey was so dangerous, that some Englishmen, notwithstanding the assistance afforded them by the Pacha of Damascus, and the Mutesellims, could not execute their plan, were plundered, even wounded, and turned back without having seen Palmyra. These same Mutesellims could hardly believe that I had been there; and when they were convinced of it, they found my expedition so bold, that they gave me the name of El Fiddavi; *i. e. the Devoted.*

My journey through the Desert from the gates of Aleppo had more than one purpose. The following are my reasons for choosing that direction: Palmyra being the principal object, it enabled me to observe the Desert in a direction which it was necessary for me to know in a geographical point of view; I wished to see several Bedouin encampments, to obtain a sight of their horses; and, lastly, to learn the nature of the celebrated wind called the Samieli. It was, in fact, the season when it is prevalent. I do not intend to speak here of the ruins of Palmyra. I refer the reader to the work of Mr. R. Wood, which I have found correct in every particular, as well as his engravings, with the exception of some differences which time has occasioned. That traveller visited Palmyra in 1751. Since his time, the sand having accumulated, the general aspect of the proportions has partly changed; there are also several columns marked in the plates, which now no longer exist. I reserve for another memoir my observations on the profile of the Desert. A separate notice also will be dedicated to the Arabian horses; I have brought back four of the first races. Here I shall speak only of the Desert-wind called Samieli.

This pestilential wind which is felt in the deserts of Arabia, and which causes the death of so many pilgrims going to Mecca, is called in literal Arabic, *sammoun*, which means *burning wind blowing at intervals and by night*. It is likewise called *harrou*,

the burning night-wind. The difference between the denominations *sammoon* and *harrou* is, that the former includes an idea of poison. In fact, the root of *samum*, is *sammu*, to *administer poison*; *sammoon* means *poison*, *saammoon* *poisoned*. The Arabs of the Desert call it *sumbuli*, which appears to me to be a compound of *sam*, poison, and of *bullaton*, humidity, moisture; or *ballaton*, *humid wind*, which *excites moisture*. Such I take to be the origin of the word *sumbuli*, I think we should say *saam ballaton*, that is, *poisoned wind*, *humid*, and causing moisture. By humid we are not to understand aqueous, bringing rain, but loaded with vapour, The Turks call it *samieli*.

The Samieli, or Sumbuli, is felt in the Desert from about the middle of June to the 21st of September. It is experienced with a very violent south-west wind, and on those days when the heat of the sun is the most ardent. It is burning; it comes in gusts, more or less scorching, of more or less duration; each of them, however, even the shortest, exceeds the time that a man can hold his breath. This wind consists in a succession of burning and cool gusts. In the first, there is frequently a double degree of heat and impetuosity. The difference between the hot and the cold gusts, according to my observation, is from 7 to 10 degrees. The highest degree of the hot gusts was 63° of Reaumur; the temperature in the sun, without the samieli, having been constantly from 43° to 47°. I thought I could observe that when this wind blows, a yellowish tinge, inclining to livid, is diffused through the atmosphere; and that, in its most violent periods, the sun becomes of a deep red. Its odour is infectious and sulphureous; it is thick and heavy, and when its heat increases, it almost causes suffocation. It occasions a pretty copious perspiration, partly excited by the uneasiness which one feels, and the difficulty with which one breathes on account of its foetid quality. This perspiration appeared to me more dense and viscous than the natural perspiration: the wind itself deposits an unctuous fluid. The better to examine its qualities and its nature, I opened my mouth to inhale it: the palate and throat were instantly parched. It produces the same effect when inhaled through the nostrils, but more slowly. To preserve one's self from it, and keep the respiration more free, it is usual to wrap up the face with a handkerchief. In passing through the tissue it loses a part of its action and of its destructive principle; and besides, the breath keeps up a degree of humidity, and hinders the burning air from suddenly penetrating into the mouth and lungs. The Arabs, therefore, are accustomed, whatever the heat may be, even in the shade, to wrap the whole body, not excepting the head, in their *mesehlah* (cloak), if they desire to sleep. This wind causes, by the rarefaction that attends it, a pretty strong agitation in the blood; and this increased move-

ment soon brings on weakness. It in general produces on man two effects distinctly characterized. It strikes him mortally with a kind of asphyxy, or causes him a great debility. In the first case nature sometimes comes to the relief of the sufferer by a discharge of blood with the urine. The corpse of a person so suffocated has this peculiarity, that in a few days, or even hours, as some Arabs affirm, the limbs separate at the joints with the slightest effort; so powerful is the action of the poison even on the muscular parts, giving an astonishing activity to the progress of putrefaction. Such a corpse is reputed contagious. I know nothing so terrible as this wind: I felt it almost constantly in the Desert, having some interruptions, one of which was for three days and three nights successively. My interpreter, Mr. Rossel, was struck by it, but escaped death by a discharge of blood. That which confirms what I have said of the separation of the limbs, is, that, having been struck by this air, I was affected for some weeks with an extreme weakness; and whenever the least warm wind blew on me, I felt a great faintness, and perceived in my joints a relaxation of the muscles.

The dangers of this wind are guarded against by inhaling the fumes of good vinegar, and by covering the face with the handkerchief. I asked the Arabs if lying down on the ground was a preservative against it: they assured me it was not. I should be inclined myself to think it prejudicial. The description which M. Volney gives of the samieli, called in Egypt *khamzin* (the wind of fifty days), does not seem to me exact. What Niebuhr says of it did not strike me sufficiently to relate it here. The observations which I have now made are founded on my own experience.

The period at which the samieli is felt, is between the middle of June and the 21st of September. It blows sometimes one, two, or three days and nights successively, and never exceeds the number of seven. Between its appearances there are sometimes intervals of from three to ten days, and even fifteen; not that the wind ceases to blow, but because having been carried in different directions, it is felt in one place after having visited another. The epoch of the samieli coincides with the extraordinary variation of the Nile, namely, between the summer solstice and the autumnal equinox.

During six months, from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, the sun traverses the ecliptic between the equator and the tropic of Capricorn; that is to say, he visits the part of the globe where there are great masses of water. His action then increases in the southern hemisphere, in proportion as, on account of its obliquity, it diminishes in the solid northern hemisphere. It is natural that the evaporations occasioned by the solar orb in this liquid hemisphere should produce that immense succession of

clouds, which dissolves in rain into the upper bason of the *plateau* of Africa, or is preserved in snows deposited on the heights which surround that bason, of which the Niger is the last receptacle. These accumulated rains, and the melting of the snows, are the cause of the rise of the Nile; and at the same time make the Niger communicate with that river.

It is bold in me to express, as principles, results of my geographical labours before I have submitted my whole work to the public, and awaited its fate. Requesting the patience and indulgence of my reader, I, however, venture to declare my opinions.

"The interior of every continent is a vast *plateau*, elevated, concave, containing by its nature many marshes and sulphureous springs, having a proclivity towards one of its sides, and the contour of which corresponds with the contours actually known of that continent. The profile of this continent is composed of as many principal terraces as there have been principal epochs in the successive subsiding of the seas." The examination of Europe and Asia has furnished me with this result. I laid it before my uncle, Count John Potocki, who approved it, and that emboldens me to publish it here.

The superior *plateau* of Africa, then, is a bason surrounded with eminences, the bottom of which is traversed from west to east by the Niger, and the proclivity of which is consequently in the same direction. The valley of the Nile is lateral to this direction; that is, the course of the Niger is at right angles to that of the Nile. There is between both a tract of ground, the elevation of which is such as, at the time of low water, to hinder the Niger from flowing into the Nile. The Wangara is the lake in which all the waters of the bason unite, where they stagnate and corrupt for want of a vent.

When the sun, after the autumnal equinox, sends towards this *plateau* the great rains and snows, the mass of the waters augmented by the rains only, is not sufficient to rise above the level. Thus this bason is filled towards the Wangara with an immense quantity of water. The season, as well as the great elevation of the *plateau*, then, hinder these waters, though stagnant, from corrupting and emitting their mephitic gas. After the vernal equinox, the melting of the snows being completed between the beginning of May and the summer solstice, the mass of waters rises above the level, and opens the communication between the two rivers; and it is about the summer solstice that the Nile begins to rise. This evacuation of the Wangara into the Nile would, perhaps, be more prompt but for the north winds, which retard it by driving back the waters of the Nile. It is, however, effected: the Nile receives the greenish tinge of the stagnant waters; and in the neighbourhood of the Wangara, this evacua-

tion uncovers immense marshes, which were just before submerged.

The sun, returning towards the Line, occasions a great evaporation of mephitic gasses, in the bason of Africa, which had been heated and prepared for this great evaporation by the passage of that luminary from the equinox to the solstice, and then by its return from the solstice to the equinox. Amidst these causes of corruption, how many insects, reptiles, and animals are there in all this marshy bason which daily perish! We know from Herodotus, that the three brothers Nasamones, after having ascended the northern rampart of this bason, had large marshes to cross, in order to reach the Niger. In the environs of the Wangara, there is formed an atmospheric stratum, heavy, offensive to the smell, and pestiferous, which is renewed in proportion as the wind has carried it away. It is a continual development of mephitic gas and noxious exhalations. Timbuctoo, and the Upper Niger, being on a higher level, the putrefied gas formed there would sink in consequence of its specific gravity, and be drawn by the current of the river, or be simply carried away by the west wind, and increase the mass which hangs over the Wangara, and would leave that city free from the scourge.

I cannot concur in the opinion of Captain Maxwell, who supposes that the Niger, after having traversed the Wangara, empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean, in the 6th degree of south latitude, by the name of the Congo or Zaire, or between the 5th and 6th degrees of north latitude, into the Gulf of Guinea. If this were so, the upper bason having a regular evacuation, the increase of the Nile and the samieli would be inexplicable.

Such, then, is the state of the interior of this bason, when sometimes the south, sometimes the west wind, begins to reign there. A high wind arriving at the superior *plateau* of Africa, carries away, and drives before it, the air heated by the sun, and infected by the foetid exhalations, and bears it sometimes to Arabia, into the *Hegias*, where it destroys the pilgrims of Mecca, or into Syria, where I felt it. This air, thus impelled by a strong wind, either passes over the mountainous chain of Syria, or striking it at some point of its elevation, and being compressed on one side by the mountains, on the other by a column of wind, flies off at a tangent, and rises above the mountains. By its specific gravity, it would tend to fall on the reverse of the obstacle surmounted; but still impelled by the same wind, it describes a curve, and does not strike the Desert till it reaches a point at the distance of a day and a half's journey. What proves this correct is, that the coast of Syria feels only a hot wind, but never the offensive samieli; and that the whole tract along the foot of Libanus, and Anti-Libanus, of a breadth of from fifteen to twenty leagues, is also exempt from it. Hama,

Homs, Damascus, &c. know nothing of the *samieli*. The mixture of burning and cool gusts is caused by the heated mephitic gas passing first, and because the wind which impels it has not become heated. The marshes of the Wangara instantly reproduce an ardent mass of mephitic gas, which a new gust of wind takes and impels before it.

Such, I presume, is the origin of the famous *samieli*. It is, I think, on the marshes of the Wangara, on the immense *plateau* of Africa, that its true source is to be sought.

At Bagdad this wind, coming from the north, strikes against the chain of mountains which pass near Sohneh, and which go obliquely from the north to the south-west, and meet the Euphrates to the north of that city, at the distance of three days' journey. Bagdad is at the bottom of the valley of the Euphrates, the ridge which separates that river from the Orontes, is of a great elevation; the wind cannot come there but by surmounting, gliding over the eastern slope of the valley of the Orontes, and having struck the chain in question, taking a direction analogous to its course.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE correspondence of Mons. Say, published in the late Numbers of the New Monthly Magazine, is replete with interest. The wide difference of opinion between men so eminently gifted as this gentleman and Mr. Malthus, may induce a superficial observer to suspect that the source of incertitude lies in the science itself; but those who are in the habit of following literary and scientific disputes, will not fail to perceive that the minds of these philosophers have been variously acted upon by the realities of life, and that their opinions are adjusted by the nature of their sensitive impressions.

Monsieur Say, by the peculiar circumstances of his country, has been made the witness of a sudden and extensive development of agricultural power, and has had ocular experience of the expansive nature of industry, when the shackles with which it has been oppressed are suddenly removed. The experience of Mr. Malthus is wholly of a contrary kind. The necessities of the times operating upon the invention and enterprising spirit of British merchants, had, indeed, developed to a great extent the manufacturing power of the country. The invention of the steam-engine, an infinity of improvements in manipulations and machinery, economies in the use of fuel, and in the application of raw materials, had enabled the manufacturer to produce, with a given capital, an enormously increased quantity of goods: During the course, however, of this long series of improvements,

at every fresh economy of time, labour, or capital, the minister had been present, and had loaded the raw material with a duty, if not equivalent to the gain, at least sufficient to absorb a large portion of it. Although, therefore, the price of certain manufactured articles may have abated to a certain extent, it has by no means come down to that natural level, which would be found in the free and unfettered operation of things.

To balance this evil, political events, for a time, opened new markets for English produce; and the monopoly of Europe compensated any disadvantages arising from taxation. But at length the continental system of Napoleon came into play; and no remote markets presented themselves to take off the glut occasioned by such a revulsion in trade. A violent and convulsive struggle succeeded, which exhausted the whole of Europe, and wasted an immensity of accumulated wealth; producing a Peace concomitant with starvation and a most forced economy. With the existing taxes, to reduce the prices of English manufactures to the level of continental purses was impossible; and, even if our grateful and high-minded allies had not determined to preserve the system of exclusion commenced by Napoleon; the impoverished condition of Germany and other continental states would have produced the same results.

The phenomena peculiar to this order of things are, unemployed capital, overstocked warehouses, a suspension of manufacture, and great general misery; and such a picture, too heart-rending to escape attention, might naturally cherish a presumption in favour of consumption under any circumstances, productive, or non-productive. Without asserting that Mr. Malthus has followed this train of reasoning in forming his opinions, and applied it to an abstract argument, it is not perhaps too much to imagine that such facts may have made some impression on his mind, and have prejudiced him in favour of his consuming hypothesis.

On the other hand, it should seem that Monsieur Say, not being aroused by any such striking difficulties, has abandoned himself too much to the abstract and *closet* methods of the French economists, in supposing that produce can engender produce *to an indefinite extent*. His produce seems reduced too much to the condition of counters or algebraical quantities, called into existence, and annihilated, according to the necessities of the calculation. This, indeed, he virtually admits, in his third Letter in the last New Monthly Magazine, just come to hand. An indefinite increase of produce, or of artificial wants and their supply, supposes an indefinite increase of raw materials, and of workmen; but the powers of the earth's fertility are bounded, and consequently the number of manufacturers which a given number of acres can support. Thus when a sudden develop-

ment of trade calls an increased number of workmen into existence, without a corresponding developement of agricultural power, although the goods may thereby be rendered cheaper, the rise in the price of grain must diminish the workman's capability of subsisting upon his necessarily reduced wages. Artificial gratifications are, indeed, multiplied for the wealthy classes, but the condition of the lowest is brought nearer to starvation.

On the other hand, if we admit that the earth in Europe does not as yet produce the half nor the third of its abstract possibility, we know that it does and ever must produce as much as the skill and capital of the respective countries allow. In England it produces even more: for the operation of Corn Bills enables the capitalist to employ his means upon ungrateful soils, whose return would not repay his interest, if things were left to their natural course. The price of grain, then, as far as concerns internal commerce, must necessarily determine the quantity of manufactured goods which can be produced; *since all must have essentials before any one can permanently enjoy superfluities*. For otherwise, on the one hand, poor-rates must exhaust the superfluous wealth of the country, to maintain the struggling manufacturer; or on the other, the manufacturer must perish, and with him the means of creating superfluities. This chain of reasoning, which I find Mr. Say admits in his third letter, completely and entirely overthrows the theory of indefinite produce. The subject is, however, susceptible of still further developement. The value of all manufactured produce must be regulated by the labour it requires for its production, or it will cease to be produced. The *utility*, however, or the *relation of produce to the organization of the species*, is very different, in different articles. Alimentary articles may be indefinitely increased by diminishing the cost of production within the limits of the possible growth of the raw material; because the supply regulates the demand. Articles of sensual gratification, such as tea and tobacco, may be nurtured into universal consumption, and follow closely the ratio of production of corn. But admitting every theoretic facility of lowering prices, the power of consuming articles of wearing apparel, and their consequent utility, will be placed within narrower bounds; and still more so that of baubles, confectionary, &c. But in proportion as industry satisfies more and more completely the real wants of a nation, the more it will be driven for fresh exertions to such branches of manufacture. Now to suppose that any circumstances could induce the same general consumption of superfluities, as is made of articles of primary necessity, is utterly Utopian. When, therefore, population is carried to its uttermost stretch, if we suppose on the one hand a degree of foresight sufficient to prevent the generation of paupers, and on the other an improvement in manufacture

capable of clothing and housing perfectly the whole numbers which the earth's fertility could maintain, that population would not continue its exertions to satisfy capricious wants: it would become idle, poor, and would dwindle. It would be reduced to the state of those countries, in which nature produces spontaneously in too great abundance. On every account, therefore, indefinite productive power is impossible.

But, however this may be, whether man can, or cannot produce too rapidly for his necessities, an unproductive consumption cannot remove the embarrassments which violence, or the impertinent interference of legislatures induce in trade. Whatever is consumed unproductively, is wasted; and the same ends might be produced by flinging the goods into the sea, at the national expense, as by consuming them without any return. The non-productive consumer can consume only the proportion which he receives from the producer, either in rent, interest, or taxation. If he consumes less than his income, he accumulates capital, and interest falls. With the fall of interest, a fall in the price of goods takes place, and consumption is promoted. If he spends his full income, in the course of nature he will soon be impoverished; either by an increase of family, or by those accidents which are inseparable from life. With the fall of the capitalist, money becomes scarce, and interest high; and the affair is much worse, when the non-productive consumer expends his capital in the absurd notion of increasing consumption, and by that of benefiting trade.

With respect to the converse of this proposition, that a total abstinence from consumption would be total ruin, and that, therefore, consumption is itself a good, it is to be observed, that enjoyment being the end of labour, if mankind refused to enjoy, they must cease from their exertions, and must perish by starvation. But because men till the earth that they may eat corn, it does not follow that they should eat it totally, seed and all: but the saving of the capitalist is the *seed* of the next year's commercial harvest. The glut of a market arises from the production of an article in greater quantity than that country can consume at a *vendible price*. If a country could consume five million pairs of stockings, at five shillings a pair, it would take off more than the value of ten millions at two and sixpence; for not only would many who went barefooted purchase at the cheaper price, but those who wore coarse stockings would now buy them fine. But this operation is excluded from the proposition, because, to constitute a glut of the market, we suppose that the manufacturer cannot afford to lower his prices without ruin, nor the consumers to lay out more money on the article. If then the capitalist, to accommodate the market, purchases and consumes the second five millions at the higher price, his wanton

and capricious expenditure would indeed diminish the stock in hand *pro hac vice*, but it would impoverish the market for future manufacturers; and if they continued to manufacture at the same rate, their embarrassment would be greater than ever.

A knowledge of the realities of life proves but too plainly that capitalists are habitually prone to this extravagant expenditure. Not having the trouble to labour, in order to make money, such persons are rarely acquainted with its value. They know not how much can be done with a given sum; and having more than enough for their wants, they indulge their caprices: but for caprice there is no applicable measure. Hence people with the greatest means of riches are generally embarrassed, and few large estates continue long undipped or unshackled. Of this truth the condition of Ireland affords a decisive proof. Without commerce or manufacture, this country is divided into large estates inordinately rent-charged, and paying a double tithe and a heavy imposition of taxes. Hence nearly the whole rental of this devoted kingdom is wasted in wine and pleasure-horses, and a host of other non-productive consumptions. The landlords, instead of increasing their capitals, are rarely out of debt; and the tenant, getting but his cabin and potatoe from the soil, is incapacitated from saving. Here there is not, as in England, a large portion of the earth's revenue turned back upon itself, and consumed in improvements, manure, and drainage. Here there is no accumulation for the support of fresh labour, the whole nearly of the earth's fertility is divided between the landlord, the clergy, the tax-gatherer, and the exciseman; the merchant and manufacturer simply maintain themselves in existence, but are totally prevented from increase or multiplication, and the cultivator of the soil is poor, naked, and ignorant. A nation, like an individual, must become rich or poor by the proportion its expenses bear to its means. Parsimony and industry alone beget riches; and extravagance and idleness are the necessary forerunners of ruin, to communities alike and to individuals. The fallacy seems to be in the notion that mere circulation produces wealth; and that, therefore, the more money is circulated, the more trade is benefited: whereas the utility of circulation resides altogether in the presupposed gain; while, in fact, the circulation may be, and is often attended by loss. If all consumed more than they produced, universal starvation must ensue: if all refused to consume, there would be no possibility for labour. The balance to be observed between the two will be found in the reality of human interests, and the activity of human passions: it must, therefore, be left unrestrictedly to society; and M. Say's remark against *preaching* in works of political economy is just and well founded. The love of enjoyment is fixed in the human heart; and society will always consume, unproductively, as

much as it ought: the necessity to. subsist, on the contrary, will equally act upon the species, and compel men, for their mere maintenance in their own rank of life, to make a sufficient economy, where the class of professedly unproductive consumers, clergymen, lawyers, money-changers, players, physicians, and above all, those who live upon taxation, do not eat up the entire superfluity of the community.

The sum, then, of this dispute seems to be, that nations may, independently of all controulable circumstance, produce faster than they can consume certain particular articles: that the great staples which by the peculiarities of soil and climate nature has assigned to a nation, may be worked up more rapidly than is necessary to gratify the actual wants of the species; but that this evil is immeasurably increased by a vicious distribution of wealth and power, by absurd taxation, and by commercial restraints: that in either of these cases, increasing artificially natural expenditure serves only to increase the evil: and that lastly, the safest, the best, nay the only efficient remedy, is to reduce to its *minimum* the obstructions which arise out of false combinations; and, in imitation of the bees, to expel from the political hive all those drones who insist upon living on the public industry.

M.

AN ACCOUNT OF A NEW RELIGIOUS SECT
DISCOVERED IN INDIA.

IN the second Report of the Calcutta Committee of the Church Missionary Society, there is an Account of a new Religious Sect in India, called the SAUDS; they are said to bear a great resemblance to Quakers. The following are some particulars respecting them:—

“In March, 1816, I went with two gentlemen from Futtehgurh, on the invitation of the principal persons of the Sand sect, to witness an assemblage of them, for the purpose of religious worship, in the city of Furrukhabad, the general meeting of the sect being that year in that city. The assembly took place within the court-yard (Daulan) of a large house. The number of men, women, and children, were considerable: we were received with great attention, and chairs were placed for us in front of the Daurhee, or hall. After some time, when the place was quite full of people, the worship commenced. It consisted solely in the chanting of a hymn, this being the only mode of public worship used by the Sauds. At subsequent periods I made particular enquiries relative to the religious opinions and practices of this sect, and was frequently visited by Bhuwanee Dos, the principal person of the sect; in the city of Furrukhabad. The following is the substance of the account given by Bhuwanee Dos, of the origin of his sect:—

“About the Sumbut year 1600, or 177 years ago, a person named Beer,bh,an, inhabitant of Beej,basur, near Narnoul, in the province of

Dehli, received a miraculous communication from Ooda Dos, teaching him the particulars of the religion now professed by the Sauds—Ooda Dos, at the same time, gave to Beer,bh,an marks by which he might know him on his re-appearance: 1st. That whatever he foretold should happen. 2d. That no shadow should be cast from his figure. 3d. That he would tell him his thoughts. 4th. That he would be suspended between heaven and earth. 5th. That he would bring the dead to life. Bhuwanee Dos presented me with a copy of the Pot,hee, or religious book of the Sauds, written in a kind of verse, in the Tenth Hindee dialect, and he fully explained to me the leading points of their religion. The Sauds utterly reject and abhor all kinds of idolatry, and the Ganges is considered by them with no greater veneration than by Christians, although the converts are made chiefly, if not entirely, from among the Hindoos, whom they resemble in outward appearance. Their name for God is Stutgur; and Saud, the appellation of the sect, means—servant of God. They are pure deists, and their form of worship is most simple, as I have already stated. They resemble the Quakers, in their customs, in a remarkable degree. Ornaments and gay apparel of every kind are strictly prohibited; their dress is always white. They never make any obeisance or sulam. They will not take an oath, and they are exempted in a Court of Justice; their asseveration, as that of the Quakers, being considered equivalent. The Sauds profess to abstain from all luxuries, such as tobacco, paun, opium, and wine. They never have nauches, or dancing. All attack on man or beast is forbidden; but, in self-defence, resistance is allowable. Industry is strongly enjoined. The Sauds, like the Quakers, take great care of their poor and infirm people. To receive assistance out of the punt, or tribe, would be reckoned disgraceful, and render the offender liable to excommunication. All parade of worship is forbidden. Secret prayer is commended; alms should be unostentatious; they are not to be done that they should be seen of men. The due regulation of the tongue is a principal duty. The chief seats of the Saud sect, are Delhi, Agra, Jypoor, and Furrukhabad, but there are several of the sect scattered over the country: An annual meeting takes place at one or other of the cities above-mentioned, at which the concerns of the sect are settled. The Magistrate of Furrukhabad informed me that he had found the Sauds an orderly and well-conducted people; they are chiefly engaged in trade. Bhuwanee Dos was anxious to become acquainted with the Christian religion, and I gave him some copies of the New Testament, in Persian and Hindoostanee, which, he said, he had read and shewn to his people, and much approved. I had no copy of the Old Testament in any language which he understood well; but as he expressed a strong desire to know the account of the creation as given in it, I explained it to him from an Arabic version, of which he knew a little. I promised to procure him a Persian or Hindoostanee Old Testament, if possible. I am of opinion that the Sauds are a very interesting people, and that an intelligent and zealous missionary would find great facility in communicating with them."

AN ACCOUNT OF THE REVOLUTION OF NAPLES
DURING THE YEARS 1798, 1799.

[The present state of commotion at Naples invites us to extract from a manuscript historical Work, the following narrative of the vicissitudes of that kingdom during the years 1798 and 1799.]

SINCE the first years of the French Revolution, the French and English interference in the affairs of independent kingdoms gave rise to the calamitous diffidence with which, thenceforth, the Neapolitans, as well as other nations, have regarded their princes, and believed them bound in a conspiracy against the liberty and national independence of their own subjects. Bonaparte having usurped the right of dictatorship over Europe, his conquerors divided it among themselves, in order to rule all the smaller states, and planned the present international law, which is now driving populous countries to insurrections so unforeseen as to excite the apprehension of a renewal of the abuse of force, and the contempt of justice. Those who come after us will, in like manner, be blinded by their own errors, while, in the full confidence of wisdom, they wonder at those of their forefathers. History, while it teaches us to pity or despise mankind, unhappily seems to be incapable of practically warning us in the regulation of our own conduct; for we repent only after experience, and constantly act according to existing passions. Nevertheless as those princes are still living, who with their ministers and subjects were overwhelmed in the vortex of past convulsions, and as it seems that, in spite of the expedients resorted to by the European rulers, those convulsions are on the eve of returning, it may not be altogether useless to account for their miseries, and to retrace their folly, although a just sense of its horrors and ridicule should be awakened only in the speculative part of mankind.

The House of Austria had scarcely sent one of its daughters to be the wife of a Bourbon possessor of the throne of Naples, before the young Queen, in contradiction to the law of the family, demanded, and obtained, the privilege of assisting at the Council of State. Ferdinand IV., like most of his race, justified the remark of the ancient poet, who, presaging the calamities of his country, exclaimed, that the posterity of Hugh Capet had neither the strength to do, nor to prohibit, evil.* The Queen feared the King's ancient counsellors; despised her subjects, was hated by them, and encircled herself with foreign favourites from all nations, who regarded the state as their prey. They organized a body of lawyers, to hunt out all the lands which might appertain to the crown by virtue of the affinity between the new Bourbons, and those who had reigned in the thirteenth

* Dante, Purgat. Canto 2.

century at Naples. The deeds of royal grants had been lost through the lapse of ages, and the public archives had been burnt in times of insurrection and warfare; so that many communities and families were obliged to make restitution of property after a possession of four or five centuries. The court secretly appropriated the stock deposited by private persons in the bank; but the value of paper currency having fallen into depreciation by the stoppage of cash payments, they projected its replacement by the sale of the lands of religious houses recently suppressed. The estates of the Jesuits in Sicily, during the first year of the royal administration, produced one hundred and fifty thousand crowns; in the second, seventy thousand; and in the third, forty thousand: and they were sold according to a valuation founded upon the last rental; yet the price of corn was during the same time continually increasing. Even these supplies likewise were squandered by the court; and they still continued the secret fabrication of bank notes which their brokers realized at any price. Another of the governments now existing in Italy, by becoming a principal in the practice of stock-jobbing, is bringing about a general bankruptcy of its subjects. At length (which, if Italy ever obtains a better system of laws, will never be believed unless the documents are preserved,) they made the King sign an edict, by which, while it inculcated "the necessity of a reformation of public morals, and the enforcement of the sumptuary laws of their forefathers," his subjects were desired "to bring their plate into the public treasury," and received bank-notes in exchange.

At the same time, another daughter of Maria Theresa, in consequence of similar acts of dilapidation, (with which she was, however, less justly chargeable) and with the same total absence of all shame in the counsellors of Louis XVI., was exposed to the scandal of a public trial in France, and became the suspected accomplice of a swindler, together with a libertine cardinal, a mountebank such as Cagliostro, and a profligate female favourite. The people judged not by what was the fact, but by what the world said of it; and their opinions, which in a season of tranquillity may be despised, are nevertheless formidable on the eve of commotions, when it is by the multitude that all things are accomplished. The contempt of the royal family perhaps accelerated the Revolution; and as soon as the people came to believe that they might find revenge in carnage for the misfortunes into which the depravation of the great had plunged them, they assisted at the death of their King, sacrificed by Robespierre in violation of a law which Robespierre himself had made; and the Queen was delivered up to the same executioner. Grief and terror excited in the queen of Naples the desire of avenging her sister. In several of her subjects she dreaded so

many rebels. Her chief favourite, an Englishman, named Acton, became prime-minister, and governed her by irritating and flattering all her passions. He terrified her with the exaggeration of plots and conspiracies, which were never legally punished, either because the proofs could not be obtained, or from a design to keep up terror in the princes and in the nation. Many individuals were imprisoned, and some of them condemned, upon the evidence of secret depositions. Courtiers with their bankers, spies, lawyers, false witnesses, and auctioneers, divided the produce of confiscations. The persecution ceased, because the chief of the inquisition, whose name was Vanni, a gloomy fanatic, in an excess of humiliation occasioned by the insults of Acton, was assailed by remorse, and put an end to his life, after having written with his own hand a letter, in which he warned his colleagues of the perfidy of the court, and the dangers of political inquisitors.

The other branch of the Bourbons reigning in Spain, having withdrawn from the coalition, advised his brother to preserve a strict neutrality, and never to listen to the English. The trade of the two Sicilies, although merely a trade with the countries which supplied that kingdom with manufactures, was compensated by the exportation of oil and grain to Provence, a country which, being afterwards unable to obtain those commodities from its neighbours, carried on that branch of commerce with the ships of the Levant. The Queen opened Naples to the speculations of the English. Meanwhile, hatred of the French, on account of their massacres and their irreligion, was all powerful with the people; and the better educated classes feared the ravages of foreign armies. The nation still continued attached to the memory of Charles III., the wisest of its sovereigns; and the veneration for the father excited compassion for the son, whose misfortunes were ascribed to Acton. Upon the news of Nelson's victory at Aboukir, Naples entered boldly into the coalition against France. The Austrian ministry was then unable to guess, and perhaps has not yet well understood, why the army of Naples commenced hostilities five months before the Allies. The Queen persuaded Ferdinand that, in case he occupied the Papal territories without the assistance of the other powers, he should have the right to keep them. Pius VI. was then on the eve of expiring in the prisons of the Directory, and the cardinals were dispersed. Even before the fall of Pius, and the peace of Campo Formio, Acton had solicited for Naples the half of the states of the Church.* Those who were, best ac-

* "Le Roi de Naples m'a même déjà fait faire des propositions. Mais sa Majesté ne voudroit avoir rien moins que la Marche d'Ancône."—Bonaparte's Letter to the Directory from Milan, May 26, 1797. And in a subsequent Letter to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, September 18, 1797.—"Vous trouverez ci-joint la Lettre en réponse

quainted with the court secrets, added, that at the eve of the new war in Italy, the Queen was unwilling to give time to the Russians to dispose of this conquest, wishing to reserve it for the House of Austria, the chiefs of which family still assumed to themselves the title of Cæsar, and King of the Romans. Joseph II. and Leopold II. had lately decided the ancient question, by denying to the Pope the right of temporal power. It is, nevertheless, beyond all doubt, that these premature hostilities were the result of English diplomacy. To amass money was then the chief object of the French rulers, and they actually treated for the sale of their Italian conquests to Austria. The English, on the other hand, dreaded the extinction of the continental war. Admiral Nelson made an attack on the Isle of Gozzo, and professed to conquer Malta in the name of his Sicilian Majesty, who, in the opinion of a celebrated writer, "had no better title to it than France."*

It seems to me that, instead of canvassing the rights of possession, it is by far more useful to inquire into the ways by which governments increase their acquisitions. Malta was conquered from the Arabs by the Normands in 1090; and in 1196, came to Frederick Barbarossa; and after him to Frederic II., by inheritance. This emperor resided in Sicily, and having in 1224 subdued a city in Calabria, sent the inhabitants to re-people the Island of Malta, which had been desolated by the civil wars of that age. His son Manfred was excommunicated by the Pope, who gave his estates to Charles, brother of St. Louis of France, and, in 1268, Charles ratified the concession by defeating Prince Conradin and the Duke of Austria (who were the lawful heirs), and causing them to be beheaded, as guilty of high treason against the Church. The French were soon after, in 1280, driven out by the Sicilian Vespers, and by John de Procida, who proclaimed Peter of Arragon, husband of Manfred's daughter, king. Malta, which till that time had been oppressed by the feudatories of the old and new sovereigns of Sicily, paid 30,000 florins, was annexed to the crown, and obtained all the privileges of a Sicilian city. Charles V., having inherited the estates of Arragon, but without troops or money for their defence, ceded the sovereignty of Malta in 1530, to the Knights of St. John, who had just been driven out of Rhodes by the Turks. He imposed on them the conditions of making perpetual war on the Barbary States; of having always a native of Italy for their admiral; of not choosing

aux ouvertures qui ont été faites par M. Acton. La Cour de Naples ne rêve plus qu'accroissement et grandeur : elle voudroit d'une coté Corfou, Zante, Cephalonie, &c. ; de l'autre la moitié des Etats du Pape, et spécialement Ancône. Ces pretentions sont trop plaisantes : je crois qu'elle veut en échange nous donner l'île de l'Elbe."

* SOUTHEY'S Life of Nelson. An. 1798.

their bishop without the approbation of the King of Sicily ; of preserving the liberties of the inhabitants ; and of presenting the annual homage of a falcon to the king. The French Directory having delivered up all the shores of the Adriatic to the House of Austria, by the treaty of Campo Formio, endeavoured to seize upon Malta, lest the Emperor, by possessing himself of it, should become a maritime power ; and the new Grand Master of the Order being an Austrian subject, Talleyrand, then minister of foreign affairs, urged the expediency of the occupation of the island.* The knights capitulated with Bonaparte in 1798 without fighting, because he had already caused a large part of their property in different countries to be sequestered. They stipulated with him for some allowance, and required in favour of their subjects the liberties which they had trampled upon till that time. The French went on plundering churches, palaces, and cottages, till the people, encouraged by the proclamations of the English, and by the agents of the Court of Naples, revolted ; and being unable to massacre the enemy, pillaged and killed some of their fellow-citizens. Meanwhile, Paul I. (although the Order was obliged by its institutions to hold in abhorrence all heretics and schismatics) declared himself Grand Master, put on the robes of that office, and bestowed his blessing on the knights both new and old, Lady Hamilton being also decorated with knighthood. The English took possession of the island in the name of the Allies, but hoisted their own flag. By the treaty of Amiens, England engaged, in 1802, to restore it to the knights, who were then to concede to the inhabitants certain privileges stipulated in the same treaty, in addition to those anciently acquired. The Maltese, or their leaders, either willingly from their own experience, or under the recommendation of those who held their country in military occupation, preferred reliance on British generosity, and demanded not to be remitted to their ancient masters. Their petition had more weight in London than the treaty which had been signed by all the powers of Europe, especially as Bonaparte renewed the sequestration of the property of the order, which he professed his willingness to protect. England continued to keep Malta, at the desire of the inhabitants, and for the good of Europe, towards which, according to Pitt and Bonaparte, a new war had become indispensably necessary ; till at length, at the peace of 1814, Malta was left to belong to its then actual possessor, who still con-

* " Depuis que l'ordre de Malta s'est donné un Grand Maître Autrichien, M. de Hompesch, le Directoire s'est déjà confirmé dans le soupçon, déjà fondé sur d'ancien renseignement que l'Autriche vis à s'emparer de cette île. Elle cherche à se faire puissance maritime dans la Méditerranée."—Talleyrand's Letter to Bonaparte, September 23, 1797.

tinues to govern it as in time of war. To the Maltese now remains only the right of presenting remonstrances against their military governors, to the Colonial Department, which, by the regulations of the English ministry, are remitted to the governors for explanation.

Such are the annals of almost all countries which depend on the protection of the strongest; and such are the claims of the several pretenders to the possession of Malta, which remained definitively annexed to England by virtue of the same incontestable rights of victory and cunning, which had given the temporary possession of it to the French. The Romans, ambitious of deriving their descent from *Æneas*, forbade the Grecian States to molest the Acarnanians, because they were the only tribe that had not sent troops to Troy. This argument, though more far-fetched than that which the new diplomacy made use of to entitle the King of Naples to Malta, did not appear so ridiculous, because the Romans, by alleging it, strictly adhered to their principle of the *Lex socialis*, and gave a great proof of their power in the protection of a little state against a whole nation. But the English, in occupying Gozzo, and there planting the standard of a prince who had no claim upon it, amused mankind with a profession of generosity; availed themselves of the warlike stores with which Naples supplied them, and of the geographical position of the island, and by that act involved a neutral state, and an undecided Sovereign, in an ill-timed war against his own policy. Ere Bonaparte's name was known even in France, the projects of invasion avowed by the National Convention, determined the English cabinet to annihilate, by diplomatic expedients, the law of nations, which the French destroyed at the same time by the open violence of the sword. All the British Ambassadors, in the name of their government, intimated, "That in such a war no nation had the right to remain neutral." It is likewise one of the new regulations of the law of nations, which gives the semblance of justice to the occupation of a country in the name of another power, and to its subsequent appropriation. Acton at the same time sent General Naselli with some troops on board Portuguese and British vessels at Leghorn, to join the forces of the Grand Duke of Tuscany at the first breaking out of the new war.

The prudence of this prince had, till then, supplied the want of an army. Lord Hervey, British minister at Florence in 1793, beset the Grand Duke, during many hours, in his palace, until he compelled him to send away the Minister of France, whose name was La Flotte. Mr. Drake attempted at the same time the like violence on the Doge of Genoa, and Sir Charles Worsley on the Senate of Venice: but Worsley's threats having

been defeated by the Inquisitors of state, the British cabinet, according to diplomatic science, disavowed the misdemeanour of its envoy. A Tuscan gentleman, whose name was Carletti, called this science a knavery; and Mr. W. Wyndham, Lord Hervey's successor, fought a duel with Carletti for the honour of the British nation, which neither knows nor approves any thing of diplomacy. The Grand Duke renewed peace with France at the expense of a part of his treasury. Bonaparte soon after entered the Tuscan territory, and wishing an enemy less behind him, while he proceeded to make a retaliation on Rome for the murder of Basseville, the French envoy, kept his troops in strict discipline, and solicited a passage from the Grand Duke, for whom the Directory proposed at the same time to the Austrian plenipotentiaries, the addition of the Papal state, and the title of King of Rome*. Towards the end of 1798, this prince entered into the new coalition, and recruited soldiers in secret; but persisted in not committing his people, till Austria and Russia should have commenced hostilities. Admiral Nelson, however, insisted on the Neapolitan general capturing the French and Genoese ships in Leghorn. Naselli answered, "That his king was not as yet at war with France."—"What!" said Nelson, "has not your king received, as a conquest made by himself, the republican flag taken at Gozzo? Is not his own flag flying there, and at Malta, not only with his permission, but by his orders?"—Nelson, at last, by frightening Naselli, contrived to lay an embargo on the ships; and Mr. Wyndham obtained by threats the sequestration, and the public sale of the corn loaded for Genoa. Even with the Greeks and the Romans, who paid no regard to neutrality, and, as far as I know, with the barbarous nations of every age, it has been a constant rule, to compel the weaker powers to join one of the fighting parties. The conqueror sometimes gave his allies a small share of the conquest, and oftener kept them in perpetual subjection. But to threaten and draw a neutral state into a war only for the sake of forbidding the means of offence or defence to the enemy, and to expose the weaker to ruin, without affording them any actual protection, is a kind of political contrivance, which may be attempted again by modern statesmen, and perfectly justified by their lawyers and divines, but which will not last long, because it has already drawn the all-powerful odium of mankind upon the assertors of such an addition to the code of the law

* "Modifiez le premier projet en substituant aux états de Milan, partie des états du Pape, la Romagne, la Marche d'Ancone, le duché d'Urbain, transférer le Grand-Duc de Toscane à Rome, lui donner le surplus des états du Pape, lui réserver le Siennois, consentir à le nommer Roi de Rome." INSTRUCTIONS du ministre des relations extérieures au général Clark, envoyé extraordinaire de la republique Francaise à Vienne. —December 5, 1796.

of nations. The French, at that time, courted the friendship of the Grand Duke, in order to avail themselves of the communication by sea with Marseilles, and not to have the Tuscan people to fight with in their passage from the south to the north of Italy. As soon as the English, not content with capturing French privateers and Genoese merchants on the open sea, dictated piratical laws in Tuscan harbours, the French, to secure to themselves the chains of the Apennines, occupied Tuscany, which they also pillaged.

Meantime the French Directory, from whom the Court of Naples had already asked the whole of the Papal states,* imperiously proposed to give up Benevento, and demanded in return a large sum of money. The British Ambassador, dreading Ferdinand's indecision, aggravated the insult, and the alarm, and persuaded him the rather as he was himself terrified. The King signed a manifesto, worded with so much apparent consternation and rashness, and such vain attempts at subterfuge, as to inspire the French with boldness, and give them the advantage of argument. He declared, "that, notwithstanding his grounds for resentment against France on account of her occupation of his Island of Malta, he wished, nevertheless, to preserve peace and amity with the French government; that he was the friend of Pius VI., and a son of the church; that he believed it his duty for the good of religion, to go to Rome, and restore its dominions to the legitimate sovereign; that he consequently invited all strangers who then occupied that territory, to withdraw themselves, because the King of Naples was the lover of peace and justice, and willingly made war upon no one."—The French legation demanded "that the lawful sovereign of Rome, should be more explicitly designated; for, that, if the Pope were meant, his state had already fallen under the right of conquest; if any other power were intended, it was for that power to make its own claim; and, if the King of Naples was meant, France had twice consented to treat with him, and to cede him a part, or even the whole, through the medium of negotiation."

The Queen's fears and ambition were, at that time, irritated by Acton, who warned her that the marriage of an Austrian Archduke with a Russian princess, was made on condition of establishing a separate kingdom in Italy, under the protection of the two Emperors. Lady Hamilton had inspired the English admiral, whose victories gave him the right of counselling kings, with passions that blinded his understanding and made him a pernicious adviser. Hence, without the co-operation of

* CORRESPONDENCE inedite Officielle et Confidentielle de Napoleon Bonaparte, vol. iv.

the allied armies, offensive war, and conquest, were attempted with troops, into whom they had already infused the principle of terror, by promising them that they should not be called upon to fight, except for the defence of their homes, in case of invasion. When, therefore, they were ordered to pass the frontiers, they replied to their officers, "Did you not tell us that the king is not at war with the French?" Nelson augured but ill of the soldiers, worse of their general, and worse still of the whole court, the counsellors of the king, and the king himself. "All ministers of kings and princes were, in his opinion, as great scoundrels as ever lived,"* and his best biographer adds, "Had the conduct of Austria been directed by any thing like a principle of honour, a more favourable opportunity could not have been desired, for restoring order and prosperity in Europe, than the misconduct of the French Directory at this time afforded; but Nelson saw selfishness and knavery wherever he looked: and even the pleasure of seeing a cause prosper, in which he was so zealously engaged, was poisoned by his sense of the rascality of those with whom he was compelled to act."†—Yet it seems that Austria differs only from other governments in her little skill of boasting with success of principles of honour. She is, however, the most skilful of all in the art of making others accomplices and instigators of her own usurpations. It will soon appear that the Austrians had already planned with the English, that Russia should look to no share whatever in the conquest of Italy; and they would not begin hostilities before the arrival of Suvaroff, nor open a campaign in the very beginning of winter.

Still Nelson repeated to Ferdinand, "That he had his choice, either to advance, trusting to God for his blessing on a just cause, and be prepared to die sword in hand—or to remain quiet, and be kicked out of his kingdom—for that one of these things must happen."—The King obeyed, and both the predictions were eluded by the event. As soon as he proclaimed that, for the defence of his people, he would put himself at the head of his armies, forty thousand young men were in one day furnished by the different parts of the kingdom; and notwithstanding the general poverty, all the cities pressed forward to contribute money for the expedition. There was, moreover, a standing army of thirty thousand soldiers: and they formed a camp of sixty-eight thousand fighting men, under General Mack, who went on purpose from Vienna. This general was born in Franconia, and enrolled in the service of Austria, where, officers being then very ignorant, he was advanced for the sake of his literary acquirements, and commissioned as aide-de-camp of Prince

* Extracts from Nelson's Letters.

† SOUTHEY'S *Life of Nelson*, chap. 6, an. 1799.

Cobourgy; and distinguished himself in the Netherlands chiefly by negotiating with Dumourier for his desertion. Being famous for his erudition in the tactics of ancient and modern warfare, he went to London to arrange with the English cabinet the next campaign, which ended with the defeat of the Austrians, at Fleurus. The German Emperor, before the battle, left the command of the army, and returned to Vienna, accompanied by Mack, who towards that epoch was seized with a sudden vertigo, and talked, during several months, like an idiot. When he recovered, he displayed his former acquaintance with the topography of all the fields of battle celebrated in history. The mathematical precision with which he drew out his plans for campaigns, obtained for him the high estimation of statesmen; and the rapidity of his marches, previous to the day of battle, astonished the enemy's generals. However, he has been constantly obliged to account for his tactics by printed apologies; for, whenever the troops, the ground, the enemy, or the season failed to accord with the plan which he had definitively fore-chosen, he preferred capitulation to fighting. He conducted the army and the King of Naples, as far as Rome.

The Directory, acquainted with the renewal of the coalition, had given orders to its generals in Italy, not to divide their forces by making conquests. The approach of Mack, however, tempted General Championet, whose reputation for integrity had induced the French government to place him at Rome instead of the avaricious and insatiable Massena,* to propose an alteration of this plan. He demanded permission of General Joubert, his commander, to attack the Neapolitans; but received orders "not to do more than was necessary to frighten them." Joubert at the same time warned Championet that the Directory were about to set up the liberty of Italy and the honour of the French nation for sale, and "that if, by the unforeseen chance of war, he reached Naples, all his efforts were to be directed towards getting rid of the interference of French agents." Joubert was a republican in earnest; and was soon after recalled on account of a conspiracy he encouraged in Lombardy to deliver the Italians from the yoke of the French proconsuls.†—Mack having

* "Des événements malheureux m'ont forcé de quitter Rome—que vais-je devenir, mon général? je l'ignore. J'ai recours à vos bontés: j'attends tout de vous. Un ambassade m'épargnerait le désagrément de rentrer en France de quelque tems. Je ne dois plus servir; je n'ai rien à me reprocher, il est vrai; mais l'opinion publique . . . enfin je me jette dans vos bras, et n'entre pas dans d'autres détails qui me navrent le cœur."—*Massena's Letter to Bonaparte* the day after his troops compelled him to fly from Rome, Feb. 26, 1798.

† Joubert, on being sent at Bassano to change the local government, wrote to Bonaparte, then his commander-in-chief.—"J'ai tout laissé sur l'ancien pied; et les fonds publics sont intacts; il n'y a donc plus rien à faire, et ma manière d'agir en pareille circonstance est toujours de laisser les choses comme elles sont, parceque toute innovation qui n'a aucun but réel ne favorise que les fripons. Je ne me mêlerai donc en

omitted to calculate that in the south of Italy, during November and December, it rarely freezes, led his troops by forced marches, while their heavy cannon and waggons, with the convoys of provisions, followed upon roads deep and marshy with rains, at the distance of three or four days, and were sometimes misled, so that the soldiers pined with hunger. Owing to the small practical knowledge he possessed of the country, he required time to reconnoitre the topography, before he ventured to draw up the whole of his forces in line. But, being already too far advanced, he opposed a column or two to the enemy, for the sake of delay; and thus the half of his army was beaten, column by column, and the rout of the advanced guard threw the rear into a panic. When he believed that he was able to bring the enemy to a general engagement, he told the King that he was secure of victory, and it was then that the King officially declared war against France. The next day Mack implored the King to save himself; and as soon as his first line of battle was broken, he followed the monarch, and left the army to the care of the minister of war, who likewise returned to Naples to ask for another general. The news of the breaking out of hostilities, the declaration of war, and the defeat of the Neapolitan army, reached Vienna by the same courier.

The inexperience of the volunteers, and the long disuse of warlike operations in the Neapolitan regiments, contributed to the despair of the general; but they do not excuse the precipitation of his flight. Since that time, Murat's disasters with the same troops has confirmed the opinion of their inaptitude for war. Yet the bravery evinced by some of the Neapolitan regiments in Spain, and in other expeditions of Bonaparte, has made others believe that they are rather to be ascribed to the officers. Their vehement disposition renders them impatient of discipline; and their climate, incapable of supporting fatigue: and possibly it may not be easy to habituate them to the perseverance and silence, which are natural to the soldiers of Lombardy and Piedmont. Yet, since the love of war is one of the strongest of human inclinations, and a state of subjection to severe institutions is the most constant of human habits, it is evident that there are no men who may not be converted into soldiers. Every nation possesses some qualities, of which a wise prince and an able captain may avail himself to his profit. Most men are alive to the excitations of honour and interest; and all have mothers, brothers and children, to love and to defend. But when their institutions

aucune manière de l'organisation civile du pays ou je me trouve : je veux n'y rien voir, et je n'y entends rien parceque je n'en vois pas le but."—25 Fleureal, an 5, (14 May, 1797).—The letter began—"A Vicence l'on a tout déjà fait; la revolution est complete; le mont de piété était déjà gaspillé; effets preliminaires de ces sortes d'organisations."¹

civil and military, instead of animating, discourage, generous sentiments, then the boldest are converted into cowards by the operation of selfishness. The Neapolitan privates had enjoyed the right of a regular promotion, until Acton's new regulation deprived them of any hope of becoming commissioned officers. The Austrian armies, although for the most part composed of men inured to arms, were often beaten by better-officered forces, where every soldier might rise to the rank of a field-marshal, and the sovereign himself had not the power to inflict a blow with his cane. The mutiny of the Italian troops, and their disaffection towards the viceroy of Italy, began at the end of the last war from his having, in a fit of anger, threatened them with flogging. The Neapolitans under Mack, and afterwards under Murat, had among them several foreign officers, and every man feared treason. A people may be conquered; but men are seldom cowards, when all are fighting for their honour and country.

The king's soldiers being deprived of their general, were easily put to the rout. Nevertheless, Championet having but a small army, and dreading the disapprobation of his government, advanced very slowly, fluctuating between his duty of rejoining the French forces in Lombardy, and his ambition to conquer a kingdom. Still he advanced, fearing, if the enemy were delivered from their panic terror, that they would harass him on his retreat, and overwhelm him with numbers; and he no longer hoped to find provisions in the Roman territory, at that time exhausted by famine. From the time of the Revolution, the French had marched without magazines, without tents, and almost without baggage; and, upon this occasion, not daring to re-enter the towns where the priests were organizing the counter-revolution, they bivouacked in the muddy roads and marshes, and were menaced with destruction by the severity of the month of December. The general was at the same time solicited to advance by three or four hundred Neapolitans, who had flocked to him from all parts of Italy. Most of them were young men, who, on the establishment of the political inquisition, had emigrated from Naples; and whose vague ideas had been converted into passion and system by persecution, exile, and poverty. Championet, who knew nothing of the effects of the Revolution, but the victories of the armies, gave his honest faith to the new doctrines, and formed his estimate of the whole Neapolitan nation, from the enthusiasm which he witnessed in these emigrants. But those doctrines which had found believers elsewhere, being founded on the metaphysical notion of universal justice, proved unintelligible in Italy, where they gained very few proselytes. The Italians appear the least apt, of European nations, to be guided by abstruse

theories, or by maxims, the truth of which they have not in the first place practically admitted. Italy is one of those countries which men will never succeed in attempting to mislead by gazettes. This is not owing merely to the small extent of literary education in the mass of the people, but to the circumstance, that those men who exercise an influence over the minds of their countrymen, profess, with few exceptions, a set of doctrines which may be termed national. Machiavel has instructed them never to calculate upon the goodness of human nature or the stability of political institutions, or to suppose that governments can be just any longer than necessity compels them not to act tyrannically. Perhaps he has discovered too many truths, and in endeavouring to teach his countrymen wisdom, has rendered them suspicious not only of the world, but of themselves. These precepts have so much the more prevailed, as every new master in Italy has always, as it were naturally, put them in practice. The battalions of Naples fled, but the population of the fields opposed an armed resistance to the invaders. The French proclaimed "that their religion should be respected, and that, if they did not peaceably return to their families, they would burn their villages." The Neapolitans answered, "that they could put no trust in those who had thrown the Pope into prison; and that they should prefer having their houses burnt, since, at all events, they would have been plundered." Proclamations were sent them promising "justice," and the peasants demanded "hostages" for the fulfilment.

The provinces raised new levies, and supplied the government with voluntary contributions, to enable it to carry on a defensive war, when it was suddenly surmised in Naples that the British ambassador had formed the project of driving away the King from his people. Such was then the fury of the Neapolitans, that all the Queen's courtiers, the foreign legations, and perhaps the Queen also, began to be in real danger. Alessandro Ferrari, a Neapolitan cabinet courier charged with despatches for Lord Nelson, was murdered by the mob on his arrival at the mole, and carried to the gate of the king's palace, the Lazzaroni crying out that Acton and all traitors were to be discharged and executed, and the ancient ministers recalled. It is less from ascertained circumstances than from conjectures on Acton's character, that several eye-witnesses assert to this day, that the riot and the murder were industriously brought about by his agents with a view to terrify the King and induce him to quit Naples: they say that the Queen prevailed upon her husband to look out of the window at the corpse of the murdered man. Lady Hamilton caused the valuable effects of the royal palaces and museums to be embarked on board of British vessels.

So many precautions could not be taken without its being discovered that avarice had been united to prodigality; for the plate, which had been offered by private individuals and by the churches, was melted into bars, and carried away. They embarked soon after midnight, in the ship of Nelson. The wind delayed their sailing, and the Neapolitans ran, the next day, to the shore, crying out, "That they must see the King—that they would have defended him, or perished with him." They besought him "not to trust to the English, who, for the sake of keeping Sicily, would have detained him prisoner." He did not shew himself; and caused it to be published in the form of an edict, that he would soon return with a powerful army. From that time, the people would never listen when the King was spoken of; but they continued to defend their own independence against the French, and to execrate all foreigners. They had already run in crowds to the distance of eight miles from Naples, to depose Mack, who had returned to collect the remnant of the army. He fled, and afterwards presented himself to Championet in an Austrian uniform; but he was declared prisoner for having fought in the dress of a Neapolitan, and travelled through France on his parole. It seems, however, that, since the Revolution, officers have thought themselves bound in duty to sacrifice their personal honour to the interests of the cause in which they serve; and Mack accordingly made his escape, which he justified by a pamphlet. His last achievement was the surrender of Ulm.

The French did not enter Naples until thirty-three days after the king's departure. There was so little of conspiracy, or of previous combination, for the accomplishment of any political change, that during all that time the kingdom had remained without a government. The viceroy appointed by the King being suspected by some to be a partisan of the revolutionists, and by others to be a traitor like all courtiers, was unable to act, because nobody would adhere to him. The municipal magistrates of the capital had long had nothing left them but the name. Every one agreed that some government must be acknowledged. The barons, the commons of the provinces, and the citizens, who, since the suppression of parliaments by the Spanish and Austrian viceroys, had been excluded from all share in the administration, without any other strength than what was derived to them from their obliterated rights, wished to found an oligarchy; while others insisted upon a constitutional monarchy. The enemies of the court were for a democracy; its friends maintained an unlimited despotism: the various parties attacked one another with declamation, recrimination, and calumny; while the great number of the prudent, and of those who possessed any influence, feared every body, and were averse

from all projects whatever: for, in founding a republic, they foresaw the consequences which attended the French revolution; and, on the other hand, at the approach of the French army, they dared no longer hope to maintain their monarchical institutions. Public opinion, in pointing out such individuals as appeared capable of seizing on the government, seemed to invite them to do so; but no one had prepared either plan or party, and no one dreamed of any thing but his own safety. The French therefore believed themselves secure of their conquest; and, as they advanced, the Lazzaroni, who had nothing to save, thought of seizing the supreme power, and defending the national independence.

The viceroy placed all his hope in delay, and signed an armistice, by which the French were excluded from Naples, while a part of the territory, with two millions and a half of francs, was granted to them. Championet, satisfied that he could not long retain possession of the conquered territory, despatched commissioners to receive the money; and the very sight of these officers rendered the populace of Naples furious. Meanwhile, Count Thurn, an Austrian, whom the Queen had caused to be appointed commodore in the Neapolitan navy, came up in a Portuguese vessel, and directed the setting fire to all ships of war and gun-boats, which they had not been able to carry off to Sicily. "We contemplated," says one of their writers, "in gloomy tranquillity, the flames, which, in a few hours, consumed our treasures and our hopes. It seemed as if all Naples had at last become aware of the madness of her princes, and of all the miseries which she was now condemned to suffer."* Some relate, that the Queen had left agents with instructions to excite the Lazzaroni to burn the capital; others, with more reason, refusing to believe in useless crimes, ascribe the commotion which ensued to the fanaticism of the priests, the desire of pillage, and the unavoidable consequences of anarchy. It is certain that the burning of the vessels was interpreted by the populace as a signal for setting fire to the palaces of the nobles. They destroyed more than they plundered; they ran to provide themselves with arms from the castles and arsenals, and came back in order of battle, vociferating, that they were defending their nation and their religion; but hardly one among all the multitude was heard even to name the King. They arraigned and condemned the guilty, while the friars pronounced sentence, and assisted at the execution. The Duke Moliterni, then a young man, observing that they had no chiefs, sent several of his friends to mingle among them, and pretend to be of their party, and by these means he succeeded in making himself master

* Saggio su la Rivoluzione di Napoli, Milano, First Edition, 1801.

of the forts. All the citizens, who had escaped the massacre, went to solicit the French to hasten to stop the torrent of civil bloodshed. Championet answered, that he would not expose himself in a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, in a state of anarchy, without first having possession of the fort of St. Elmo. The multitude nevertheless fought the French for three nights and two days; nor did they suffer them to enter the city until they perceived that they were already possessed of the fort.

Thus, after the councils and the army of an independent king had been misled by foreigners, he held none but his own subjects in suspicion: and whilst his people were still exposing their fortune and life in his service, he inspired them all with his own terror; he suffered himself to be under the dominion of strangers, who, at once, burned his navy, delivered him up to contempt, and his kingdom to anarchy; and the invaders being intreated to dissolve a treaty by which they were kept at a distance from the capital, were regarded as liberators even while they overset the throne.—In obedience to the conqueror, the forms of democracy replaced the ancient monarchy; yet in Naples, more than in all the rest of Italy, the great proprietors, and the men of science, engaged in the office of legislation, and in the administration of the new government, and kept the demagogues under control. But for the bishops, the friars would have continued to kindle in the populace the fury of bloodshed; and, but for the parish priests, the insurrection, which was about to degenerate into a civil war, would never have been subdued in the provinces. However, every body till then had suffered, and the republicans had been too liberal of their promises. In abolishing institutions, which, though of evil tendency, had been sanctioned by the prescription of time and custom, the new government substituted others, in themselves better, but which could not acquire the support of public opinion till after-experience should have demonstrated their utility. Meanwhile every one estimated them according to his previous notions and new expectations. To please the poor, the new administration abrogated a great number of vexatious impositions, which to that time had answered no other purpose than that of multiplying tax-gatherers, spies, and treasury-solicitors; these, finding themselves suddenly without employment, augmented the number of the disaffected, and indigent, and no longer excited any feeling but that of commiseration in the multitude. At the same time the landed-proprietors having to maintain the administration and a foreign army, the price of corn was raised, and the people regarded their governors in the light of impostors. Those, whose love of liberty had been enlightened more by books than experience, projected constitutions on the foundation of the equality of rights, even while they admitted that a nation can-

not exist without proprietors ; and the equality of rights was the more unattainable, from the enormous inequality of power, in Naples, where there are large landholders, and numberless paupers, without either the habits or the means of industry. The few who had experience warned the public of the dangers of a theoretical constitution, but could not avert it: Amongst these, Vincenzo Cuoco, to whom the Essay (already quoted) on the Revolution of Naples is ascribed, joined to a deep and comprehensive mind, the fruits of long study in the history of governments. He was honest and wise, as it were, by nature ; and he neither exasperated nor flattered men by his counsels. Whether Heaven had not endowed him with courage equal to his genius, or that foreseeing more clearly the calamities of Italy, he had been more forcibly struck by the dread of them, he afterwards became mad, and is now less unhappy. He was at that time, with others like him, silenced by the fury of the two parties, of which one would reform nothing, and the other sought to destroy every thing.

The Barons of Naples, after they had lost the privilege of controlling the crown, continued to exercise the rights of feudality more intirely than in other countries ; and becoming more and more objects of hatred to the landholders in the provinces, were despised by the court with impunity. As soon as they had, by the revolution, recovered the powers of government ; some among them demanded, " That the rights of feudality should be regarded as inseparable from their right of property, because both were contemporaneously derived from the right of conquest, and had been confirmed by the princes of every dynasty, which had successively reigned in Naples."—The Democrats, on the contrary, contended : " That every act of a tyrannical government is, in its origin, illegal."—Thus, the one party wished to keep in full vigour a system of jurisprudence incompatible with the opinions of the age, and the circumstances of the country ; while the other, by a proposition, which seems, at first sight, self-evident, was for rendering all existing laws impracticable. The inconvenience of axioms in the conduct of public affairs consists in their applicability to the most opposite ends ; and they are so much the more dangerous, as they have been generally introduced by distinguished men. The doctrine of the illegality of the acts of a tyrant, was proclaimed by Brutus and Cicero, in the name of the senate, against the populace, who had favoured Cæsar's perpetual dictatorship ; and the populace of Paris availed themselves of it against the National Assembly. Such of the Neapolitans as had learned, during their emigration, the arts of revolutionary logic and eloquence, now returned as conquerors ; the more favoured by the French, as

they alone had indissolubly bound themselves to their party. Four or five of their number had succeeded, by means of calumnious insinuations at popular meetings, in weakening the public confidence; for it was by playing upon human credulity and malignity, that the French demagogues persuaded the multitude to assist them in their projects of mutual destruction, until Robespierre, by dint of his greater skill in the art of calumny, had overcome all his opponents. Nevertheless, the jacobins of Naples gained more believers than followers; and they were too few in number to reign by force. Their insults, their threats, and their ostentation of atheism, answered no other purpose than to justify the accusations, and the approaching vengeance of the court; whilst the barons, by refusing to renounce those rights of their own free will, which were about to be torn from them by violence, lost the opportunity and the means of enlisting the population of the country, and of the provincial towns, on their side. The republic of Naples subsisted only five months.

The French, at first, in order that their troops at that place might not be cut off from all communication with the country beyond the Apennines, at a time, too, when the Roman territories were in a state of insurrection against them, kept possession of a chain of four hundred miles in extent, from Naples to Tuscany, while the main body of their army was about to be defeated by the Allies in Lombardy. The Directory had till then endeavoured to sell its conquests in Italy to their former masters; and no sooner did this negotiation fail, than a French commissary repaired to Naples, intimating: "That all lands belonging to the crown, or to religious corporations, were to be speedily sold, and the money carried into France." General Championet declared: "That he had already disclaimed any pretension of conquest, and would never permit the selling of any portion of public lands, unless by a legislative act of the Neapolitans themselves, and for their own benefit only"—and ordered the commissary to quit the kingdom. The sudden loss of all Italy, which the French sustained, was the result of a new species of anarchy. The factions, which had ceased to agitate public places, and to disturb the municipalities, wearied with carnage, secretly domineered, notwithstanding, in the palaces of the rulers. Among the members of the Directory, there had not been one of a superior mind, excepting Carnot. It was he who had first organized the armies, and conceived the plans of the campaigns at the period of the national convention. He took no part in the interior administration; Robespierre spared him because he was necessary to him; and afterwards in the Directory he alone was in earnest in his persevering endeavours for the establishment of

a Republican Constitution in France; and, at a yet later period, in opposing Bonaparte, when he declared himself Emperor. But at the time of the Directory, the four colleagues of Carnot had all of them different ends in view. One wished to prolong the term of his power; another to recall the monarch; a third to become dictator; a fourth, who had no courage to attempt what was attended with danger, whether he was a hypocrite or an enthusiast, formed the idea of establishing theophilanthropy in the world. Four of them concurred in one view, namely, that of enriching themselves; while Carnot alone continued to be, and is still, possessed of a very moderate fortune.

They thus undermined each other in endeavouring to accomplish their respective projects. Barras, after the experiment, which he executed in conjunction with Bonaparte, of dispersing the armed mob, by which Robespierre was defended, with cannon, conceived that the generals of the armies might do him better service than the chiefs of the popular factions. Carnot, on the contrary, persisted in refusing to admit the military to any interference in the affairs of the interior; and Barras, with the aid of General Augereau, got him included in the proscription of the 18th Fructidor, by which Barthelemy was expelled the Directory as a partisan of the Bourbons. The armies then discovered that, after fighting at first for their opinions and country, they continued the war to enrich their leaders, and to support an oligarchy which was tearing itself in pieces. Their generals now aspired to conquest, in following the dictates of their own individual ambition, rather than the command of a government which was able to do nothing without them. Not one among them, however, had been endowed by nature with that ascendancy which enabled Bonaparte, at the age of twenty-six, to silence the pretensions of leaders proud of their recent victories. But he dreaded the Directory, and was dreaded by them. Hoche's sudden death, after the proscription of the 18th Fructidor, instigated him to propose, long before the peace of Campo Formio, the expedition into Egypt; and it was readily accepted*. They suffered him to lose himself in his African con-

* "Le tems n'est pas éloigné où pour détruire véritablement l'Angleterre il faut nous emparer de l'Egypte."—BONAPARTE'S Letter to the Directory from Milan, 29 Thermidor, (August 16, 1797.)—"S'il arrivait que à notre paix avec l'Angleterre nous fussions obligé de céder le Cap de Bonne Espérance, il faudrait alors nous emparer de l'Egypte."—"Pourquoi ne nous emparerions-nous de l'île de Malte?"—"Quelle réaction aurait sur la Porte notre expedition d'Egypte?" 18th September, 1797. These questions were soon followed by complaints: "Je vous prie, citoyens Directeurs, de me remplacer, et de m'accorder ma démission.—Ma santé, considérablement altérée, demande impérieusement du repos et de la tranquillité. La situation de mon ame a aussi besoin de se retremper dans la masse des citoyens.—Depuis long-temps un grand pouvoir est confié dans mes mains; je m'en suis servi dans toutes les circon-

quests, and, fearful of the principles of Joubert, sent, as commander-in-chief into Italy, General Sherer, a man of no repute, and without enterprise, who, three years before, finding himself unable to pass the Alps, had resigned the broken remnant of his army to Bonaparte.

Championet was recalled from Naples to be tried at Chambery; and Macdonald, his successor, hastened to the support of Sherer in Lombardy. On his return through the south of Italy, already in a state of insurrection and famine, he gathered together all the French detachments dispersed in the different towns besieged by the Austrians; he beat the enemies, and still advanced, and accomplished one of the most skilful marches recorded in military annals. At the Trebbia, however, after two days' carnage, he was, either from his own fault or that of his officers, forced by Souvaroff to fly for shelter to the mountains of Genoa; for fourteen thousand men under General Montrichard, in consequence of an ill-arranged counter-march, did not arrive before the second day of the battle; and he was moreover obliged to take up his ground in such a manner, that the greatest part of his cavalry was posted on a spot where it received the fire of the Russians without being able to move. The plain was marshy, after more than four weeks' rain, and the rain continued while they were fighting. The greatest fault ascribed to Macdonald was, that, after the French had been beat on the Adige and on the Adda, in consequence of their army of the south being at too great a distance, he aspired, notwithstanding, to the honours of victory, and did not wait for Moreau, who was already at Genoa on his way to replace Sherer. Perhaps he was forced to give battle; but the truth of this I have never been able to discover; for being myself at that battle with a regiment of Italian light-horse, I heard so many contradictory assertions and reasons, sustained with equal heat on both sides, that I remained undecided. After a victory, nobody reasons, and every one attributes a portion of the success to himself; and, after a defeat, every one displays his ingenuity. General Moreau said, "Having constantly carried on the war in the open fields of Germany, I hardly know whether I should have been equally successful in a mountainous country."—Macdonald caused an apology unworthy of the leader of an army, to be published in a *Paris Gazette*.

There remained in the kingdom of Naples a French garrison

starces pour le bien de la patrie ; tant pis pour ceux qui ne croient point à la vertu, et qui pourraient avoir suspecté la mienne. Ma récompense est dans ma conscience et dans l'opinion de la postérité."—Passeriano, le 4 Vendémiaire, An. 5. (September 25, 1797.)

at Capua, one at Gaeta, and another at the Fort of St. Elmo, about 1500 men in all. The allied forces, with the troops collected in Sicily, were about to land. The main defence of the republic consisted in the national guard, in which citizens of all descriptions enlisted to maintain their independence, as they had before done for the cause of their king. Cardinal Ruffo made the Calabreze believe that he had been chosen Pope; and in spite of the Archbishop of Naples having excommunicated him for the imposture, he found believers enough to enable him to subdue a large city, and give it up to pillage. The assurance of plunder augmented his army, and having burned a second city, and put to the sword all its inhabitants who refused to join him, his followers became flushed with carnage, and as they advanced, multiplied to such a degree as to become masters of the capital. Their ferocity compelled the national guard to employ desperate means of resistance; and Nicolò Martelli assembled a council of war, in which it was agreed not to trust to the terms offered by an ecclesiastic, whom they considered as an apostate at once from God and his country. They set fire to their ammunition, and buried themselves beneath the ruins of the fort of Vigliena. Ruffo's army, composed of banditti and fanatics, and preceded by friars, inspired the populace of Naples, and the soldiers sent by different powers to restore the fugitive sovereign to his throne, with the contagious lust of cruelty. Ladies, celebrated for their court influence, and for the scandal which their charms excited, rode forth to meet them, followed by their servants and lovers. Fires were lighted in the public squares to burn the prisoners; and women, who came to supplicate for their husbands and sons, were cast into the flames. Whether from compassion for so populous a city, or dread of the arrival of a French fleet, and the desperate resistance offered during nine days by the republicans besieged in two of the forts of Naples, the Cardinal suggested to Captain Foote, commander of the English forces in the Bay, the necessity of offering them a capitulation; he represented that they refused to treat with an ecclesiastic; that his means were insufficient to reduce a determined and obstinate people, and he wished the English officer to try what he could do by offering to listen to the terms they might have to propose. The Cardinal made the same request to the Russian officers, who, with Micheroux, general of the royal army, effectually conducted the treaty, by which those forts were given up to the allies, on condition that the lives, the liberties, and properties of all individuals, whatever their past political conduct might have been, should be preserved inviolate. The convention was ratified by Ruffo, whom the King had appointed Vice-Roy of the kingdom. The French still retained possession of Fort St. Elmo, and were ad-

mitted on both sides as guarantees of the convention ; and the Archbishop of Salerno, the Bishop of Avellino, and General Micheroux, were given up to the French commandant as hostages. Admiral Nelson, on his arrival, found those clauses fulfilled, by which the forts were occupied by the allies ; but he nevertheless declared null and void those which stipulated the general amnesty. The French commander of St. Elmo, whose name was Mejan, in order to obtain terms more advantageous to his troops and to his own interest, sent back the King's hostages, and gave up together with them some of the Neapolitans who had fought and bled for his countrymen in the fort. On his return to France, the infamy which pursued him, compelled the Directory to have him tried by a court-martial for cowardice and treasonable practices ; and, whatever might have been the degree of his guilt and of his punishment, his name has never since been heard of. The prisons in the kingdom of Naples, were filled in a few weeks with 40,000 citizens.*

A Junta, of the King's nomination, knowing that he was always without any decided opinion, delayed bringing these prisoners to trial, in hopes that he might be inclined towards moderate counsels, especially as the Queen remained in Sicily. Meanwhile the Russian legation protested against the infraction of a compact offered and accepted on behalf of their sovereign. The English officers disclaimed any participation in the murders that were about to be perpetrated, and were almost in open mutiny. Captain Foote urged—"That he had signed the capitulation with the agreement of the officers of the Allied Powers, who were undoubtedly authorized to enter into, and sign such conventions ; and which, once signed, must be executed, or an evident breach of faith incurred on the part of that nation which should break a solemn engagement, made by themselves, in which the lives and properties of men were concerned, who might have chosen to sacrifice their existence, rather than have yielded, at discretion, to those from whom little mercy was to be expected. The very name of an English officer, acting for his country, was esteemed sufficient for the security of all that is dear to men."—Moreover, the republicans, by virtue of that capitulation, had delivered to Captain Foote all the English whom they had made prisoners. Lord Nelson sent him on service to some distance from Naples. Captain Troubridge however declared, that "he never would become the perpetrator of the vengeance of the Queen," and ordered a vessel to sail, which landed some of the proscribed at Toulon.

* "There are upwards of forty thousand families who have relations confined. If some act of oblivion is not passed, there will be no end of persecution."—Captain Troubridge's Letter. See Southey's *Life of Nelson*, An. 1799.

The ships were daily incumbered with new prisoners, tied, flogged, wounded, stripped of their clothes by the mob, and brought before the King and Lord Nelson. They were crowded almost to suffocation during the night; and during the day they were scorched by the sun. It is stated, but neither supported by documents, nor contradicted by subsequent writers, that a great number of republicans were discovered, because, on his arrival in the bay, Nelson, by a proclamation, promised security to all those who had in any manner committed themselves during the revolution, provided they declared their names and places of abode.* Towards the middle of July, some prisoners, confined on ship-board, wrote to the English admiral, reminding him of all the circumstances which had brought about the capitulation, yet without any allusion to his own proclamation: "We have now been lying twenty-four days in this road," they say, "bereft of every thing necessary to existence; we have nothing but bread to eat; we drink nothing but putrid water, or wine mingled with sea-water, and have nothing but the bare planks to sleep on. Our houses have been plundered, and we can receive no assistance from thence, and the greater part of our relations have been either imprisoned or murdered. On board this transport there are five persons sick of an infectious fever. We capitulated, and we have put the articles of the capitulation to which we were bound, religiously into execution. We are persuaded that all our sufferings are unknown to your Excellency, and to His Majesty: your honour and his clemency being engaged for our deliverance."—Lord Nelson wrote on the margin: "I have shewn your paper to your gracious King, who must be the best judge of the merits and demerits of his subjects."—The King's answer was: "That the Junta would speedily submit to his sanction a project of a law for state trials."—The prisoners then prepared to petition again, in order that they might be judged according to the existing laws of the kingdom; when one of them, who had undertaken to write the lives of the Italian warriors and statesmen of old †, (his name was Lo Monaco) said: "I never met with any prince, but Julius Cæsar, who, when in prison, had acted otherwise than like a fool: now Ferdinand is the slave of the English; let us, therefore, be wiser than he, and die without further complaint."—The King, lest he might hurt the feelings of his naval officers, sailed from Sicily in one of his own frigates; but on his arrival in the Bay of Naples, "he immediately hoisted his standard on board Lord Nelson's ship, where he remained with all his ministers." ‡

* Helen M. Williams's Sketches, vol. I. Letter XVII. edit. An. 1801.

† Vite degl' illustri Italiani, per Francesco Lo Monaco. 3 vols.

‡ Lord Nelson's despatches to the Admiralty, in the London Gazette of August 17th, 1799.

The Junta, on the ground that a conquered people can obey no laws but those of the conqueror, proposed "to subject to trial only those individuals whose demeanour might have been criminal before the arrival of the French."—From the first conferences held on this question, Lord Nelson had laid down as a maxim: "That whoever had served the republic was a traitor"—and consequently justified the breach of the convention on the ground—"that a king ought never to capitulate with rebels."—The English ambassador observed, "that his government having engaged with all the Allied Powers to eradicate all revolutionary doctrines from Europe, he could not countenance the fulfilment of a capitulation which opposed the views of the coalition."—Acton, having previously promised Captain Foote, "that the most obnoxious republicans only should be confined during the very unsettled state of the kingdom," in his quality of prime minister, insinuated to the King: "That the *Lazzaroni*, having constantly supported His Majesty, would be offended by an amnesty granted to rebels, and officers, who had acted with the blackest ingratitude towards his Sicilian Majesty's bounty; and that moreover, the capitulation ought to be retracted for the purpose of leaving more latitude to the royal clemency."—Cardinal Ruffo contended, "that when public faith is wilfully disregarded, the prince can no longer expect public confidence or gratitude for his mercy; and that faction and war having but too often urged the beggars of Naples to anarchy and pillage in the name of the King, it was now worse than useless to give up the noblest blood of the nation to the passions of the populace." Upon this Lady Hamilton asked him "Whether he had not also friends or relations among the traitors?"—"We are all traitors," replied the Cardinal: and he never ceased to importune Lord Nelson until he obtained from him in writing the reasons for his conduct. His Lordship therefore wrote: "Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, who arrived in the Bay of Naples, on the 24th of June, with the British fleet, found a treaty entered into with the rebels; which, he is of opinion, ought not to be carried into execution, without the approbation of His Sicilian Majesty, Lord St. Vincent, and Lord Keith."—A week after, Admiral Keith, who succeeded Earl St. Vincent in the Mediterranean, wrote to Nelson: "Let the King return on any terms that are tolerable: and were his Majesty to grant solid privileges to his people, it certainly would be better to govern free men than slaves."—But the suspicion of treachery, thrown by Lady Hamilton upon Ruffo, became a certainty in the mind of Lord Nelson, who entreated Ferdinand to send him away. The King answered: "That although the Cardinal had not strictly adhered to the spirit of his instructions, he could not supersede

him without danger."—I have reported the opinions of the principal actors on this occasion, because it seems to me that they display the character and views of each.

Ruffo repaired to Rome; and historians, whose object was to vindicate either the court or Lord Nelson, or, as one of them professes, "to do away, if possible, what democrats for bad purposes have asserted,"* justified the breach of the capitulation, by insinuating, "that the Cardinal was bribed by the rich traitors besieged in the two forts,"—which is an absurdity: for the countrymen and relations of the individuals executed, have often, at different times and in various pamphlets, exposed the character of the Cardinal, and summoned him to account for the blood, but in no one instance for the money of their friends. This man was induced to throw away his reputation and talents by an idea that he was born for great undertakings. Pius VI. had appointed him treasurer of the church, but to get rid of him, he made him a Cardinal; because, by his new schemes of finances, he totally ruined them. While the French marched victoriously towards Rome, Ruffo and a few other dignitaries, by their own authority, contrived an armament, the result of which was that Bonaparte lost an hundred men, and was thus entitled to sell peace at a dearer rate to the Pope. On the death of Pius, he put himself at the head of the banditti, and called them the Catholic army, probably in the hope that the Cardinals, on the election of a Pope, in the actual condition of Italy, would feel the necessity of giving their suffrages to a warrior; and, by his success at Naples, he flattered himself that he might become the ruler of a court, where the only thing dreaded was, the presence of a native. Age and disappointment, and the utter contempt he experienced from friends and foes, taught him that obscurity and silence would be the only atonement acceptable to heaven and man. He therefore devoted his leisure to mechanics and meditation, and fancied himself a Christian philosopher.

The Junta, during seven weeks, applied in vain for some royal enactment, in order to proceed with the trials of the prisoners. A letter from Admiral Keith had already warned the King "to keep it in mind, that if a reverse of fortune, in favour of France, should take place in Piedmont, he might lose the golden opportunity of settling his kingdom upon a rational foundation."—"I can see," added Lord Keith, "the French troops by thousands marching along the Riviera di Genoa." The Neapolitan court attended to this advice, only until the battle of Novi, and the death of Joubert, assured the temporary possession of Italy to the Allies, and delivered the Queen and her courtiers

* Letter from the Rev. T. S. Clarke to Capt. Foote.

from their terror of retaliation. They enacted two edicts, in one of which the King declared: "That, as he had NEVER LOST his kingdom, such of his subjects as had endeavoured to impose a capitulation upon his admission, were rebels." The other edict intimated: "That by virtue of the right he had acquired in RECONQUERING his dominions, (as if it were possible to conquer that which has never been lost) the King suppressed certain immunities which the barons and their feudal estates had hitherto enjoyed." The Junta perceiving that revenge and confiscation were the only real objects of the persecution, and that it was necessary for them, either quietly to immolate their fellow-citizens, or to give themselves up a useless sacrifice together with them, all its members, except one named Fiore, abdicated; and were supplied by others, who were sent on purpose from Sicily. The injustice, which seems to have been enforced by the blind necessity of a war at once foreign and domestic, and by the want of discipline of such a number and description of combatants, was subsequently justified by the cold-blooded calculations of lawyers. To ground their sentences, they derived from the two royal edicts the following legal acts:—

"WHOEVER may have filled offices in the executive council, or in the legislature of the republic."—"WHOEVER may have assisted at the demolition of the statue of Charles the III^d., or at the planting of the tree of liberty in the public squares."—"WHOEVER may have been present at the national feasts, where the people tore to pieces certain royal and British flags taken by the national guard in battle."—"WHOEVER may have opposed the Catholic army of the Cardinal Vice-Roy, or persisted in fighting when the vessel, carrying the King, was perceived off Naples."—"WHOEVER, during the republican government, may have written or preached against his Majesty or his Majesty's family."—"WHOEVER, by his professed adherence to the republic, may have shewn his treasonable purposes against monarchy, and his impiety against religion."—"WHOEVER may have repelled by force, or fired from the windows on the loyal subjects who formerly, at the departure of his Majesty, and lately, at the approach of the Catholic army, attacked the houses of individuals obnoxious to their legitimate master."—"Is to be committed for high treason, and punishable with death. Every man in the kingdom was, by this law, amenable to trial; and, by the last article, the pillage and fury on which the Lazzaroni at this time were so ferociously bent, were sanctioned, and brought forward to aggravate the legal bloodshed of the tribunal. The law continues—"WHOEVER may have belonged to regular meetings or clubs, without having pledged himself by any oath, shall be punished with fifteen years' banishment and confiscation."—"WHOEVER may have subscribed to regular

meetings or clubs, and have taken any oath, although he thereby signed his capital sentence with his own hand, yet his Majesty out of clemency condemns him only to perpetual banishment and confiscation." On being banished, they delivered to the tribunal this declaration: "In conformity with the royal enactment annexed in the acts of the grand criminal court, I hereby pledge myself by my signature, and bind myself by oath, on peril of being lawfully put to death as an outlaw and enemy of the crown, in case of my contravention, with impunity to every one who shall kill me, to transport myself forthwith, out of this city,* and remove to a distance from the royal dominions." It happened that some after having delivered this bond, were tried again and condemned to death. The law concludes—"THE judges ought to recommend to royal mercy such individuals as had lent their services to the republic for the support of their families, provided they should be indicted of no one of the aforesaid acts." On the motion of Guidobaldi, one of its new members, the Junta determined that, instead of paying the executioner by the head according to custom, it would be more economical to give him a gross sum in advance, and engage his service for a twelvemonth.

No feeling so powerfully disposes men to resign themselves to death, as that of the loss of all hope of obtaining justice on earth. Some, in the belief that they shall elsewhere find a more equitable judge; others, in the certainty of an uninterrupted repose, oppose courage to oppression, indulging (perhaps reasonably) the expectation of preventing the present gratification, and exasperating the succeeding remorse of their enemies. For, the Neapolitans, endowed as they are by nature with a restless and ardent imagination, poor and rich, learned and illiterate, sceptics, and churchmen (both the conscientious and the profligate), old men enfeebled by age, and females warm with youthful prospects of a life of enjoyment, almost all ascended the scaffold with equal serenity. Eleonora Fonseca, condemned for her writings, said to those who were to suffer with her, on their way to the place of execution, "that, calling to mind her relations, she regretted having received more of a literary education than was conducive to the welfare of families."—"Nevertheless," she added, "as the fruit of my studies, I have learned not to set too high a value on life;" and she ascended the scaffold, pronouncing with feminine pride:

"Audet viris concurrere virgo."

Cirillo, an eminent physician, who for many years had attended

* In the Italian: "*Sfrattare da questa città.*"

the Queen, and the English ambassador, on being in the name of Sir William Hamilton, and Lord Nelson, assured of mercy if he asked his Majesty's pardon, answered the King's attorney, "Tell them that I pity them all." Italy lost at that time several individuals who had grown grey in the diffusion of science; and almost all the promising youth: among others, Vincenzo Russo, the most eloquent, and most virtuous of his countrymen. He flattered himself with the idea of bringing to a state of perfection, beings perishable by nature, and inhabitants of a globe subject to periodical revolutions, where reproduction springs from destruction: and this very error of superior minds the more evidently displays our common imbecility.

The generous portion of the nobility then also perished, cut off in the flower of their hopes: for although the fathers had enslaved themselves by their indolence, the children were taught by the late calamities of their country that by the use of arms, and the participation in administering public affairs, the aristocracy of a nation can alone hope to oppose both domestic and foreign despotism. The lower classes throughout the rest of Italy still remember their liberties by traditions preserved even in their public buildings and churches; and the overthrow of their governments inspired them with the desire (which has been, and will be long the only cause of their animosities and consequent slavery) that all their cities should become again so many free states. The Lazzaroni alone had never heard of popular rights, except against the holy inquisition, which not even Philip the Second could establish at Naples. Their climate prevents them from feeling many wants, and gives them the means of satisfying them with little labour. Idleness maintains them in superstition and vice, inducing them to plunge desperately into commotions, and to withdraw from them as suddenly from love of inaction. They were most happy under an absolute government, which every where is more prone to punish the public virtues of the highest, than the crimes of its lowest subjects. Some of the writers of the time have registered the number, others, the names of the condemned; and though they do not always agree, it appears that there was scarcely a noble house which had not beheld the public sale of a part of its property, and the execution or banishment of at least one of its members. Of nine families there remained none but the children and women. In two more, only the old men survived, and their race is now extinct. Those bishops, who, in the old disputes between their sovereigns and the see of Rome, had supported the royal cause, and, after the King fled, exhorted the people to submit peaceably to the dispositions of Providence, were by the opposite principles of the church and the court, tried,

and condemned to different punishments, and two of them executed as guilty of treason, both against the pope's supremacy, and the legitimacy of the monarch. Two brothers, one fifteen, the other twelve years old, were also condemned to death; and upon the entreaties of their mother, the king's attorney told her that he could spare one of them, and bade her choose—she did not choose. He was a Sicilian, named Speziale, filling at once the offices of chief justice and public accuser, and was a man endowed with such a power of dissimulation, that whenever he could not elicit any evidence at the bar, he invited the prisoners into his private chambers, shed tears for their sufferings, protested before the Almighty that he accepted that place in order to save some of them—complained of the cruelty of the Queen—offered them means of escape; and if, trusting to human sympathy, they disclosed their opinions and feelings, he answered: "You have said too much, and unhappily for both of us, the law ought to be fully executed."—Some were strangled in the subterraneous dungeons, with friars about them, to learn under pretence of confession, the name and abode of their accomplices. Many suffered sentence to be pronounced without attempting a defence, lest they should commit their relations: others refused to answer the interrogatories of the judges; and Manthone, war minister of the republic, being provoked and insulted by them, uttered only these words—"*Ho capitolato.*"

The first man executed, two months before the establishment of the grand criminal court, and even before the arrival of the King, was Prince Francesco Caracciolo, admiral of the Neapolitan navy, who, by seventy years of active life, had kept off the torpor under which Italian patricians are apt to languish; and to the experience of his profession, he added the acquirements of a man of science. He had, at first, followed the court to Sicily, and returned to Naples with the King's permission, who cautioned him not to mix in the affairs of the republic. Yet he conceived himself bound to resume the command of a flotilla of gun-boats, the only remains of the ships of war, lest the French should put into it officers of their own nation; and when the Allies attacked Naples, he attempted to drive out the British squadron from the island of Procida. A price was put upon his head, and he was carried before Nelson, who directed a court martial to proceed summarily, and "report to him what punishment the prisoner ought to suffer."* Count Thurn, who had formerly burned the Neapolitan navy, was one of those foreign adventurers intriguing for the favours of princes, and every where jealous of native merit; and although the prisoner alleged that

* Lord Nelson's first order to Commodore Count Thurn, June 29th, 1799.

Thurn was his known enemy, it was he who assembled the court-martial of Neapolitan officers on board the flag-ship of Lord Nelson, and was appointed its president. The bearer of the sentence found the English admiral seated in his cabin, between Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and hearing that Caracciolo had been condemned to banishment and confiscation, he ordered the sentence to be revised : the punishment being then commuted to perpetual imprisonment, he desired them to revise it again. This is the statement of two naval officers, who, although then at Naples, were not ocular witnesses ; the only historian by whom this transaction is related with impartiality, has made use of such cautious expressions in this place*, that I can neither admit nor reject the circumstance of the revision of the two sentences. The trial began at ten o'clock in the morning, and Nelson soon after noon signed the sentence, and ordered the criminal to be hanged † ; who, dreading rather the manner of his death, than the end of his life, demanded to be shot as an officer, or beheaded according to the privileges of his forefathers. The English admiral answered, " That he had no right to interfere in a judgment fairly pronounced by the officers of the country."

After these words he walked up and down, agitated and silent ; and while he apparently tried to hush in his breast the presentiment of the stain inflicted on his reputation, Lady Hamilton was present at the execution. The Italian sailor who was ordered to pass the rope round the neck of the admiral, hesitated and bent forward as if desirous to kiss his hand. " Let me die alone," said Caracciolo, and, while he expired, Lady Hamilton wiped her eyes. Her endowments, both physical and intellectual, had urged her to struggle from her very infancy to rise by means of those expedients to which every individual must inevitably have recourse whose ambition is infinitely above his circumstances. She had been at first a menial servant in London ; next a wandering girl, lost to virtue : at last, devoid of shame, she lent the admirable beauties of her person as a model to academies of painters, until she became the concubine of a young military man ; and was no sooner raised from penury, than she gave a loose to that indiscretion which afterwards brought her, through anguish, luxury, and contempt, into the grave, in the same helpless indigence in which she was born. Her lover, distressed with debt, sold her to Sir William Hamilton, a man far advanced in years, and ambassador at Naples ; he was an enthusiast in the fine arts, of

* " Sir William and Lady Hamilton were in the ship ; but Nelson, *it is affirmed*, saw no one, except his own officers." Southey's *Life of Nelson*, an. 1799—*It is affirmed* in Harrison's *Memoirs of Nelson*, " written under Lady Hamilton's eye at Merton."—Foote's *Vindication*, page 72.

† Lord Nelson's second order to Commodore Count Thurn, June 29th, 1799.

which, by the elegance of her taste, and her long intercourse with painters and sculptors, she had gathered a correct knowledge; so that, by flattering his taste, irritating his affection, threatening to part with him out of regard for his character, and affecting to be pursued by the advances of an illustrious personage, she succeeded in becoming at once the wedded wife, and the most useful assistant of the British ambassador. She ingratiated herself with the Queen, by the nature and violence of those indulgencies which in the lowest and highest ranks are alike irritated by absolute want and reckless profusion; and ungoverned by the fear of public opinion, the character and morals of both were closely assimilated. The most private correspondence of the King was betrayed, and sent over to the British ministers. Not being educated with a due sense of honour, Lady Hamilton conceived herself bound to sacrifice it, not only to the policy of her husband's employers, but also to the gratification of all the passions of a scandalous court. She was believed (and perhaps not unjustly) to be an adulterous wife; for the delight of bloodshed does not tempt the weaker sex, without the utter corruption of the two best instincts of our nature, modesty and sympathy, with which women seem to be liberally endowed, in order that, by becoming tender wives and mothers, they might soften the ferocity of men. Lady Hamilton did not quit the vessel till she saw Caracciolo hanged; she sent twice to know when he was to be taken down from the fore-yard-arm; she went again in a barge at the approach of night to see him thrown into the sea; then she wrote to assure the Queen "that even the remains of her Majesty's enemy were no more to be seen." Thirteen days afterwards the King walking on the deck with Nelson, exclaimed suddenly, with a yell of horror, "*Vien! Viene!*"—The old man's corpse, erect breast-high above the waves, was seen floating towards the ship; the shot which had been attached to the feet for the purpose of sinking it, not being sufficiently heavy. Two sailors, without any person having ventured either to approve or to reprimand them, picked up their admiral's corpse, and carried it to a church for interment.

Perhaps I deceive myself; but I conceive that great men in their public capacity, whatever be their virtues or vices, are more than is generally imagined under the irresistible impulse of past events unknown to themselves, and that they are equally blind to the consequences which are to follow. When the silently increasing corruption of many generations has collected itself till it is ready to burst in a torrent on the heads of posterity, every social compact is violated, and force taking the place of justice, engenders sudden convulsions. This was, in

fact, the case of Europe at the end of the eighteenth century.—The spirits of men bewilder themselves more rapidly in the violent agitation between the hope and fear of change; the astonishment caused by unforeseen effects hides their causes from observation: every one feels that tranquillity can return only with justice; every one sees it according to his own opinion, interest, and passions; and every one knows that no law can be established but by force. Then follows the conflict of opposing forces: the utility of the permanent end seems to justify the iniquity of the temporary means; and while all must have recourse alike to violence, the wisest play the fool, and the most magnanimous seek in vain to escape the contagion of crime. The origin of Nelson's misfortune was the right assumed by the Belligerent powers, of interfering by dictation in the domestic government of foreign states. And since this practice is now adopted as the basis of the international law of Europe, and it is about to be put in full execution, it was perhaps necessary to dwell on the consequences which twenty years ago it has produced at Naples. This interference was, before the French revolution, limited to the assisting the sovereign or the people, in their mutual differences, by diplomacy and machinations; and did not extend to the dictating or breaking of covenants between the prince and the nation. It is impossible but that his utter ignorance of the country and his prejudice in favour of the factions for which he is interested, must drive every foreign officer to the commission of acts of injustice; and he perpetrates them with so much more violence, as he acts upon a plan adopted by his own government, indifferent alike to the good or bad fortune of a country which it has no pretension to keep by the right of conquest. Captain Troubridge was astonished that the Neapolitan people had no idea of any thing but revenge, without perceiving that the lust of revenge of the Queen and her foreign courtiers was countenanced by the British forces. Other females, bred in prostitution, have influenced the character of other great men; but Lady Hamilton would never have tarnished the memory of Nelson with the blood of so many innocents uselessly shed, if, at the time he was acquainted with her, she had not been the wife of an English ambassador.

GERMAN AUTHORS.

NO. I.

KÖRNER.

CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER was born at Dresden on the 23rd of September, 1791. His father was Judge of Appeals for the Electorate of Saxony, and his mother, daughter to Mr. Stock, a respectable artist of Leipsic, now deceased. He was so weak and sickly during his earlier years, that it became necessary to pay the greatest attention to the state of his health, and to avoid precipitating the progress of his education. He therefore passed the greater part of his time in the open air; either in a neighbouring garden along with boys of his own age, or, during the summer-months, in a vineyard with his parents and sister. With many branches of instruction he became acquainted later than most other youths, not being of the number of those children who flatter the vanity of their parents by the display of premature talent. He gave, however, even in the years of childhood, manifest indications of tenderness of heart, combined with firmness of purpose,—of steadfast attachment to those who had gained his affections, and of a fancy easy to be excited. As his health improved, the powers of his mind began to develop themselves. It was a difficult matter to command his attention; but, when it was once fixed, he was found very quick of apprehension. He had less inclination and ability for the learning of languages, than for the study of history, political and natural, and of the mathematics. His constant antipathy to the French language became the more remarkable, in proportion as he made greater advances in other tongues both ancient and modern.

From being habituated to a variety of gymnastic exercises during his earlier years, he acquired strength and agility of body, and passed for a lively dancer, a courageous horseman, an expert swimmer, and, above all, a dextrous fencer. His eyes, ears, and hands, partook of the same happy organization, and his external senses were constantly exercised by the activity of his mind. Meanwhile his intellect was proportionably cultivated, and he made considerable advances, not only in the delineation of mathematical figures, but in landscape-painting. In the study of music, his talents were developed in a higher degree. He had already made some progress on the violin, when the guitar more strongly attracted his attention, of which instrument he ever continued to be fond. With his cittern upon his arm, he indulged in the idea of being transported back to the times of the Troubadours. He was successful in the composition of many little pieces for this instrument, as well as for the voice; and his execution was correct and animated. For poetry, however, he was destined to feel a predominant

bias from his tenderest years. But his father considered it a duty to tolerate rather than encourage the first poetical attempts of his son. He entertained too high an idea of the art, not to watch with peculiar care, lest that which might be only a mere propensity should be mistaken for genuine talent.

Schiller and Goëthe were the favourite poets in the house of Körner's parents, and the ballads of the former were in all probability the first poetical compositions which he had an opportunity of reading.

About the middle of his seventeenth year, he quitted his father's house, and studied partly at the Cross-school at Dresden, and partly under private tutors. Among these was Dippold, afterwards the historian, who died too early for the interests of science, in the enjoyment of a professorship at Dantzic.

The art of mining happened to attract Körner's youthful attention, and in the summer of 1808 he commenced the study at Freyberg under very favourable circumstances. Werner, intendant of mines, was a friend of his father's, and treated the son with peculiar kindness. Of the other teachers, Professor Lampadius was very attentive to him. He met with a flattering reception from the most respectable families, and his habit of contracting an acquaintance with such young men as interested him, proved of advantage there: for, just at that time, there was an assemblage of highly-gifted and well-educated young chemists and mineralogists at the Mining Academy in that town.

At first Körner pursued the practical part of his profession with great ardour: he shunned no toil, and speedily familiarized himself with the peculiarities of a miner's life. This he depicts with the most glowing colours, in the poems which he composed about that period. By degrees, the pleasing ideas which he had cherished yielded to a less attractive reality; and the more powerful incentives, which the auxiliary sciences to mining, presented, seduced him from the practical part. He now occupied himself chiefly with mineralogy and chemistry, collected fossils, explored the mountainous regions in the neighbourhood, drew diagrams, and made chemical experiments: Werner and Lampadius beheld with satisfaction the progress of their pupil.

Dresden is but a short distance from Freyberg, and thus he was frequently able to share in the festivities of his family. The education of the daughter of a deceased friend, Mr. Kunze of Leipsic, had been entrusted to his father, and Körner thus obtained a second sister. His presence, of course, could not be dispensed with, on the celebration of her nuptials, which were solemnized with a Mr. Von Einsiedel of Gndstein; and the ceremony, which took place at Leipsic, was, after the old fashion, attended with all those mirthful accompaniments which are tempered to the joyous hours of youth. The account of the poet's life from which we sketch this abridge-

ment, was written by his father, who dwells with complacency on the invitation which his son received to pass some days at the Duchess of Courland's at Löbichau, near Altenburg, and on the intimacy of his own family with the aforesaid Duchess.—It is added that young Körner, as godson of her Grace, received what in German is called splendid, but what in plain English we should call useful presents, for the purpose of prosecuting his studies.

In the summer of 1809, he undertook a tour into Upper Lusatia, which, though accomplished on foot, was the means of introducing him, according to his fond father's account, to the particular notice of a great many illustrious German Counts, whose names are too little known to us to trouble our readers with repeating them. What is much more interesting in the history of the youth, he became, from this period, deeply ingrossed with strong and determinate feelings of religion. "Little," says his paternal biographer, "would any one have suspected, from his exterior appearance, that the idea of a Pocket-book for Christians should have originated with him." In Germany, we suppose, this is meant; for the Christian Lady's Pocket-book, an idea not materially different from Körner's, has long been sold, for two shillings a number, in England.

Körner's academic career at Freyberg terminated in the summer of 1810; and he was at first desirous to continue his studies at Tübingen, principally with the view of attending Kielmeyer. Some time after, however, he decided in favour of the newly established college of Berlin, which offered a combination of advantages for the furtherance of his scientific pursuits. Nor was Leipsic to be entirely neglected, as being the birth-place of his father, the residence of many of his friends and relatives, and provided with well-qualified teachers in the several branches of his studies. As the lectures at Freyberg terminated too late to allow of his attending the commencement of the summer course at Leipsic, he devoted the intermediate time to travelling.

The evening amusements at Löbichau consisted partly of extemporary essays in composition. A lady of talent, in the train of the Duchess of Courland, a physician, and an artist, were Körner's associates in furnishing the "Tea-table Contributions;" which were only intended to be circulated, in manuscript, among the members of the society. It was at this time that Körner first appeared before the world in the character of an author, by causing a collection of his poems to be printed, under the title of "Buds." He studied history and philosophy with assiduity; devoted several hours of the day to anatomy; became a member of an æsthetic society, and of the Macaria, an association instituted for the cultivation of the mind, as well as for social recreation; established a poetic club; was a welcome guest in the houses of the first people, and was, at the same time, esteemed a kind companion in the circle

of lively youths, who were not subjected to the trammels of a citizen's life. It may be easily conceived that, in opposing those who endeavoured to curb him, he allowed of no infringement upon his honour—that his zeal, in behalf of his friends, was unbounded, and that he did not always submit to the dictation of the higher authorities of the college.

In Berlin, where he arrived about the Easter of 1811, he devoted himself to lectures on philosophy and history. His studies were, however, interrupted by a tertian ague, which attacked him in the beginning of May, and continued for several weeks, during which, a succession of relapses left him much debilitated. A journey being recommended, he passed a month at Carlsbad with his parents; after which, he was desirous to proceed to the parts about the Rhine, and to Heidelberg. But his father was hostile to the spirit which then predominated in most of the German universities, and felt anxious to guard his son from the danger of such connections. His father also expected great advantages to accrue from a residence at Vienna, on many accounts. Besides a residence in the capital, he reckoned largely upon the intimacy of the Prussian minister, and the ambassador William Von Humboldt, with whom he had been closely connected for several years. He hoped much, for his son, from the celebrated scholar Frederick Schlegel, on account of their former friendship.

With August 1811, being the time of Körner's arrival at Vienna, commenced that period of his existence which decided his future fate. Here he found himself in a new world, in the prime of youth, enjoying the happiest state of mind. Without neglecting the advantages of cultivated society, or renouncing its nobler enjoyments, as they occurred, he devoted the greater part of the day to serious studies. He now indulged his propensity for poetry; knowing that, even if he were reduced to extremities, the information he had acquired at Freyberg would assure to him an independent subsistence. The object of his father was, that he should aspire to the formation of an illustrious character; for such only did he consider qualified to exert the privileges of a poet. Körner also was aware of the necessity he was under of gaining a knowledge of history, and of learning the ancient and modern languages. The former study presented a strong collateral inducement—the amassing of materials for dramatic composition.

His first productions, "The Bride" and "The Green Domino," consisting of only one act each, and written in Alexandrines, were performed at Vienna in January 1812, with much applause. "The Watchman," a farce, succeeded. Körner now turned his attention to tragical and impassioned subjects. A tale, by Henry Von Kleist, was, with some alterations, wrought into a drama, of three acts, entitled "Toni;" and, shortly after, he composed a tragedy, in one act, called "The Expiation." He now considered himself qualified to

venture on dramatizing the story of "Zriny," the Hungarian Leonidas. "Hedwig," a very gloomy drama, and "Rosamond," a tragedy, founded on English history, followed next in order. The last of his first-rate theatrical works was "Joseph Heidrich," the plot of which was an incident of real life—the sacrifice of a brave Austrian subaltern, who devoted himself to death for his lieutenant. In the intervals between these compositions, he found leisure for the production of three comic pieces: "The Cousin from Bremen," "The Serjeant," and "The Governess;" besides two operas, "The Fisherman's Daughter, or Hate and Love," and "The Four Years' Post" (the plots of which were borrowed from some little poems); and an opera, "The Miners," which he had begun at an earlier period. One part of an opera, "The Return of Ulysses," which he had destined for Beethoven, was also finished; and the plans of other greater and lesser pieces already formed. The short space of fifteen months would have been by no means sufficient for the production of so many works, had he not become master of an easy versification, acquired by early and constant practice. The search after historical materials, and the designing of the plot, always cost him the most time. For the execution of an extensive work he required only a few weeks; utter seclusion, however, and unintermitted exertions, were indispensable. A summer retreat which he chose at Doblingen, an agreeable village near Vienna, was well suited for his purpose.

His productions were, in general, as favourably received as he could possibly have desired; but the public approbation was most strongly testified on the first representation of "Zriny." The poet was called for, which is, in Vienna, a very rare occurrence. The commendation also of individual critics was very encouraging to him; and especially that of Goëthe, which reached him from a remote quarter, and under whose direction, "The Bride," "The Green Domino," and "The Expiation," were got up with particular care, and very favourably received at Weimar.

Vienna fully realized all the expectations which both the father and son had formed of it, and even far exceeded them. The charms with which he was environed, and the treasures of art which this capital contained, occasioned to young Körner a diversity of enjoyment. The gay world, by which he was surrounded, and in which he soon found himself quite at home, contributed to increase his happiness. Far, however, from relaxing through indulgence, his active mind only received thereby additional incentives to exertion. He owed much, not only to his intimacy with Humboldt and Schlegel, but also to his intercourse with the literary characters who frequented the houses of the well-known and admired poetess, Caroline Fichler, and Madam Von Pereira.

But it was love that chiefly preserved him from being led astray by the allurements of a seductive capital, at an age too when the

buoyancy of youth is at its height. An amiable young woman, in a refined rank of society, attracted him by her charms, both personal and intellectual. His parents came to Vienna, and approved the object of their son's choice.

In all Germany there is but one post which, by securing to a poet independence, allows him a full field for the exercise of his talent; and this fell to the share of young Körner. His appointment of Court Dramatist at Vienna was a result of the approbation with which the public had received his dramatic productions, especially "Zriny."

Körner had, for some time, formed the resolution of becoming a soldier, to fight for the deliverance of Germany: when, therefore, the Prussian proclamation was issued, nothing could induce him to abandon his purpose. He left Vienna on the 15th of March, 1813, strongly recommended to several distinguished individuals in the Prussian army. At the time of his arrival at Breslau, Major Von Lützow was there, raising the free-corps, called after his name. At his invitation, many youths and men of cultivated minds flocked to his head-quarters, and Körner added himself to their number on the 19th of March, in the above year. A few days after his enrolment, Lützow's free corps was solemnly consecrated, in a village church, not far from Zobten. The following passage, on the subject, occurs in Körner's letters:—

"After a hymn had been sung (a choral song which Körner had himself composed), the minister of the place, Peters by name, delivered an energetic and comprehensive discourse—no eye remained unmoistened. After this, he tendered to us the oath, that we would spare neither our blood nor possessions in fighting for the cause of humanity, of our country, and of our religion, and that we would go forward cheerfully to meet victory or death—We swore! He then sunk upon his knees, and prayed God to bestow a blessing upon his own warriors. By heaven, it was a moment in which every breast burned with the desire of a death so hallowed—every heart throbbed with the devotion of a hero. The war-oath, dictated with gravity, and repeated by all over the swords of the officers, and the hymn, "Our God is a strong hold," &c. made an end of this noble solemnity."

To such hardships as the infantry service would bring with it Körner was sufficiently inured by his mineralogical excursions; and he had also prepared himself for it by the practice of shooting. He devoted himself, with ardour, to the scrupulous performance of his duty. When it was required, he shunned no danger, nor personal sacrifice; and, in gay society, his presence always heightened the enjoyment, owing to his good-humour and social talents. In letters and poems which he wrote about this time, there occur frequent indications of a presentiment of approaching death, which, however, appeared to shed no gloom over his mind; but, with a

free and courageous spirit, he undertook every enterprise which the moment presented, or his duties required of him.

In his leisure hours he employed himself principally in the composition of warlike songs. He expected much from their musical effect; and several of his pieces received their metrical form in adaptation to certain simple and energetic melodies, with which he had been particularly taken.

Shortly after his joining the corps, the place of first yager became vacant, and the voices of his brothers-in-arms appointed him to fill it up. He escorted Major Von Petersdorf, who commanded the infantry of the corps, on an expedition; and received orders to invite the Saxons to a participation in the approaching struggle. This journey brought him to Dresden a week before the free corps entered it. Here he saw those belonging to him for the last time, and received the paternal benediction on his undertaking.

Major Von Röder, a friend of his father's in the service of the King of Prussia, who afterwards fell at Culm, while leading on his battalion, happened to be then stationed at the head-quarters of General Von Winzingerode. He was very desirous of having Körner with him; but the latter remained constant to his earlier attachments, and followed Lützow's corps to Leipsic, where on the 24th of April he was, by the voice of his comrades, promoted to the rank of lieutenant.

His corps now became strong, and was employed against the rear of the hostile army, that they might embarrass its operations. An attempt was made by Major Von Lützow, on the 26th of April, to press on by Scopau across the Saal towards the Harz; but scarcely had they passed the river, when they learned that a body of French troops, under the Vice-King, was moving into that part of the country which the free corps would have been obliged to traverse before they reached their destination. The only means, therefore, of fulfilling their instructions, which lay open to them, appeared to be to approach some of the allied regiments which were posted lower down on the right bank of the Elbe, and either to act in concert with them, or, employing their station as a *point d'appui*, to lend their assistance to such inhabitants of North Germany, as were ready to throw off a foreign yoke.

Major Von Lützow led his troops through Dessau, Zerbst, and Havelberg, into the country about Lenzen. From this place, conducted by General Count Von Wallmoden, they crossed the Elbe to attack the enemy, who were posted to the north-west of Danneberg. This attack took place on the 12th of May, at the Göhrde, when a sharp engagement ensued. The French were driven back, and the assailants succeeded in their attempt. The General, however, thought it better not to follow up the advantage he had gained, and Major Von Lützow was debarred at the moment from accom-

plishing his intention of galling the enemy, who were in the rear of the General's troops.

About this time the infantry of Lützow's corps remained inactive, which circumstance was particularly irksome to Körner, who gave vent to his feelings on the occasion in a poem which occurs in the "Lyre and Sword." But his energies were soon called into action. On the 24th of May, he followed the cavalry to Stendal, as a member of the commission chosen by the Commander-in-chief to engage the civil authorities of Westphalia to co-operate in the active object of military organization; and he learned on the 28th of May, while engaged in this service, that Major Von Lützow was determined upon making an incursion into Thuringia on the following morning. Körner earnestly solicited permission to accompany him, offering to serve in the cavalry. His request was granted, and the Major nominated him his adjutant, from the regard he entertained for him, and the pleasure he derived from his society.

Their march continued for ten days, through Hallerstädt, Eisleben, Büttstädt, and Schlaitz, to Plauen, not without some danger, as the enemy's corps were dispersed in every direction, but also not without satisfactory results. Information was collected, military stores captured, and expresses taken, who were charged with letters of importance. This bold conduct excited attention, and irritated the enemy. An order was in consequence issued by the French Emperor, that of all those who had taken part in this hazardous enterprise not a man was to be spared, that the example of their fate might deter others.

While at Plauen, Major Von Lützow had received what he considered official intelligence of an armistice. Not expecting to encounter any impediments, he chose the shortest road to join the infantry of his corps, having received from the hostile commanders the most positive assurances of the safety of his attempt; and he marched without molestation along the highway as far as Kitzen, a village in the vicinity of Leipsic. Here he was surprised to find himself surrounded by a numerous band of the enemy, who manifested hostile intentions. Körner was sent forward to demand an explanation. Instead, however, of vouchsafing an answer, one of the leaders of the opposite party struck at him; and the attack was made on all sides in the twilight, upon three squadrons of Lützow's cavalry, before they had time to draw a sabre.

The first stroke, which Körner could not ward off, as he had, in the discharge of his duty, approached the hostile leader without drawing his weapon, wounded him severely in the head; a second which he received was but slight. He fell backward, but immediately recovered himself, and his horse conveyed him safely into the nearest wood. Here he was endeavouring to bind up his wounds, with the assistance of one of his comrades, when he descried a troop of the pursuing enemy riding up towards him.

His presence of mind did not desert him, but he shouted into the depth of the wood, with a strong voice, "Fourth squadron, advance!" The enemy stopped short—drew back—and left him time to bury himself deeper in the thicket.

The pain of his wound was violent,—his strength began to fail, and all hope of escape was nearly extinguished. He heard from time to time the enemy still in pursuit, who were exploring the wood at no great distance from him. He afterwards fell asleep,—and, upon awaking next morning, found two peasants standing beside him, who proffered their assistance. For this timely succour, he was indebted to certain of his comrades, who, while making their escape through the wood on the preceding night, had discovered the two countrymen by a watch-fire. These men, being interrogated by Lützow's horsemen as to their principles, were considered deserving of confidence, and were requested to assist in the removal of a wounded officer, who had plunged into the depths of the forest, and would certainly requite their services. They succeeded in discovering Körner; he was already reduced to utter weakness from loss of blood. His deliverers procured him strengthening cordials, and secretly conveyed him to the village of Great Zschocker through bye-paths, although it was occupied by a detachment of the enemy. A country surgeon of considerable ability bound up his wounds, and several of the inhabitants of the village who were well-affected towards the German cause, rendered every assistance in their power; nor was there a single traitor found among them, although the artillery of the enemy, who were in pursuit of Körner, and knew that he had with him a valuable money-chest, belonging to Lützow's free corps, were not sparing of either threats or promises. From Great Zschocker he wrote to a friend at Leipsic, who, with the most ready zeal, undertook to arrange every thing that could ensure his safety.

Leipsic was at that time under the French yoke, and it was prohibited under a menace of severe punishment to harbour any of Lützow's cavalry. But Körner's friends were not to be intimidated by any danger. One of them was the owner of a garden, from which there was a communication with Great Zschocker, partly by water, and partly by a foot-path, which was very little known, and led immediately to the back-gate of the garden. This circumstance was taken advantage of, and Körner was thus introduced, secretly and in disguise, into the suburbs of Leipsic. He was thus also enabled to save the chest of money, which had been committed to his care, and which was re-conveyed to the corps after the battle of Leipsic. Safe from discovery, he here received the necessary surgical assistance, and, after a confinement of five days, became sufficiently recovered to quit the town, and relieve himself from the painful anxiety which he endured, on account of those friends who had ventured to do so much in his behalf.

The state of his wounds, allowing him to make only short stages every day, increased the danger of discovery, in a country which swarmed with hostile troops. Under existing circumstances, Carlsbad appeared the most eligible place of refuge. Körner had reason to expect a kind reception there; and a mode of conveyance was soon procured, which allowed him a sufficient number of resting-places on the road, and security during his journey. At Carlsbad, Mrs. Eliza Von Der Recke, wife to the chamberlain of that name, attended him like a mother; while Counsellor Sulzer of Ronneburg, fully supplied the place of physician, in healing his wounds, which had been much irritated by the fatigues of travelling. In the course of a fortnight, he was able to leave Carlsbad and cross Silesia to Berlin, where he had to make the necessary arrangements for returning to the station he had left before the termination of the armistice.

Being completely cured, and equipped once more, he rejoined his brothers-in-arms. Lützow's free-corps, with the Russo-German and Hanseatic legions, and some English auxiliaries, under General Von Wallmoden, were at this time stationed on the right bank of the Elbe, above Hamburg. Davoust, who was quartered in that city with a considerable force, which had also received additional reinforcements from the Danes, was threatening all North Germany. On the 17th of August hostilities were renewed; and Lützow's corps, which was employed on the out-posts, was almost daily in action. It was in the bivouack-hut at Büchen, on the Stecknitz, that he began, on that day, to compose the war song "Men and Boys;" which commences with the words "The nation rises, and the storm breaks forth."

Major Von Lützow appointed the 28th of August for an attack which he intended to make on the rear of the enemy. In the evening, he reached a place where some provisions had been cooked for the use of the French. With these the troops refreshed themselves, and then continued their march to a forest, not far from Rosenberg; there they secreted themselves, while waiting for a messenger, who was to bring information respecting some short paths leading to a camp of the enemy, pitched at the distance of about one German mile, which was badly defended, and upon which they meditated an attack. In the mean time, some Cossacks, who were stationed upon an eminence for the purpose of spying, saw, about seven o'clock in the morning, a transport of ammunition and provisions approaching, convoyed by two companies of infantry: these they resolved to intercept, and succeeded. Major Von Lützow ordered the Cossacks, who consisted of a hundred mounted men, to make the attack in front; chose one half squadron to fall upon the enemy in flank, and kept the other half inactive, who were to cover his rear. He himself led on the party who were to attack the flanks, Körner, as adjutant, riding beside him. An hour before this, while

they halted in the forest, Körner composed his "Sword-song," the last poem he ever wrote. In the glimmering dawn of the morning of the 26th of August, he noted it down in his pocket-book, and was reading it out to a friend, when the signal for the onset was given.

The engagement took place on the road which leads from Gadebusch to Schwerin, near a wood, which lies about half a mile to the west of Rosenberg. The enemy were more numerous than had been expected; but fled, after a short resistance, over a narrow plain into a neighbouring thicket, as the Cossacks had not been sufficiently expeditious to prevent them. Among those who were most brisk in the pursuit was Körner; and there he met that glorious death, which he had often anticipated in his poems with so much animation.

The sharp-shooters, who had formed an ambush in the under-wood, poured from thence a heavy shower of balls upon the cavalry who were in pursuit. One of these, after first passing through his horse's neck, hit Körner in the belly, traversed his liver and spine, and deprived him at once of speech and consciousness. His features remained unaltered, and exhibited no traces of any painful sensation. Nothing was omitted which could possibly have tended to restore him; but all was in vain. His friends carefully raised him from the ground. One of those who, while a continual fire was directed to this particular point, had hastened to his assistance, was Friesen; justly accounted one of the most brave, high-minded, and accomplished youths, that had taken part in this warfare. He followed Körner to the grave about half a year after. The combat, which, after this universal loss, was carried on in the most infuriate manner, was soon over. Lützow's cavalry bore down upon the enemy, who were among the brushwood; and those who could not effect their escape, were shot, cut down, or taken prisoners. The victims of this day's conflict merited a suitable interment: these were, in addition to Körner, Count Hardenberg, a promising and very prepossessing young man, and one of Lützow's yagers. The mortal remains of the three fallen heroes were laid upon waggon, and conducted along, together with the prisoners, with that which is denominated the "transport-column."

Körner was interred under an oak, near a mile-stone, situate upon the way which leads from Lübelow to Dreikrug, not far from the village of Wöbbelin, which is about a German mile distant from Ludwigslust. He was consigned to the earth by his brothers-in-arms, with the honours of war. Among the friends who joined to spread the turf upon his grave was Von Bärenhorst, a noble youth, of the most varied accomplishments: a few days after, he was allotted a dangerous post at the battle on the Göhrde. With the words, "Körner, I follow thee!" he rushed upon the enemy, and fell, pierced by many balls.

The ground contiguous to the oak, together with a circular space which surrounds it, was presented to Körner's father by a German prince, his Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The grave is encompassed by a wall, is planted, and distinguished by a monument of cast-iron. There also repose the mortal remains of the sister of the deceased, Emma Sophia Louisa: a silent grief for the loss of her beloved brother consumed her vital powers, and allowed her only life sufficient for finishing a portrait of him, and making a drawing of his grave.

REMARKS ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF UGO FOSCOLO.

WITH the utmost deference for the high authority of the Schlegels, we adhere to the opinions of Gibbon and Voltaire—that we are indebted to Italy for the preservation of literature and the fine arts through the barbarism and darkness of the middle ages. Tender as we would willingly be thought of the reputation of the Huns and Goths, and of those important and beneficial political consequences which attended their tempestuous career, we cannot persuade ourselves that respect for the monuments of art, and the works of science and of learning, entered into their views of conquest and spoil. If it be to Italy, then, that we owe the preservation, we are doubly indebted to her for the revival of that spirit of literature, which has not only enlightened the nations of Europe, but still continues, with increasing power, to extend its influence over the remote regions of the earth.

When we reflect how much the literary character of our own country has thus been moulded upon that of Italy, it will appear not a little strange, that the knowledge and admiration displayed by our early English poets for the revivers of learning in Italy, should afterwards have sunk into indifference and contempt, and finally become nearly extinct. But Italy has at last resumed her former intellectual ascendancy, and the honours due to her genius in the estimation of surrounding nations; nor do her living offspring forfeit the high character, the pride and rich inheritance of their fathers. The names of Canova, Parini, Monti, and Ugo Foscolo, are worthy to live in the recollections of a future age, like some of their great predecessors in our own.

Parini is represented as the intimate friend of Ugo Foscolo, who describes their interviews in early life, and conversations, expressive of the indignant opinions and feelings of youthful patriotism on the oppressed condition of their country; and then, with the warmth and enthusiasm of a poetic spirit, he proceeds to blend his own existence and adventures with the history of a partly real and imaginary character. Such is the origin of "*Le Ultime Lettere*

di Jacopo Ortis;" but how far he has in fact identified himself with the feelings and fortunes of his hero, is to be gathered, in part, from his own prefatory avowal, and in part from what is known or rumoured respecting his singular and adventurous life—no less chequered and uncertain, nor less interesting, than that of the wild and eccentric Alfieri. Like him, in the ebullition of youth, he professed strong political opinions, though born under a despotic government, that of Venice,—like him too, he abandoned it in despair, to seek for peace and freedom in a foreign clime.

It is surprising how few notices we have received of such characters until within these last few years. As one cause of our limited information, we may almost regret the absence of that egotism and literary vanity in the character of Foscolo, which, in most instances, would have been *happy* to put us in possession of whatever biographical memoir and private anecdote they could afford. Far from this being one of the enviable qualities of Signor Foscolo, he evinces, what we really think he in part feels, an indifference and contempt for that self-praise and complacency often so lavishly indulged by authors, in the presence, and at the expense, of their best friends. It is the only subject, perhaps, upon which our author appears incapable of being either eloquent or amusing, though one upon which he might not be ashamed to dwell. In conversation, however, he has more disinterested, if not nobler, game in view—enlightened criticism, and high views of nature and of art; all which he pursues and hunts down with the avidity and keenness of a sportsman, and the quarry generally repays his toils. Upon questions of general and disinterested import, connected with politics or with letters—upon themes of greatness and of worth, and of a national and social character, he is at once lively, impassioned, and profound. His language, his native tongue, abounds in strength of thought, richness of imagery, and the expression of a gifted and cultivated mind. It is rendered more impressive by the tone of earnestness and sincerity in which his opinions are conveyed. Foscolo's conversation has all the electrifying power of originality. When he is deeply engaged in an argument worthy of his powers and feelings, he seems originality personified—the flashes of his eye denote the quickness of his intellect, and the quivering of his lip betrays that of his sensibility.

Foscolo has an equal and sustained power of mind, and a solidity of thought and feeling. In his orations, his novels, his miscellaneous essays, and his tragedies, the same spirit of life and power is every where manifest—a boldness and strength of hand, a depth and contrast of light and shade, mingled with a truth of outline in all his touches, which perhaps leaves too little room for the ornament and colouring of the imagination. In this he resembles Alfieri, in whom passion and profound thought absorbed the finer qualities of his genius, and, indeed, the whole poetry of his nature;

which accounts for our finding little or none of those poetic passages, similes, and illustrations, which are scattered through the works of the English and French dramatists. Their characters, wrapt in the awe and fearfulness of impending fate, have no leisure, like the French heroines, to comment upon their woes, and make use of set speeches and the flowers of rhetoric to adorn their misfortunes; nor do they, like the English and German, fall into the sentimental tone and the whining or declamatory style which offend us in Kotzebue. They do not think of throwing a poetical charm around their sufferings—a breathless haste absorbs them—they tell their unhappy story, and for ever disappear.

This absorbing, and perhaps too exclusive sort of interest peculiarly attaches to the productions of Ugo Foscolo. They are darkly shadowed forth, and leave much to the imagination. Like the sketches of Michel Angelo, they awaken a crowd of ideas; and a single touch, by the power of association, does more than the most elaborate finishing of art—in fact, they bear the impress and character of the author's mind. The same vigour of thought, rapidity of action, and abrupt transitions of feeling, which characterize his conversation, are communicated to his works. After Lord Byron, we are at a loss to mention any living author, who has so far identified himself with the beings of his own imagination, and who justifies, by his manners and appearance, the suspicions of a strange relationship between his intellectual and imaginary, and his real existence.

We have very confused notices of the early life and education of Foscolo; and this apparent mysteriousness naturally enough gave rise to the supposition that, in "*The Last Letters of Ortis*," like Lord Byron in his *Harold*, he had really depicted his own adventures in those of his hero. We observe, in the London edition of the work, by Zotti, the following very luminous and logical elucidation of the subject: "*Jacopo Ortis, ossia Ugo Foscolo, nobile Veneziano, &c. &c.*" which, for the satisfaction of all our readers, we prefer translating, "*Jacopo Ortis, alias Ugo Foscolo, a noble Venetian, and a Dalmatian by birth, is the author of the following letters. He is in the service of the Venetian Republic, in the military line; and holds the rank of a Captain in one of the bands of the Italian Republic.*" We know that there is much truth and falsehood mingled in this account, as well as in many others on this subject, which have gone forth to the literary world without the authority of our author. It is true that Signor Foscolo was a soldier, and what is better—a patriot, who struggled and who mourned for his native land in vain. It is also true that he delineates his own political feelings and opinions in the character of Ortis; and occasionally indulged sorrows of a more private and poignant nature, upon which it would be indelicate and sacrilegious to touch. Let it suffice to say, that they were such as, on a more perfect ac-

quaintance with them, would only *endear* the character of the poet and the man.

The story of *Ortis* is not wholly destitute of reality, though it is much embellished by the rich imagination of Foscolo. It is so far founded upon fact, that we believe it had its origin in the unfortunate attachment of a noble Italian, deservedly regretted by his friends. Some fragments of his letters were said to have been found after his death, in which is given a most affecting picture of a disordered mind, and the pangs of disappointed love—terminating in suicide. Such instances, though rare in the warm and luxurious climate of Italy, when they occur, are fraught with passion of an excessive and tempestuous character, which, in more northern latitudes, is perfectly unexampled. Alfieri ordered himself to be bound to his chair, and even fastened down by his hair, to prevent him from holding assignations with a woman whom he despised, yet had not ceased to love; and, on another occasion, he actually tore away the bandages from his wounds, with an intention of bleeding to death, because the lady for whom he had received them had deserted him.

An air of truth and probability is observed in the character of *Ortis*, which gives life and energy to the more imaginative portion of the story. It was written in Bologna; and, if we except a tragedy, entitled "*Tieste*," and written at the age of nineteen, it is the earliest of his publications. Of this drama it is a fact, that Alfieri, after attentively perusing it, observed, "If the author of this play be no more than 19 years of age, he will doubtless surpass me." As the tale of *Ortis* is occasionally interwoven with political allusions, it will not be amiss to notice the causes which led him to mingle the enthusiasm of liberty with that of poetry and romance. With more learning and opportunities of improving himself than Alfieri, in his early youth he evinced the same ungovernable feelings, or rather impulses, in favour of liberty—in fact, he almost believed in the optimism of man; and finding himself disappointed, sought refuge in opposite principles, in despair. He first began his studies in Padua; and made a rapid progress in the knowledge of history and eloquence: imitating the orations of Cicero, whose richness of style and language he very happily acquired. We have read a few of his discourses, delivered upon public occasions, in which copiousness and elegance of language are powerfully sustained, by the energy of the thoughts and richness of illustration.

When yet very young, he left Padua for Venice, on hearing it had been taken possession of by the French Republic, and the aristocratic authorities destroyed. He had there scarcely distinguished himself as an eloquent advocate of freedom, and anticipated a free and glorious government, before the Republic was ceded by the French to Austria; and Foscolo hurried away from

Venice in disgust. He set out, on foot, for Bologna, which he reached, worn with fatigue, and disappointed in spirit. He was, at this period, so much reduced in his finances, in consequence of having left Venice thus abruptly, that, had it not been for the charity of some old monks, in supplying his immediate wants, he might have fallen a martyr to his beloved cause of liberty. It was then he first became a soldier, in his own defence; and, in a short time, bore the rank of Captain in the First Italian Legion. In Bologna too he became celebrated at the Lyceums for his commanding eloquence, and the strong tone of his political doctrines. Soon becoming weary of the profession of arms, we next behold him presiding as professor of eloquence in the university of Pavia. Here he lectured on *Belles Lettres* and the arts, and acquired a considerable addition to his reputation as an orator and a critic. Melzi was then at the head of the government in that place, and justly conferred an annual salary upon him, for his great exertions and services in the cause of the Republic, as well as in that of letters. But his restless and inquisitive mind could not long submit to the shackles of authority of any kind. In 1802, he was enjoined, by the public voice, to deliver an encomiastic oration to Bonaparte: his principles, however, were too bold, and he fell under the displeasure of the despot. After this, he withdrew from public employments altogether, either of a civil, military, or literary nature.

The *Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis* were written at Bologna, and speedily went through three editions, only the last of which our author now allows to be authentic. This was before read and revised by the late celebrated Cesarotti; and from this, Remualdo Zotti printed a new edition, in London, which has been since translated, in a very faithful and elegant style, and much admired by those who are acquainted with the original. To such of our readers, however, as are not versed in the language of Petrarch and of Dante, and have yet to explore the riches of that favoured country—

“Ch’ Appenin parte e l’ mar circonda, e l’ Alpe”—

to such we venture to promise that it will yield as much pleasure, and interesting emotion, as the absence of the beauty and harmony of Italian diction will permit.

The first portion of the *Letters* is descriptive of the wretched feelings of Ortis.—Deeply attached to a beautiful woman, he is haunted by a prophetic dread that he shall not only be deprived of her love, but that he shall live to behold her possessed by a rival. To the hopelessness of his own passion is added regret for the misfortunes of his country—he first beholds it a prey to the lust and spoil of a French soldiery, and then offered up as a sacrifice to political rapacity and aggrandisement. Venice is ceded to Austria—but he still lingers round the scene of his fallen hopes, stifling his patriotism and his passion “as he best may,” and “giving no

thought a tongue" to tell of his—"wreck of youthful hopes,"—of private happiness, and public freedom, with all its high character and national splendours, and its monuments of greatness falling to pieces around him. He grieves over the past, and beholds the approach of his future lot with a fearful awe: and this very feeling produces an indecision in his actions, which always hastens the fatal results which it predicts. With much sensibility, he is not destitute of true courage, and he resolves with Macduff, to wrestle with his fate, like a man. It often struck us, that the character of Ortis is cast in a similar mould (only differently developed) to that of Hamlet. It has the same melancholy and uncertainty of action and resolve. The friends of Teresa, the lady whom he loves, are manœuvring to *get him out of the way*, and have her married to a greater fortune, before he shall return. Not penetrating their motives, he is prevailed upon, partly by the entreaties of his mother, to set out on his travels. He writes to a friend to inform him of what passes in his absence. It appears that the family of the lady is of the political party to which he himself belongs, and has shared in its reverses—in banishment and confiscation of property. It is, in fact, constrained to listen to a proposal from one of some influence in the opposite party, for the hand of the beautiful Teresa. After many struggles, Ortis is induced by the excess of his attachment to measure back his steps, and forgets the maxims of prudence and self-controul which he had enjoined himself in his absence. He could not have come at a more unpropitious time—but he adores Teresa, and he is soon as much distracted as delighted by the discovery that his passion is fervently returned. He now accuses himself of crime—of having made two human beings wretched for life; for he dare not wed her to his poverty, accompanied by the malediction of her parents and her friends. Thus once more, goaded by remorse, and led by a sense of honour and the solicitations of his mother, he tears himself from her presence, and "leaving her fair side all unguarded," resolves to seek in distant scenes forgetfulness of the past. But it is now too late—he has drunk "of the poison and of the madness of the heart;" her idea has wound itself round the fibres of his soul—he can no longer even contend against it. Then the fears, the uncertainties, and unhappy casualties of life come thick upon him—he even kills a fellow-creature by accident, and oppressed and worn—like the chased hart, that turns with dying and fond desire to reach its best-loved haunt ere it expire—he returns to her again, and finds her married. Surprised at his return, her father's and her husband's friends wish to decline receiving him. But his look and manner, with eloquent pleading sorrow, overcome all opposition. He is too much the sport of destiny to be angry now. All passions but one have died within his soul; and once only, at the sight of her husband Edoardo, of a

cold and haughty spirit, Ortis half unsheaths his weapon—but returning it in a moment, he stretches forth his hand. His misery finally overpowers his reason, and he parts with the object of his affections only to die. It is astonishing out of what simple materials, and most common-place incidents, Ugo Foscolo produces such electricity of passion and effect—such elevation or withering of the spirit at his will. When we read him, we are not surprised that he should by many have been confounded with the characters he describes; for he must have drunk deep from the sources of those passions and feelings which he so terribly, yet so skilfully, develops.

In the Last Letters of Ortis, we must notice the false and exaggerated system, arising out of the old German school, of arbitrary feeling—that conventional doctrine, and those political and moral principles, on which the characters are supposed to act. These, however, are not so falsely assumed, nor so wilfully distorted, as in the romance of Werter. It must be admitted that in its sublimity it borders a little too nearly on the absurd; and indeed they are both a little too *extravagant*. Perhaps the only advantage which in this point Jacopo Ortis may be allowed to claim over the sorrowful Werter, is like that of Malvolio, in Shakspeare, over Sir Toby, when he admits “that Sir Toby indeed fools it the more natural of the two; but that *he* does it with a better grace.” In Ortis there is less fallacy of judgment, and it is also better disguised. He threatens and terrifies us sometimes, to be sure, but he never actually disgusts us. His religion, like the German’s, is not in “very good keeping,” in a practical point of view, though his morality is unexceptionable. If the hero is not a good sectarian, he is at least free from any baseness or selfishness of heart. Impulse of feeling is the source of his actions; but his impulses are for the most part good. Thus, though he holds Teresa in his power—though she loves him, and has ceased to stem the tide of affection which swells at her heart—alone with him, and by the impulse of a long-resisted passion, trembling and defenceless in his arms, he is still “faithful till death,” scrupling not to rush from her unpolluted bosom to a voluntary tomb.

We shall the more easily make some allowance for this mistaken estimate of moral principle, if we keep in mind the circumstances of climate and education, which have so powerful an influence, with different political institutions, in the formation of the human character. The Venetian administration, more particularly in the Ionian Isles, is far from being favourable to correctness of moral feeling and conduct. The people are corrupted and debased; and, in many instances, the appeal of innocent blood has been silenced by authority. It is creditable, therefore, to the character of Foscolo, that he has so far escaped the public contagion during his re-

sidence there, that he has preserved his life and his writings unsullied by the profligacy and dissolute habits of the people and of the court. The Quarterly Reviewers do not grudge him the honour of having done this, when they observe, "Judging Ugo Foscolo as the author of these Letters, as we have judged his literary, so we ought to weigh his moral character, with reference to the country in which he was born, and where he received his earliest impressions."

Though the genius of Ugo Foscolo is highly national, it is also, like Alfieri's, a good deal in unison with some of our old English writers, who were understood also to have imitated the poets of Italy. We thus find him extremely well read in English literature, and in the old English poets, as well as in the best authors of antiquity. "Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare," he exclaimed, "are the only three great masters of the human soul—they are indelibly impressed upon my imagination and my heart—I have bathed their verses with my tears—and I seem to hold converse with their divine shades, as if I really beheld them throned upon the clouds of heaven, holding dominion over time and eternity." In a few passages of his works he is thought to have imitated Gray, as in those fine lines in his *Elegy*—

"And who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd!"

Italicè—"E chi mai cede a una eterna oblivione questa cara e travagliata esistenza!" But the charge of borrowing was likewise brought against Gray by Pignotti; and, if we reflect upon the number of casual coincidences, both of thought and expression, such charges will be found to rest on no very solid foundation.

To the Last Letters of *Ortis* is added a short episodical tale, entitled "*Lauretta*," written in the manner of *Sterne*; which, with other little effusions, are considered by Foscolo as the trifles of a youthful leisure hour.

We now come to a more mature and important production from the pen of Ugo Foscolo—a work in which the fair promise of excellence held out in his "*Tieste*" is amply redeemed, in a harvest of rich poetic fruit, worthy of so fresh and so full a spring. His "*Ricciarda*" is a perfectly original exhibition of dramatic power and skill. We are at a loss to say, whether the truth and nature of the characters, the strength and beauty of the sentiments, or the individual passages and fine bursts of poetry, most richly abound. It bears the same stamp of passionate character as the drama of Alfieri, though it is quite new in its conception, and in the style and execution of the piece. With the same breathless haste, and terrible manifestation of fatality, shewn in the progress of the stories of his predecessor, it has a richer poetical diction and an eloquence of passion to which Alfieri never attained. The "*Ricciarda*" is also entitled to the

best praise to which tragedy can aspire—that of nationality and a native growth of thought and feeling, derived from the motives and habits of a people, and without which, the drama can never be a complete representation of human action and character. Foscolo divides the honour with Monti and Manzoni of having achieved a more national and peculiar species of dramatic writing—at once more simple and natural, and more in unison with the mind and genius of modern Italy. It is quite free from the monotony of style, and the mawkishness of erotic and poetic sentiment, which load many of the early dramatic pieces of their predecessors, modelled upon traditional rules, and imitated from the ancients. Such are the “Sophonisba” of Trissino, the “Orestes” of Ruccellai, and the “Antigone” of Alamanni. Several tragedies of Torquato Tasso are obnoxious to the same charge. Voltaire, in treating of the Italian drama, observes, “Les Italiens furent les premiers qui élevèrent de grands theatres, et qui donnèrent au monde quelque idée de cette splendeur de l’ancienne Grèce, qui attirait les nations étrangères à ses solemnités, et qui fut le modèle des peuples en tous les genres.” This eulogium, we may be sure, would not have been granted to Italy by Voltaire had it not been especially merited: but, though the first specimens of dramatic art, among the Italians, were founded upon a mistaken principle, they are exquisite master-pieces, in their way, and fine models of classical composition. The plot of the “Ricciarda” is simple—the interest depending upon the materials and masterly execution, rather than on the mysteries and employment of the rules of art. The story merely turns upon the private history of a Prince of Salerno—not the despot of his country, but the petty tyrant of his kindred and his friends—the Saturn of his own unhappy little world—the destroyer of his children. Goaded by feelings of envy and imaginary insult towards a relation of his house, whose son aspires to the hand of his own daughter, Guelfo resolves not only to oppress, but, if possible, to destroy him. He thus carries war and devastation into the bosom-peace of those whom he should cherish. One of the sons he has secretly dispatched by poison; and, having discovered the attachment of Ricciarda to his surviving brother, Guido, he becomes harsh and tyrannical to his own daughter. Urged by fears for her safety, as well as by the excess of his affection, Guido has privately left his father’s camp, to introduce himself, in disguise, into the castle of his deadliest foe. Suspicions are awakened in the breast of Prince Guelfo; for Corrado, the friend of Guido, is observed, and pursued, as he is making his escape out of the castle, whither he had followed Guido, with the commands and prayers of his father (Averardo) to return. The enraged Guelfo charges Ricciarda with having concealed her lover under his own roof—threatens her with his vengeance, if she refuses to yield him up—and, on her denying it, gives way to the utmost rage and violence

of his nature. In the mean time, he encounters the troops of his brother, towards whom he indulges a deadly enmity—Guelfo is worsted, and pursued into his castle. It is then that vengeance and despair seize upon his spirit. Imagining that Guido is concealed in the vaults of the castle, he drags his daughter, by her dishevelled hair, among the tombs; calling on her lover to come forth, or that he will, in a moment, stab her to the heart. Guido suddenly appears; and the father commands him, if he would not see Ricciarda bleed, to use no resistance, but to approach him unarmed. He does so—and Guelfo wounds him with his dagger. At this moment, Averardo appears, followed by his victorious troops; but Guelfo warns them off, as he stands, with his bloody weapon, ready to immolate his daughter to revenge himself upon his foe. He addresses him in the following words, which we have ventured to translate from the original, while we regret how much its spirit and its beauty must be lost. It is from the last scene of the fifth act.

Guelfo. But, must I see thee live!
In my soul's strife and ignominy, bear
To hate, and see thee live!—Why live?—but hark!
Thou shalt be witness to thy son's despair—
Thy age most sorrowful—and to the tomb
My throne shall follow thee, when here awhile
Deserted in my violated halls,
Thou hast watched our name, our blood, and all decay—
I am one more swift to act than imprecate
Unhappy things—Now, Guido, mark thee well!
See if I dare to die—trembles my hand
To do this deed of short and terrible death
To us? but lingering and sure to thee.

[*Guelfo here stabs Ricciarda.*

Ricciar. Take me, O mother, take thy daughter home!

Guido. Oh! hellish cruel—"Twas my father did it,
Not thine. He would not let me save thee, love—
Farewell, farewell—but not for long—I am with thee.

Ricciar. Heed it not—live—but let me see thee, Guido.
Say we shall meet again—I die thine own—

And pardon—for my father—

Guelfo. Lo! I follow.

[*She dies.*

[*He stabs himself.*

In this hasty and inadequate sketch, we feel how little we have done justice to the admirable genius of the author. The bold and shadowy power—the terrible delineation of passion—and the masterly touches of character, with richness of poetic thought and expression, are above any praise which we can bestow upon them.

WOMAN.

“——one hand
 Was threading lightly through her crisped locks,
 The other press'd her bosom—in her eye
 Virtue sate throned in sweetness—suddenly
 She raised her bright regards on me, and smiled;
 Then parting her luxurious lips, she spoke,
 And did confess herself a mere, mere woman.”—*Cynthia*.

No one who has read Dryden's Fables, can have forgotten the translation of that gallant Bird the Cock :—

——“ *Mulier est hominis confusio*,
 Madam, the meaning of this Latin is
 That woman is to man his sovereign bliss.”

This is the very type of human conduct. Men rail against women, call them *mutabile genus* with Horace, exclaim with Lord Byron that “treachery is all their trust,” or with the “Gentleman who has left his Lodgings,” “that they are soon contented to follow the crowd;” yet, in spite of all these objections, the influence of woman remains about the same as it was when Antony lost the world for Cleopatra. Men still shut their eyes against conviction, and walk blindly to their fate—they rail against the faithlessness and the heartlessness of woman one day, and they marry the next—and thus they are reduced to the necessity of translating Latin like Dryden's feathered biped, or, like Dominie Sampson, of addressing their ladies with “*sceleratissima*, that is, good Mrs. Margaret; *impudentissima*, that is to say, excellent Mrs. Merrilies.” We rather think that the testimony of these gentlemen cannot be relied upon: they are interested witnesses, and they are already evidently in two stories. From them, therefore, we must not enquire the character of woman. To whom therefore shall we resort? To the philosophers? *They* have always been jealous of women, who are their most powerful antagonists, overturning systems with a smile, and destroying the most perfect reasoning with a nod of the head, and *unphilosophising* even the soul of a stoic. Besides, all philosophers call women Xantippes, being deep commiserators of the fate of Socrates. Can any of our readers form an idea of a philosopher courting? The very notion is as preposterous as that of an abstract idea of a Lord Mayor in Martinus Scriblerus. If then it is so useless to consult the philosophers, shall we get a better answer from the poets? Here the partiality is as great on the other side. What oceans of adulation! There is not a single superlative word of excellence that the poets have not pressed into the service of their mistresses—but of the poets' notions we shall say more anon. Ask the man of the world what he thinks on the subject. He

pauses—and you see his head is running on settlements. When the poet calls his mistress heavenly-minded, the prudent worldling says she is a good match; and while the enraptured bard murmurs some impassioned words, about “the mind, the music breathing from her face,” our man of the mart is coolly calculating “£5000. 3 per cents now, and something more when the old fellow dies.”

Now which of these opinions shall we choose? We confess, for our own parts, we patronize the poet's, both because we believe it to be nearer the truth, and because, even if it were not so, it is by far the pleasantest of the three. But let us be understood, before we commence our panegyric, for we foresee it will be such—let us be fully understood to speak of woman in the abstract; not of old women, nor cross women, nor ugly women, nor foolish women, nor blue stockings, nor poissardes, but of the ideal woman, such as the soul of Milton conceived when he shadowed out the beautiful picture of his Eve. At the same time, we should be exceedingly chagrined if it were imagined that we intended any studied insult to the very respectable classes of females we have just mentioned. We have felt an affectionate veneration for several old ladies, and many a pleasant hour have we passed in their company. For his mother's sake a man is bound to respect old ladies—at least, in our minds. Now, as to cross women, it is a very well known fact, that their attachment is frequently stronger than that of good-humoured ones; and besides, it should be recollected that they contribute very much to a man's happiness by exercising the valuable qualities of forbearance and resignation. Want of beauty, as a quality, only relates to young women; for it does not matter whether an old one be ugly or not—but this circumstance, which is so often considered a misfortune, is very frequently a blessing, as those who have read Mr. William Parnell's Julietta, and Miss Burney's Camilla, feel perfectly convinced. Far be it therefore from us to speak with disrespect of a lady because perchance her nose is not of seemly proportion, or because her complexion happens to be rather like that of a lawyer. As for the foolish ladies, we can only say, we feel as much regard for them as we can, and have no possible intention of offending them; we would, however, venture to make one remark, that if they happen to be pretty, they may possibly achieve a conquest if they will but hold their tongues; but many a strong impression, made by a handsome set of features, has faded away at the utterance of a silly speech. Then, as to the blue stocking, or true literary lady—the *precieuse*—“a female who cares for no man, but boasts that her protectors are Title-page the publisher, Vamp the bookseller, and Index the printer:”—as for her, it will perhaps be as prudent to hold a discreet

silence, lest in the very next number of this very magazine, we should find two or three pages filled with avenging remarks.

We shall not at present enter into a formal refutation of all the calumnies which man, in the lordliness and vanity of his heart, has poured forth against his fairer half; (but we do heartily wish that all such offenders may be brought to speedy and condign punishment, for which purpose we recommend a jury of matrons to be impannelled.) There is, however, one accusation which is really too unjust to be passed over in silence, and we shall therefore say a word or two on the subject of female constancy.

Fickleness has been an imputed female fault from the time of Horace, and long before, and the sentiment has been re-echoed by every *misogynistic* satirist. "Thou art not false, but thou art fickle," is the lightest of their accusations. The charge, however, comes but badly from the mouth of a man. What is the advice which a great philosopher, who looked "quite through the deeds of men," has given to his son, "Remember when thou wert a sucking child, that thou then didst love thy nurse, and that thou wert fond of her; after a while thou didst love thy dry-nurse, and didst forget the other; after that, thou didst also despise her: so will it be with thee, in thy liking in elder years; and therefore, though thou canst not forbear to love, yet forbear to link, and after a while thou shalt find an alteration in thyself, and see another far more pleasing than the first, second, or third love." This is old crafty Sir Walter Raleigh! How much truth and how much guile is there in this sentence! "And this is man's fidelity!"

It is strange that man should be so jealous of his superiority, as to endeavour to degrade the character of woman in order to exalt his own. It is only one mode of playing the tyrant—a part capable of being enacted in so many different shapes. The civilized man complains that they are talkative, jealous, narrow-minded, and hence assumes a mastery—the Indians' reasoning is shorter—he makes them carry his burdens.

There is one mortal offence in women for which they have been, more than once, rated roundly by the satirists. "All women," says one of our malevolent old dramatists, "have six senses; that is, seeing, hearing, tatling, smelling, touching, and the last and feminine sense, *the sense of speaking*." We feel rather inclined to suspect, that the lords and masters of this goodly creation would not be very well content to allow the last of these senses to be the exclusive privilege of their fair partners. So far indeed from such a concession, they have absolutely monopolized the power of *speaking* (*par excellence*) to the exclusion of those who they contend are so much their superiors in the exercise of it. Who ever heard of a lady *making a speech*? We certainly do not mean to contend from this that our ladies

are *speechless*; but we do say it is unfair in a man to attend a public meeting, and tire his auditors to death with a speech of two hours' length, filled with all the common-places of all the common writers of the day, and then to return home and chide his daughter for pouring forth a gay ten minutes' rattle in the overflowing gaiety of her youthful heart. While a man is talking stupid sense, you hear a woman uttering lively nonsense; and the latter commodity is infinitely more estimable in our opinion. On this subject, we may quote four of the best lines Dr. Darwin ever wrote:—

Hear the pretty ladies talk,
Tittle-tattle, tittle-tattle,
Like their pattens, when they walk,
Piddle-paddle, piddle-paddle.

There are very few men that know how to converse. You see many a man like Addison, who can draw on his banker for £1000, but who has not nine-pence in ready cash, to contribute as his share in conversation. Women, on the contrary, are always both ready and willing to speak. Women have a most graceful way of talking about nothing; which men, in their wisdom, esteem beneath their powers. The French ladies are pre-eminent in this art; and after them the Irish ladies hold the most distinguished place. It is absolutely marvellous to listen to two sisters, who have been parted for three weeks, edifying each other with their mutual stores of intelligence, of which their brothers would have disburdened themselves in one-tenth of the time.

The way in which women employ their time has always appeared to us most unaccountable. We ourselves have in general a good deal to do—poring over crabbed books all the morning—writing sonnets to our mistress's eye-brow—cunningly making notes for a sly article in the *New Monthly*—playing chess and tennis—and hugging ourselves over the last new novel—yet, in spite of all these very multifarious occupations, we must confess it, there is many an hour that lies heavy on our hands, and neither by walking or reading, writing or riding, can we contrive to fill up all the little interstices of our life, so as completely to exclude that most villainous fiend *ennui*. But a lady—(we entreat our male readers for a moment to raise their eyes from our pages, and consult their wife, or their sister, or their first cousin, or any other lady who may perchance be sitting next them)—a lady who sits in the house all day—who, out of the whole blessed four-and-twenty hours, is the absolute mistress of sixteen of them, and who has no imperative duties to perform that can possibly exact her attention for one-eighth of that period—that lady will tell you, that the

day is so very short, that she actually has not half time enough to do all she intends, and that she cannot recollect an hour which has not passed with too great rapidity. We have put this question to a great variety of our fair friends, and we have invariably received the same answer from all of them.

In estimating the virtues of our fair countrywomen, we should perhaps feel inclined to award the palm of excellence to those who move in the higher ranks of our middle classes, possessing as they do all the polish which the first society can confer, with that *utility* of character, which the daughters of our nobility can seldom have the opportunity of acquiring. We do not intend to enter into a dissertation on the accomplishments and cultivation of the female mind at the present day—which may probably save our readers' patience, and our own fingers—else could we shew how *this* lady excels in mathematics, and how *that* one is deeply versed in political economy—in short, how much our country owes to the efforts of its numerous authoresses. Probably, however, in some future number, we may attempt to appreciate the merits of the "Living Poetesses of England."

TO M. SAY.

ON SOME FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES IN STATISTICS, AND
THE CAUSES OF THE PRESENT STAGNATION OF COM-
MERCE.

LETTER I.

SIR,—It was with the pleasure which I usually enjoy from the discussions of scientific men on questions of real utility, that I read your letters to Mr. Malthus, on Political Economy. The subjects are not only of theoretical, but great practical importance; particularly at present, when the people of Europe, as well as of North America, are suffering from a general stagnation, *amid peace and plenty*.

You address your observations to Mr. Malthus; and it will be for that economist to make what reply he judges convenient. But the questions are for general consideration; and, as you know well that I also have laid before the public opinions on these very subjects, and that they do not coincide with your's, you will not be surprised that I should be a volunteer in the cause, in order to give my reasons for coming to a different conclusion.

That what we call *money*, whether in the shape of gold, silver, copper, paper, or any other material, is merely an artificial ready medium for exchanging what we have gotten to dispose of with what we want to obtain, whatever be the character of either, or,

in plain popular language, of selling and buying, will be disputed by no one. And that the amount of the value of what the various circulators can purchase, must be equal to the amount of the value of what they can sell, is so evident, that it may be said to be a truism; for actual selling and buying necessarily suppose each other to be equal in amount.

I fully grant, therefore, your postulatam: "As the *value* we can buy is equal to the *value* we can produce."—But I cannot admit the conclusion you draw from this, "The more men can produce, the more they will purchase." The real principles of Nature and their actual results, far from supporting this, frequently confirm the contrary. The quantum of the produce of the seller often operates to diminish his capacity as a buyer; and, in a certain combination of the demand and supply, effects this uniformly.

Your opinion is indeed similar to that of Dr. Adam Smith with respect to certain kinds of produce, and derived by him from that quality of commodities which he reckoned the sources of productiveness. This fundamental doctrine of his, I conceive I have shewn, is an absurd dogma.* The species of commodities which, together with the labour that gives them existence, he calls productive, being thus, by nature, creative of wealth, the greater the quantity of them that can be produced, the greater, according to him, must be the creation of wealth. But what say Nature and her results? To produce these articles beyond a certain quantum, instead of adding to wealth, will engender poverty. Nature and her results, at this very moment of stagnation, are teaching this doctrine too impressively and clearly, to be misunderstood by those who will attend to her operations.

The source of your incorrect conclusion is a similar misconception. It could only be correct on the supposition that an increased quantum of *produce* uniformly supposed an increased quantum of *value*, whereas it frequently implies the reverse.

By *produce* you evidently mean, like others, *supply*. And as the latter term conveys more clearly and distinctly what is meant, it had better be used, though I do not carp at or reject the term *produce* as any way improper.

I shall now proceed to shew that, according to the arrangement of Nature, an increase in the quantum of produce, or the supply, by no means necessarily supposes an increase in the quantum of value of the articles produced; and that in the conclusion which you have come to, you have left out something of essential importance, which renders that conclusion fallacious and positively incorrect.

In nature, or real life, the *value* of the produce is uniformly

* Letter to Sir John Sinclair, prefixed to "The Happiness of States," p. xx. &c.

connected with the demand for the produce ; that is, the demand and the supply are uniformly combined in giving the value or price. And it is on the relative state of the two things to each other that the actual value more or less depends.

In your letter to me of the 2d September, 1817, you express yourself as if you thought that I considered the *demand* to be the sole creator of exchangeable value. To teach this, would be to commit an error similar to that of the maintainers of the unproductive theory. It would be only substituting the *demand* for the *supply*, or the other half for the whole. This is by no means the doctrine which I have laid before the public. I consider the demand to be essentially necessary to the creation of exchangeable value ; but I consider the supply to be equally necessary. And throughout " *The Happiness of States* " I have endeavoured to prove, that a profitable result depends on a due combination of the demand and the supply ; and that, if the supply be in the due proportion to the demand, the result will be an increase of wealth to the circulator and the nation, whether the employment required, or its produce, be in the class of what is reckoned productive, or in that which is reckoned unproductive, by Dr. Adam Smith or his disciples.

I shall take the liberty here to quote what I stated to you formerly on the subject of the demand. " The demand, which is made up of the wants and wishes of circulators, creates circulant ; but it is the quality of profitable chargeability, or, in other words, being the medium of a profitable price, that renders it effectually productive. The demand is often inefficient with respect to the production of wealth. Sometimes the article which is demanded cannot be supplied, and then chargeability cannot take place. At other times, and this happens frequently, the demand, from the state of the supply, fails to be productive, as the quantum of chargeability is deficient. And yet the demand may be very great, but the supply is greater. This deprives the circulant of the quality of chargeability in a profitable degree."*

In this discussion I beg leave to state, once for all, that by *value* I mean not value in point of use, but value in point of exchange, exchangeable value, or the quality which produces what we popularly call income.

Now it is so evident that *the value of what is produced depends essentially on the demand for it*, that the proposition needs only to be stated to obtain the assent of all acquainted with the subject. If any person produce what no other person wishes to obtain, it will be of no value whatever ; for nobody will buy

* Third Letter to M. Say, *Gray versus Malthus* ; or the Principles of Population and Production investigated. p. 414.

what nobody wants. In such a case, if you will allow me to use the terms adopted in developing the productive system, the circulator has produced what does not become actual circuland. The circulation stops with the fabrication. Nay further, circulation is injured by it, for the power of the circulator to reproduce, is diminished by the loss incurred in this abortive production.

If, again, the amount of the supply of any article is equal, or nearly equal, to the amount of the demand for it, the article produced will bring the average value of such article in any given market. The cause of this well-known result is obvious. The buyer wants all that is produced; he both knows that he must give a fair price for what he wants, and is willing to give it. The seller, again, unless when constrained by a slackness in the market, or by competition, will not sell lower than at a price which includes a fair profit; and in this case there is no slackness, nor are their competitors possessing a surplus to force a sale by a lower than a fair price.

Further, the proposition is no less founded on facts, that *the value of any article produced depends on the relative states of the demand and the supply.*

I may here take occasion to notice, that in all countries where population has made a progress beyond the rate of the mere savage state, an artificial mode of settling the value of things in exchanging them has been adopted for the sake of convenience. This is by referring the article to be exchanged to a measure, which we call money: The necessity for using this artificial mode of exchanging is strong, but it is not absolute; for in the highest state of population, and in the most perfect commercial intercourse, articles are sometimes exchanged without having recourse to this artificial medium.

The value of things, when expressed in this artificial medium, is called by us *price*. Now it is evident that this price, in the case of all actual exchanges, or acts of buying and selling, being fixed by both buyer and seller, will contain the result of the states of the demand and the supply, as far as these operated on the buyer and seller.

To ascertain the amount of the value of any article, or class of articles, *the quantum is to be multiplied by the actual price*. If, then, it were the common result in nature, that the quantum had no effect on the price, your conclusion would be correct. The greater the produce, the greater the value. But the contrary is the common result. The quantum has uniformly an effect on the price, and that effect is often directly opposite to what your conclusion requires.

The result of an increase in the quantum, when that is beyond the amount required by the demand, is uniformly a reduction in

the rate of price ; and this in a ratio which seems constantly to increase in proportion to the excess of the quantum.

Did this price-lowering influence of an increase in the quantum bear a somewhat corresponding proportion to the amount of the increase, the result to the supplier would be much the same, whatever were the amount of the produce. What he lost by the price, in the case of an excess, he would gain by the quantum ; and, in the case of a deficiency, he would gain in the former what he lost by the latter. But do facts shew that such is the common result? The following is laid down in "*The Happiness of States*,"* as the general effect of excess and deficiency in the quantity. "*A deficiency and superabundance are alike apt to affect the price of an article much more than the real amount below or above the average supply would warrant : the former, in raising — the latter, in lowering it.*" These results, I believe, no statistician will deny. And I appeal to all the cultivators, manufacturers, and merchants in Europe, whether they are not found uniformly to follow, in a greater or less degree, from under and over-supplies. In the course of this discussion I shall have occasion to notice facts, which would remove all doubt, did any exist on the subject.

An increase in the quantum, thus, far from supposing an increase in the value, is frequently found to produce a diminution in it ; and, if the excess be considerable, this is uniformly the result.

The principle, therefore, which you have assumed, and which would be a most important one, were it a real principle of nature, instead of being warranted by her arrangements, supposes what is often directly contrary to what is found to be the result of these. It is at all times fallacious ; and, in certain combinations of the demand and supply, it is uniformly false.

It is undoubtedly what all classes of dealers would reckon a most desirable principle. What circulator is there who would not wish to have it in his power to raise the demand to the supply, or to command a brisk and profitable market for all he can produce in his own line? But the principle is unsound ; and it is most unsafe. Dealers unfortunately act too often from a kind of practical belief in it. And what is the result? Loss, distress, and frequently bankruptcy.

And yet, Sir, production, both in nature, and according to the productive system, is the immediate grand source of wealth. For without supplying or producing something to sell to others, how can profit or income be obtained? But then it must be under the direction of what I have numbered the Fourth Principle of Circulation, or *the regulating power of the demand*.

* Book ix. Chap. 2. p. 607.

Your error has arisen from leaving out a moiety of the transaction, or from considering only one branch of the wealth-producing process. When under the regulation of the demand, production is uniformly the source of income and wealth. It is alternately cause and effect to the demand. It is created by the demand, and then by yielding profit to the supplies, it creates a fresh demand, and so on in a perpetual circle. Indeed, it not merely renews the former quantum of demand, but, when co-operating with an increase of population, it actually augments the demand; and in all cases in which it is under the regulation of the demand, it will continue to do so for ever, or, at least, until population shall have reached its complement universally.

Production, in the sense in which I have used it with reference to wealth, when I state the "*power of reproduction to depend on it, and to be always equal to it*,"* is not simply produce, but the combined result of produce and price: of course, a result regulated by the relative states of the demand and the supply. In short, it is equivalent to the actual price of any given quantity of any species of commodity, or circulant. Whether the commodity be tangible, visible, or audible, or not—or whatever be its form, it matters not, so as it possess the quality of *chargeability*. This is alone necessary to produce price, or what we are all seeking. And it is not only the *source*, but the *measure* of productiveness as to wealth; and, of course, of reproductiveness. The distinction of Dr. Adam Smith, of commodities or employments into kinds productive and kinds unproductive of wealth, is, as has been shewn in "*The Happiness of States*" and "*All Classes Productive*," utterly unknown to nature; and not merely imaginary, but directly contrary to every real principle of nature operating in the production of wealth, and every actual result. Indeed, this doctrine of that celebrated economist, upon which his peculiar system has been raised, is founded on a downright absurdity.

What I have called the *first principle of circulation**, as what sets the whole in motion, is, that "*what is income to one*," though it be drawn from others, "*is the source of employment and income to others*."

Our power to reproduce employment to others is thus evidently equal to the value of what we can draw from others. It matters not for what, or in what manner, it is drawn; but it is as evidently limited to that amount. If we draw 100*l.* in a given time, we can reproduce to the amount of 100*l.*, either by expending, or by investing as capital; but we cannot to the amount of 120*l.*

Let us now, Sir, examine these principles and observations by

* Happiness of States, B. ix. ch. 2. p. 600.

the test of facts. It is needless to say, that it is this test alone by which theoretical opinions can be proved correct or erroneous. Let us apply them in particular to the circumstances in which all Europe and North America have been for some time, and which most practical men seem to reckon so extraordinary and unaccountable.

A supplier, a cotton-manufacturer, for example, might tell me in the name of his brethren: "Without meddling with theoretical niceties, we admit, as you do, in spite of whatever Dr. Adam Smith and others may affirm, that whoever can obtain a price for what he has got to dispose of, it matters not whether he be a ploughman, a manufacturer, a mechanic, a merchant, a soldier, a sailor, lawyer, clergyman, or doctor, will be enabled to purchase from others to the amount of what he obtains, and no more; or, if you choose, will be an agent in the production of wealth, or the reproduction of employment, to that amount. This our experience fully confirms. We will also grant you, that M. Say's doctrine, though it seems reasonable on first thoughts, is opposed by our experience; for we find, often to our cost, that a general increase in the quantum of produce is by no means equivalent to an increase of value, but frequently the reverse. Still, however, even according to your own ideas, *an increase of produce, when regulated by the demand, is an increase of value; and when co-operating with an increase of population, will go in creating an additional quantum of demand.*"

"Now here arises the difficulty. . . Whence come these *fallings off in the demand*, while the supply of almost all classes is rather increasing than diminishing?"

"Why, for example, Sir, have we been suffering from a deficiency in the demand during the whole of 1819, and up to the present time, which has reduced prices in such a degree, as to deprive a very considerable mass of their former comforts, while, in 1817 and 1818, we had an universal demand, which gave full employment and fair prices to all who were disposed to exert themselves?"

"Has not the natural produce of the earth during 1819 and 1820 been as abundant as in the two prior years? Have we not the same means of producing in every line, the same (but probably more) capital, and the same desire to produce? Has not our population been still increasing, as in those prior years, and, of course, must there not be an increase in the demand arising from these young additional circulators, who are, as you yourself state, demanders and not suppliers? Have we not the same facility of intercourse with our foreign customers? And yet are not we, throughout almost all our classes (excepting fixed annuitants) as well as these foreign customers, amid all

this sameness of circumstances, instead of being in a state of comfort, in a state approaching to distress?

"This is the question that puzzles us. And what we want statisticians to account for, is, why similar circumstances should produce such opposite results? And why, with so much capital, such effective means of supplying, and such a willingness to supply, we should be incapable of procuring the usual quantity of income? In a word, *Why Europe and North America, amid general peace and plenty, should have been for nearly two years in a state of comparative general distress?*"

This question has actually been propounded to our legislators and statisticians*; and if the latter cannot answer it satisfactorily, these practical men have a right to say, that their science is, with respect to a most important division of facts, of no real value. Their peculiar principles must be imaginary or erroneous; they cannot be those of nature.

In my next Letter, Sir, I shall venture on an attempt to give an answer for myself on this very important practical question, according to the principles of the Productive System.

S. GRAY.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. EDITOR. I trust that, even in this age of improvement, you will suffer one of the old school to occupy a small space in your pages. A few words respecting myself will, however, be necessary to apologize for my opinions. Once I was among the gayest and sprightliest of youthful aspirants for fame and fortune. Being a second son, I was bred to the bar, and pursued my studies with great vigour and eager hope, in the Middle Temple. I loved, too, one of the fairest of her sex, and was beloved in return. My toils were sweetened by the delightful hope that they would procure me an income sufficient for the creditable support of the mistress of my soul. Alas! at the very moment when the unlooked-for devise of a large estate from a distant relative gave me affluence, she for whom alone I desired wealth, sunk under the attack of a fever into the grave. Religion enabled me to bear her loss with firmness, but I determined, for her sake, ever to remain a bachelor. Although composed and tranquil, I felt myself unable to endure

* I know not whether you have had an opportunity of seeing the Report of a Committee of the Merchants, Manufacturers and Traders of Birmingham, on the subject of the prevailing Stagnation, published in the Farmer's Journal of the 23th of September last. It seems to be entirely free from the spirit of party, (which never fails to lessen the value of statements with all impartial enquirers, and to render the whole suspected;) and it is drawn up in a masterly manner. It claims the most serious consideration of our legislators, as well as of our professed statisticians.

the forms, or to taste the pleasures, of London. I retired to my estate in the country, where I have lived for almost forty years in the society of a maiden sister, happy if an old friend came for a few days to visit me, but chiefly delighting to cherish in silence the remembrance of my only love, and to anticipate the time when I shall be laid beside her. At last, a wish to settle an orphan nephew in my own profession, has compelled me to visit the scenes of my early days, and to mingle, for a short time, with the world. My resolution once taken, I felt a melancholy pleasure in the expectation of seeing the places with which I was once familiar, and which were ever linked in my mind with sweet and blighted hope. Every change has been to me as a shock. I have looked at large on society too, and there I see little in brilliant innovation to admire. Returned at last to my own fire-side, I sit down to throw together a few thoughts on the new and boasted improvements, over which I mourn. If I should seem too querulous, let it be remembered, that my own happy days are long past, and that recollection is the sole earthly joy which is left me.

My old haunts have indeed suffered comparatively small mutation. The princely hall of the Middle Temple has the same venerable aspect as when, in my boyish days, I felt my heart beating with a strange feeling of mingled pride and reverence on becoming one of its members. The fountain yet plays among the old trees, which used to gladden my eye in spring for a few days with their tender green, to become so prematurely desolate. But the front of the Inner Temple hall, upon the terrace, is sadly altered for the worse. When I first knew it, the noble solidity of its appearance, especially of the figure over the gateway, cut massively in the stone, carried the mind back into the deep antiquity of the scene. Now the whole building is white-washed and plastered over; the majestic entrance supplied by an arch of pseudo-gothic, and a new library added at vast cost in the worst taste of the modern antique. The view from the garden is spoiled by that splendid nuisance, the Strand Bridge. Formerly we used to enjoy the enormous bend of the river, far fairer than the most marvellous work of art; and while our eyes dwelt on the placid mirror of water, our imagination went over it, through calm and majestic windings, into sweet rural scenes, and far inland bowers. Now the river appears only an oblong lake, and the feeling of the country once let into the town by that glorious avenue of crystal, is shut out by a noble piece of mere human workmanship! But nature never changes, and some of her humble works are ever found to renew old feelings within us, notwithstanding the sportive changes of mortal fancy. The short grass of the Temple garden is the same as when forty years ago I was accus-

tomed to refresh my weary eyes with its greenness. There I have strolled again; and while I bent my head downwards, and fixed my eyes on the thin blades and the soft daisies, I felt as I had felt when last I walked there—all between was as nothing, or a feverish dream—and I once more dreamed of the Seals, and of the living Sophia!—I felt—but I dare not trust myself on this subject further.

The profession of the law is strangely altered since the days of my youth. It was then surely more liberal, as well as more rational, than I now find it. The business and pleasure of a lawyer were not entirely separated, as at present, when the first is mere toil, and the second lighter than vanity. The old stout-hearted pleaders threw a jovial life into their tremendous drudgeries, which almost rendered them delightful. Wine did but open to them the most curious intricacies of their art: they rose from it, like giants refreshed, to grapple with the sternest difficulties, and rejoiced in the encounter. Their powers caught a glow in the severity of the struggle, almost like that arising from strong exertion of the bodily frame. Nor did they disdain to enjoy the quaint jest of the far-fetched allusion, or the sweetness of the antique fancy, which sometimes craftily peeped out on them amidst their laborious researches. Poor T—— W—— was one of the last of the race. He was the heartiest and most romantic of special pleaders. Thrice happy was the attorney who could engage him to a steak or broiled fowl in the old coffee-room in Fleet-street, where I have often met him. How would he then dilate, in the warmth of his heart, on all his professional triumphs—now chuckling over the fall of a brother into a trap set artfully for him in the fair guise of liberal pleading—now whispering a joy past joy in a stumble of the Lord Chief Justice himself, among the filmy cords drawn about his path! When the first bottle was dispatched, arrived the time for his wary host to produce his papers in succession, to be drawn or settled by the joyous pleader. The well-lauded inspiration of a poet is not more genuine than that with which he then was gifted. All his nice discernment—all his vast memory—all his skill in drawing analogies and discerning principles in the “great obscurity” of the Year Books—were set in rapid and unerring action. On he went—covering page after page, his pen “in giddy mazes running,” and his mind growing subtler and more acute with every glass. How dextrously did he then glide through all the strange windings of the case, with a sagacity which never failed, while he garnished his discourse with many a legal pun and learned conceit, which was as the light bubble on the deep stream of his knowledge!—He is gone!—and I find none to resemble him in this generation—none who thus can put a spirit into their work, which may make cobweb-

sophistries look golden, and change a laborious life into one long holiday!

In the greater world, I have observed with sorrow, a prevailing disregard of the past, and a desire to extol the present, or to expatiate in visionary prospects of the future. I fear this may be traced not so much to philanthropy as to self-love, which inspires men with the wish personally to distinguish themselves as the teachers and benefactors of their species; instead of rejoicing to share in the vast stock of recollections and sympathies which is common to all. They would fain persuade us that mankind, created, "a little lower than the angels," is now for the first time "crowned with glory and honour;" and they exultingly point to institutions of yesterday for the means to regenerate the earth. Some, for example, pronounce the great mass of the people, through all ages, as scarcely elevated above the brutes which perish, because the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic, were not commonly diffused among them; and on these they ground their predictions of a golden age. And were there then no virtuous hardihood, no guileless innocence, no affections stronger than the grave, in that mighty lapse of years which we contemptuously stigmatize as dark? Are disinterested patriotism, conjugal love, open-handed hospitality, meek self-sacrifice, and chivalrous contempt of danger and of death, modern inventions? Has man's great birthright been in abeyance even until now? Oh, no! The Chaldean shepherd did not cast his quiet gaze through weeks and years in vain to the silent skies. He knew not, indeed, the chill discoveries of science, which have substituted an immense variety of figures on space and distance, for the sweet influences of the stars. Yet did the heavens tell to him the glory of God, and angel faces seem to smile on him from the golden clouds. Book-learning is, perhaps, the least part of the education of the species. Nature is the mightiest and the kindest of teachers. The rocks and unchanging hills give to the heart the sense of a duration beyond that of the perishable body. The flowing stream images to the soul an everlasting continuity of tranquil existence. "The brave o'erhanging Armament," even to the most rugged swain, imparts some consciousness of the universal brotherhood of those over whom it hangs. The affections ask no leave of the understanding to "glow and spread and kindle," to shoot through all the frame a tremulous joy, or animate to holiest constancy. We taste the dearest blessedness of earth in our childhood, before we have learned to express it in mortal language. Life has its universal lessons far beyond human lore. Kindness is as melting, sorrow as purifying, and the aspect of death as softening to the ignorant in this world's wisdom, as to the scholar. The purest delights grow tenderly beneath our feet, and all who will stoop

may gather them. While sages lose the idea of the Universal Parent in their subtleties, the lowly "FEEL after Him and find Him." Sentiment precedes reason in point of time, and is a surer guide to the noblest realities. Thus man hopes, loves, reveres, and enjoys, without the aid of writing or of the press to inspire or direct him. Many of his feelings are even heartier and more genuine before he has learned to describe them. He does not perpetually mistake words for things, nor cultivate his faculties and affections for a discerning public. His aspirations "are made, not marked." If he is gifted with divine imagination, he may "walk in glory and in joy beside his plough upon the mountain side," without the chilling idea that he must make the most of his sensations to secure the applause of gay saloons or crowded theatres. The deepest impressions are worn out by the multiplication of their copies. Talking has almost usurped the place of acting and of feeling; and the world of authors seem as though their hearts were but paper scrolls, and ink, instead of blood; were flowing in their veins. "The great events with which old story rings, seem vain and hollow." If all these evils will not be extended by what is falsely termed the Education of the Poor, let us at least be on our guard lest we transform our peasantry from men into critics, teach them scorn instead of humble hope, and leave them nothing to love, to revere, or to enjoy!

The Bible Society, founded and supported, no doubt, from the noblest motives, also puts forth pretensions which are sickening. Its advocates frequently represent it as destined to change all earth into a paradise. That a complete triumph of the *principles* of the Bible would bring in the rapturous state which they look for can never be disputed; but the history of our religion affords no ground for anticipating such a result from the unaided perusal of its pages. Deep and extensive impressions of the truths of the Gospel have never been made by mere reading, but always by the exertions of living enthusiasm in the holy cause. Providence may, indeed, in its inscrutable wisdom, impart new energy to particular instruments; but there appears no sufficient indication of such a change as shall make the *printed Bible alone* the means of regenerating the species. "An age of Bibles" may not be an age of Christian charity and hope. The word of God may not be revered the more by becoming a common book in every cottage, and a drug in the shop of every pawnbroker. It was surely neither known nor revered the less when it was a rare treasure, when it was prescribed by those who sat in high places, and its torn leaves and fragments were cherished even unto death. In those days, when a single copy chained to the desk of the church was alone in extensive parishes, did it diffuse less sweetness through rustic hearts than now, when the poor

are almost compelled to possess it? How then did the villagers flock from distant farms, cheered in their long walks by thoughts not of this world, to converse for a short hour with patriarchs, saints, and apostles! How did they devour the venerable and well-worn page with tearful eyes, or listen delighted to the voice of one gifted above his fellows, who read aloud the oracles of celestial wisdom! What ideas of the Bible must they have enjoyed, who came many a joyful pilgrimage to hear or to read it! Yet even more precious was the enjoyment of those who, in times of persecution, snatched glances in secret at its pages, and thus entered, as by stealth, into the paradisiacal region, to gather immortal fruits and listen to angel voices. The word of God was dearer to them than house, land, or the "ruddy drops which warmed their hearts." Instead of the lamentable weariness and disgust with which the young now too often turn from the perusal of the Scriptures, they heard with mute attention and serious joy the divine histories of the Old Testament and sweet parables of the New. They heard with a solemn sympathy of Abraham receiving seraphs unawares—of Isaac walking out at even-tide to meditate, and meeting the holy partner of his days—of Jacob's dream, and of that immortal Syrian Shepherdess, for whose love he served a hard master fourteen years, which seemed to him but a few days—of Joseph the beloved, the exile, the tempted, and the sweet forgiver—of all the wonders of the Jewish story—and of the character and sufferings of the Messiah. These things were to them at once august realities, and surrounded with a dream-like glory from afar. "Heaven lay about them in their infancy." They preserved the purity—the spirit of meek submission—the patient confiding love of their childhood in their maturest years. They, in their turn, instilled the sweetness of Christian charity, drop by drop, into the hearts of their offspring, and left their example as a deathless legacy. Surely this was better than the dignified patronage now courted for the Scriptures, or the pompous eulogies pronounced on them by rival orators! The reports of anniversaries of the Bible Society are often to me, inexpressibly nauseous. The word of God is praised in the style of eulogy employed on a common book by a friendly reviewer. It is evidently used as a theme to declaim on. But the praise of the Bible is almost overshadowed by the flatteries lavished on the nobleman or county member who has condescended to preside, and which it is the highest ambition of the speakers ingeniously to introduce and to vary. Happy is he who can give a new turn to the compliment, or invent a new alliteration or antithesis for the occasion! The copious nonsense of the successful orators is even more painful than the failures of the novices. After a string of false metaphors and poor conceits, applauded to the echo, the

meeting are perhaps called on to sympathise with some unhappy debutant, whose sense of the virtues of the chairman proves too vast for his powers of expression; and with Miss Peachum in the Beggars' Opera, to lament "that so noble a youth should come to an untimely end." Alas! these exhibitions have little connexion with a deep love of the Bible, or with real pity for the sufferings of man. Were religious tyranny to render the Scriptures scarce, and to forbid their circulation, they would speedily be better prized and honoured than when scattered with gorgeous profusion, and lauded by nobles and princes.

The Society for the Suppression of Mendicity is another boasted institution of these cold-hearted days. It would annihilate the race of beggars, and remove from the delicate eye the very form and aspect of misery. Strange infatuation! as if an old class of the great family of man might be cut off without harm! "All are but parts of one stupendous whole," bound together by ties of antique sympathy, of which the lowest and most despised are not without their uses. In striking from society a race whom we have, from childhood, been accustomed to observe, a vast body of dear associations and gentle thoughts must necessarily be lost for ever. The poor mendicants whom we would banish from the earth, are the best sinecurists to whose sustenance we contribute. In the great science—the science of humanity—they not rarely are our first teachers: they affectingly remind us of our own state of mutual dependence; bring sorrow palpably before the eyes of the prosperous and the vain; and prevent the hearts of many from utterly "losing their nature." They give, at least, a salutary disturbance to gross selfishness, and hinder it from entirely forming an ossified crust about the soul. We see them too with gentle interest, because we have always seen them, and were accustomed to relieve them in the spring-time of our days. And if some of them are what the world calls impostors, and literally "do beguile us of our tears" and our alms, those tears are not shed, nor those alms given, in vain. If they have even their occasional revellings and hidden luxuries, we should rather rejoice to believe that happiness has every where its nooks and corners which we do not see; that there is more gladness in the earth than meets the politician's gaze; and that fortune has her favours, "secret, sweet, and precious," even for those on whom she seems most bitterly to frown. Well may that divinest of philosophers, Shakspeare, make Lear reply to his daughters, who had been speaking in the true spirit of modern improvements:

"O reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts!"

There are many other painful instances in these times of that "restless wisdom" which "has a broom for ever in its hand to rid the world of nuisances." There are, for example, the plans of Mr. Owen, with his infallible recipes for the formation of character. Virtue is not to be forced in artificial hot-beds, as he proposes. Rather let it spring up where it will from the seed scattered throughout the earth, and rise hardily in sun and shower, while the "free mountain winds have leave to blow against it." But I feel that I have already broken too violently on my habits of dreamy thought, by the asperity into which I now and then have fallen. Let me then break off at once, with the single expression of a hope, that this "bright and breathing world" may not be changed into a penitentiary by the efforts of modern reformers.

I am, Sir,
Your hearty well-wisher.

*** We have given a place to the foregoing article, which, though it came anonymously, leaves a full conviction on our minds that it is the work of no other pen than that of our late lamented and worthy friend, George Pertinax Growler, Esq., of Kennelhowlbury-Hall, Berkshire, who represented that county during many successive Parliaments, and, though a Tory, was a zealous member of Opposition. Respect for the memory of our beloved Growler, overcomes all the reluctance of our personal opinion as to the admissibility of the paper. Poor George! the last time we saw him in London he refused to dine with us, merely because we had taken an eighteen-penny fare by water, one beautiful summer morning, in order to look at that "splendid nuisance," Waterloo Bridge, shortly after its completion. He may be wrong as to the blessings which society derives from mendicants, or as to the advantages that would have accrued to legal eloquence from the inebriety of lawyers; and he strikes us as heretical on the subject of the Bible Society. But let none imagine that George Growler was himself addicted to the bottle, or an encourager of vicious mendicity, or an enemy to the education of the poor. On the contrary, he had no failing, even in principle, except alarm at innovation. To that he was indeed an enemy. The orphan nephew of whom he speaks was the subject of his tender but very troublesome thoughts. The youth was detected by his uncle, at the age of 19, in having become a member of the *new* philosophical club, a very genteel one that met for literary and liquid recreation at the Cat-and-Bagpipes. This circumstance required our intervention to propitiate the old gentleman's wrath. The word *new*, as his nephew said, would

have offended him even in the mention of "The New Jerusalem." The same poor nephew being afterwards smit at Birmingham with the love of sacred song, a second time offended him almost to the danger of disinheritance, by writing a Sonnet on the Steam Engine, which began "Hail, wonder-working power!"—but we happily made up the breach. Bred a Tory by his father, who hated the Hanoverian race, George Growler at first opposed the late Mr. Pitt as a presumptuous young minister, and latterly, because he lagged in Tory zeal behind Mr. Burke. What side he would have now taken in politics can be only conjectured: to us it seems, he would have still opposed ministers as the most radical of innovators. Be that as it may, he departed this life in 1818. His death was occasioned by a fever, on which the opinions of his physician and apothecary were divided. The former pronounced it nervous, and occasioned by the conversation of his neighbour Sir Francis Fluent, on the subject of New Improvements; the latter attributed it to typhous infection, caught during one of his walks in stopping to speak with a "Cumberland beggar."

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE CELEBRATION OF CHRISTMAS.

It was no strange circumstance that, at the dawn of Christianity, every festival which was observed by the Jews should be equally solemnized by the Christian converts of the first century. A great portion of these converts had gone over from the Jewish to the Christian faith; and this portion was, for a long time, unable wholly to emancipate itself from the trammels of early impressions. Nay, the Apostles themselves were tenacious of the Jewish feasts, and retained, amongst others, those of the Passover and Pentecost. It was but by slow degrees that the Christians were able to estrange themselves from the Jewish observances, to throw off the usages of the sons of Abraham, and transform the festivals, which they had brought with them on the day of their conversion, into Christian anniversaries. Far, however, from seeking to abandon the customs and solemnities which had once been received into their new church, they set themselves about rendering them typical of some important occurrences in the history of their religion. By this permutation, the festival of Easter was grafted on the feast of the Passover; Pentecost was converted into an annual commemoration of the descent of the Holy Ghost; and out of the Jewish Sabbath arose our Sunday, than which no other day in the seven could by possibility be of deeper importance or more awful interest to the believer in the Saviour's resurrection.

Among the early Christians, there were many too who dwelt in Heathen countries; and not a few of this class having themselves abandoned the splendid superstitions of Paganism for the noble simplicity of Christian doctrine, introduced Heathen festivals among their brethren, and gave such an interpretation to their transmigration as was consistent with the character of their new faith.

In the lapse of time, Christianity having extended itself to the palace, and its ministers having succeeded in acquiring a considerable share of power and influence, they were not wanting to themselves in any contrivance which could invest their religion with greater external pomp and dignity. They knew that every increase of its outward splendour would have the effect of shedding additional lustre on its expounders; and, with this conviction, every occurrence in the history of their faith was diligently ransacked, that its memory might be perpetuated by some festival: indeed, so widely was this field enlarged, that, at last, a manufactory of fictions was set up, which were greedily swallowed by their ignorant and credulous flocks; amongst whom, these inventions served the intended purpose of enlarging the catalogue of religious observances and festivals.

We must return, however, from these matters to the more immediate object of our inquiries.

We have already remarked, that many of the anniversaries solemnized by the Christian church were transplanted into it from the Heathen soil. Whilst Easter has succeeded to the "Feralia" of the Romans, there can be little doubt that Christmas has taken the place of their "Saturnalia." * This festival, instituted in honour of Saturn, was celebrated by them with the greatest splendour, debauchery, and extravagance. It was, during its duration, an epoch of freedom and equality: the master ceased to be master, and the slave to be slave; the former waited, at his own board, upon the latter. The ceremonial of this festival was opened on the 19th of December, by the lighting of a profusion of waxen flambeaux in the temple of Saturn, as an expiatory offering to the relenting god, who had, in remoter times, been worshipped with human sacrifices. At this festive season, boughs and laurel were profusely suspended in every quarter, and presents were interchanged on all sides. †

The Christian church was anxious to abolish the celebration of these Saturnalia, in which she blushed to see her own disciples partaking; and therefore appointed a festival, in honour of her Divine Master, to supersede them. If, during the Roman

* "Christmass," says Selden, "succeeds the Saturnalia; the same time, the same number of holy days."

† It is singular that our Druid ancestors, as well as the Greeks and Romans, devoted this season of the year to ceremonies and religious observances.

games, the order of social affairs was inverted, and the menial was raised to be master, surely it was not unnatural that they should, in their purer features, be adopted as the model of an anniversary in commemoration of that Christ, the King of kings, who had appeared in the garb of a menial, and had elevated those who were the slaves of their sins, to be lords and chiefs among the heavenly hosts! Though of Heathen origin, the festival of Christmas no longer exhibited sacrifices of bulls or goats: it was carefully pruned of those disgusting features and extravagances which nourished and excited debasing passions; and yet, in order that it might not prove revolting to the habits and feelings of the new convert who was called upon to resign the meretricious blandishments of the Saturnalia, it was permitted to retain such innoxious customs from the Pagan celebration, as were not wholly irreconcilable with the bland and cheerful spirit of Christianity. The torches, which had shed their effulgence through the temple of Saturn, shone with undiminished splendour in the temple of Christian worship, and presented, as it were, a symbol of Jesus, "that eternal light which was born into the world" to waken the whole human race to life and immortality;—which illuminated the fields of Bethlehem, and shone about the shepherds, "a lamp unto their feet, and a light unto their paths."* The Saturnalian custom of decking the streets and houses with laurel and boughs, and exchanging presents, was also preserved, and has partially descended to our own times. The interchange of presents was supposed to typify the spiritual and heavenly gifts which our Saviour, by his coming, had lavished upon mankind.

There is one custom in particular, prevalent in some countries, and formerly common in England, which strikingly designates the origin of our Christmas festivities. And it is this: from amongst the domestics of a family, it was the practice to elect one as the Master of the Household, under the appellation of the Christmas King, or Lord of Misrule, and to assign him a species of sovereignty both over the other servants as well as the immediate members of the family. In this way, as Selden remarks, "the master waited on his servant as the Lord of

* On the night preceding Christmas-day, our forefathers were accustomed to light up candles of enormous size, which were called "Christmas candles," and with which they illuminated their houses in honour of the Saviour's nativity. The same custom prevailed from the days of St. Jerome; "*accenduntur luminaria jam sole rutilante, non utique ad fugandas tenebras, sed ad signum lætitiæ demonstrandum.*" *Cont. Figil. c. 2.*—"On the night of the Saviour's birth," says also Chateaubriand, "troops of children adoring the manger, churches gay and brilliant with flowers, the multitude pressing around the cradle of their God, joyous hallelujahs, and the air re-echoing with the sounds of bells and organs, presented a noble spectacle of innocence and ajesty."—*Génie du Christianisme.*

Misrule;" and "the like," says Stow, "had ye in the house of every nobleman of honor or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal."

In some Catholic countries there is a custom of dressing up puppets, called Christmas children, hiding them on Christmas-eve, setting persons in quest of them, and giving a reward to the finder; nor is it improbable that this custom was also derived from the Heathen practice of sending puppets as presents during the Saturnalia. "At Rome," says an ancient calendar, "sweetmeats were presented to the fathers in the Vatican, as well as all kinds of *little images**; and these last were found in abundance in the confectioners' shops."—Nay, in England, the bakers used formerly to bake a kind of baby, or little image of paste, which they presented to their customers; in the same way as chandlers gave Christmas candles.

Before we take our leave of this subject, we cannot refrain from adverting to a singular tradition, from which some have been willing to derive the name given to this festival, in the East†. It is related by some of the old fathers of the church, that, on the night of our Saviour's birth, a number of fountains and rivers were turned into wine; and they add, that this miracle took place on the very night and at the very hour of his nativity, in order that the disbelievers in the truths of Revelation might be turned from their unbelief. St. Chrysostom says, in one of his Homilies, that the water drawn on that night, kept for some years without undergoing any natural change; and he concludes that from this circumstance arose the tradition we have mentioned. Epiphanius, the first father of the church, indeed, places so much credit in the tale, that he ventures to make use of it as one weapon for confounding the infidels of his day. However, the second father of that name, who lived thirty years later, pronounces this tradition to be, what it really appears to have been, a fable; though he still believes it to be the distortion of some different occurrence. Be all this as it may, the tradition was once of general notoriety; the people placed implicit faith in it; many of the fathers sided with them; and none but the enlightened Chrysostom were unable to persuade themselves of its authenticity. S.

* In Vaticano—"Dulcia Patribus exhibentur.

—opanium generum Imagunculae."

† Our English appellation of "Christmas" originated in the mass at this season being called *Christ's-mass*; it was usual, at this season, for the Romish priests to offer up masses to the saints, imploring forgiveness for the people of their debaucheries, or backslidings, at this festival.—The German name for this season is "*Wein-nachten*," or *Wine Nights*, which some derive from the tradition above alluded to, and others from the practice which prevailed among the ancient Germans, of celebrating this period of the year by general drinking-bouts, and interchanging presents of "the juice of the grape."

ANECDOTES OF THE BASTILLE.

COUNT DE B—, a Lieutenant-general in the French army, who died about the commencement of the Revolution, had lived on terms of intimacy with the two M. M. de Belle-Isle, of whom he occasionally related interesting private anecdotes. The following particulars are so extremely curious that they deserve to be recorded :—

The Count and the Chevalier de Belle-Isle were grandsons of the famous Intendant Fouquet ; and notwithstanding the disgrace of their grandfather, they were pretty well advanced in the military service at the death of Louis XIV. After the saturnalia of the regency, they became involved in the disasters of Le Blanc, the secretary of state for the war department, and the two brothers were arrested and put under close confinement in the Bastille. To aggravate their misfortune, they were imprisoned in separate apartments. The Chevalier was constantly endeavouring to devise some plan by which he might be enabled to enjoy the society of his brother. He had with him a valet de chambre, a young man of spirit and activity, and who, moreover, possessed no small share of cunning : he had been educated as a surgeon, and, at his own solicitation, was permitted to share his master's captivity. By means of intrigue and artful interrogations, he learned that an apartment, then unoccupied, was the only disposable one in the prison, and that it was immediately below that allotted to the Count. He accordingly formed his plan, without saying a word on the subject to the Chevalier.

The Chevalier, though a man of intrepid courage, occasionally exhibited a weakness of mind which is not without example even in persons of the firmest character : he was unable to bear the sight of a wound, or even to hear one spoken of, without experiencing those disagreeable sensations to which nervous persons are liable, and which often terminate in completely overpowering the organic faculties. This reciprocal mental and physical re-action, in the human frame, is unaccounted for, though its existence cannot be doubted. It resembles those puerile, but unconquerable antipathies we experience at the sight of certain animals, or the odour of particular plants ; or rather, perhaps, those fits of vertigo with which persons (who on all other occasions exhibit perfect self-possession) are seized on ascending a height, or when on the brink of a precipice. Be that as it may, no man is a hero to his valet de chambre ; and the knowledge of this habit enabled the faithful servant of the Chevalier de Belle-Isle the better to arrange his schemes.

The Governor of the Bastille paid frequent visits to his two

prisoners. The conversation of the Chevalier particularly pleased him. The valet was occasionally permitted to join them ; for he had a number of stories, anecdotes, and jests, with which he enlivened conversation, and excited the interest and curiosity of his hearers. One day he very adroitly turned the discourse to the battle of Hochstadt, in which he had served in the medical department of the army. He did not fail to dwell on this subject with all the eloquence he was master of. All the wounds he had dressed—all the amputations he had seen performed—all the heart-rending groans he had heard—nothing was spared. At length, to effect his object with the more certainty, he even overcharged the picture. The talisman had the desired effect. The Chevalier performed his part the better by not being prepared for it ; he grew pale, became gradually more and more languid, and at last fainted. The zealous valet flew to his assistance ; and by applying the usual remedies, soon recovered his master. The Governor anxiously enquired the cause of the sudden indisposition of the Chevalier. "Sir," said the valet, "grateful for your goodness and attention, my master did not venture to complain to you ; but, certainly, the room you have assigned to him is very injurious to his delicate nerves. The accident you have witnessed takes place almost daily ; and indeed I cannot answer for the Chevalier's life, if his lodging be not changed." The Governor, an old officer, better acquainted with military affairs than with physiology, did not hesitate a moment. "Why did you not speak before," exclaimed he, "my dear Chevalier ? There is a room vacant on the other side of the fort, and you shall be removed to it this very evening."—The Chevalier returned thanks, and the Governor withdrew to give his orders. He well knew that the two brothers would thus be nearer each other ; but he relied on the thickness of the walls, and the vigilance of the sentinels, to prevent all intercourse between them. He was deceived, for misfortune is ingenious. After a minute search, the Chevalier and his valet discovered a chimney-pipe, which led to the Count's chamber, and a communication was soon established between the two brothers.

It was of great importance to the prisoners to be able thus to concert together for their common defence ; but that was not all—it was necessary to find the means of annihilating the material evidence which might compromise them. The Chevalier had acquired a knowledge of the charges that were brought against him. There was one very serious accusation, which could be supported only by one individual, namely, a clerk in one of the offices of the war department. This man was easily intimidated, and still more easily gained over by promises : the prisoners, however, had but a very superficial knowledge of him.

The Chevalier de Belle-Isle, therefore, arranged his plan from conjecture; and tranquilly awaited the day when he should be confronted with his accusers.

According to the old French system of judicial investigation, the first examinations were always secret. The witness appeared in the presence of the accused, and no person attended the proceedings except the judge and the clerk. The prescribed rules, however, were not very rigorously observed when the accused party happened to be a person of rank. In the present case the deposition was read. It was very strong; but the Chevalier soon knew the man he had to deal with. He composed himself, and listened with profound attention to the evidence. Surprise, grief, and impatience, were by turns painted in his countenance. When the reading was ended, he rushed forward to the witness, and, seizing his hand, he exclaimed, in the most emphatic way, "How, Sir, can it be possible that you are my accuser?—You, for whom I have always felt so much interest!—You, whom I have ever regarded as a friend!—Can you lend an ear to such absurd calumnies?"—He continued to address the witness in a tone of vehemence and warmth, which indicated an affectionate complaint rather than a bitter recrimination, until he observed some happy result of his eloquence. He, moreover, employed an argument on which he relied with still greater confidence. On seizing the witness's hand, he contrived secretly to slip into it a note, which he had prepared for the purpose; and thus placed the witness in the delicate alternative of becoming either his accuser or his accomplice. The movement of the Chevalier de Belle-Isle was so sudden and unexpected, that nobody could think of opposing him; and, besides, it appeared extremely natural, and strictly within the bounds of legal defence. The witness was confounded by the impressive appeal that had been made to him; and found that he was in possession of a secret, which might decide the fate of an accused person, who had thus thrown himself on his generosity. He was aware of the danger of retracting, while, at the same time, he was flattered by the condescending way in which a man of rank treated him as his friend—in short, he was perplexed by conflicting thoughts and sentiments. The Chevalier observed the embarrassment of his antagonist, and felt the necessity of immediately relieving him. Resuming the evidence article by article, he endeavoured to soften it down, and at the same time to avoid compromising the witness by blank denials. His plan succeeded. The charges became more and more feeble, till, at length, the whole evidence rested on a few unimportant assertions, which, there was reason to hope, might be satisfactorily refuted. The sitting terminated; but such was the terror with which the witness was seized, that he had not courage to unclothe the hand

in which he held the note. He passed the drawbridge of the Bastille, and wandered through almost every street in Paris, like a criminal, dreading the glance of every one he met. It was not until he reached the Pont-Royal that he ventured, by stealth, to cast his eyes on the note. Within the first envelope were written these words: "If you faithfully and speedily deliver the enclosed note according to its address, your fortune is made." The inner note was directed to a lady, the intimate friend of the Chevalier, requesting her to take charge of, and to suppress, certain letters which might prove of the utmost injury to his cause. The commission was punctually fulfilled, and the witness received the promised reward.

The above were not the only extraordinary circumstances attending the fate of the M. M. de Belle-Ile. When the evidence against them was at an end, the two brothers were granted somewhat more freedom, and also the permission of living together. By means of secret communications, they had agreed with a friend that, if their sentence should be unfavourable, they were to be warned of it by the firing of a certain number of guns. One day, as they were walking together on one of the ramparts of the prison, they heard the signal, and the fatal number of guns announced their irrevocable condemnation. They descended mournfully, and retired to their gloomy apartment. In a few moments, their friend rushed in to inform them of their acquittal. On enquiring into the cause of the mistake, it was found to have been occasioned by a gun-maker of the Faubourg St. Antoine, who happened that day to be making trial of some of his guns.

After their liberation, the most brilliant fortune attended the two prisoners. The Chevalier was created a Count, and promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-general: after distinguishing himself honourably in the service of his country, he was killed at the attack of Col-de-Passiette, in the year 1746. His elder brother, who is celebrated for many acts of valour and military skill, particularly for the retreat of Prague, was created a Duke, a Peer and Marechal of France, and died minister of war in 1761. At the commencement of the seven years' war, he had the misfortune to lose his only son, the Count de Gisors, a young officer of the greatest promise. Thus perished the last branches of the family of the Intendant. Like him, they possessed all the brilliant qualifications necessary for the success of ambitious projects; and they were memorable examples of the frowns and favours of fortune.

ON THE LESS CELEBRATED PRODUCTIONS OF THE AUTHOR
OF DON QUIXOTE. NO. I.

THAT kindly feeling for literature, which is the characteristic of the present day, and which beams equal patronage on every production of the cultivated mind, receiving with the same hospitable welcome the child of every native muse, has hardly yet displayed a genial warmth in fostering the offspring of a foreign soil. The translations of our own times have been distinguished more by their ability than by the encouragement they have met with from the public; and little anxiety has been manifested, on the whole, to improve our acquaintance with the languages from which they have been transfused. Our immediate approximation to, and our constant and daily intercourse with our neighbours the French, have indeed rendered their language the favourite accomplishment of all who aim at some addition to their mother-tongue; and a slight knowledge of the works which have been written in that language is necessarily implied as the medium, if not the aim, of its acquirement. Our opera, too, and the airs which are derived from it, and have become favourites in the musical circles of fashion, recommend the Italian to the notice of those who are charged with the education of young ladies, as an useful, if not a necessary, appendage to familiarity with the mysteries of waltzing and quadrilling; whilst the cessation of the long war which closed the Continent upon English travellers, admitting a vast influx into the provinces of Italy, has tended to facilitate to our youth of the male sex the pronunciation of the delicate language "*dove il si suona*;" and to teach them the conversational idiom, which their former method of study, commencing with the reading of Tasso and concluding with Dante or Petrarch, as little enabled them to attain, as a draught from the "pure wells of English undefiled," that bubbled in the Elizabethan age, would render a foreigner *au fait* to the compliments of a London levee. But, though neither the prose writers of ancient nor modern Italy are yet suffered to occupy much of our attention, it is certain that no inconsiderable degree of interest has recently been excited for the productions of her later bards, one of whom (Alfieri) is pretty generally talked of, if not read. But rarely is a glance of enquiry cast towards the Spanish peninsula. Spain offers no inducement to the traveller: the monotonous mould into which tyranny and anarchy have bent her national character, affords no relief that observation can seize on to describe, and music has not yet claimed her strains of poetry for its own. That noble language which, in the 17th century, every man eminent for rank or literature, in Italy, in Flanders, in Germany, in France, and even in Eng-

land,* would have blushed to have been thought ignorant of, is now the jargon of traffic; whilst its sister tongue, a scion of the same root, is almost wholly neglected and despised, except as a means of intercourse with the degenerate natives of the soil of Portugal. Those dramas which, at one period, were received on the same night with equal and eager approbation by a different audience at Madrid, at Brussels, at Munich, at Vienna, at Milan, and at Naples; which were imitated by Corneille, by Quinault, by Scarron, by Molière, by Shakspeare, by Fletcher, and by Dryden, have been thought worthy of translation only by a few German enthusiasts, and are not to be met with except in single plays or in small collections, having for the most part escaped the diligent search of those whose object it was to give an account of them. Of the thirty plays composed by Cervantes in his youth, only two can now be found; the two thousand dramas of Lope de Vega have dwindled into a moderate number, which are of rare occurrence; whilst Calderon owes a temporary reputation, as brilliant but as transient as the lights of the Aurora Borealis, to the eloquence of one solitary admirer, whose animated descriptions of his excellence have not yet tempted a single English pen to transfer his beauties to our language. If it be true that we have little acquaintance with Spanish literature, with much greater truth may it be affirmed that of the literature of Portugal we absolutely know nothing. The English language boasts but of two translations from the Portuguese, and both comprise portions of the works of Camoëns: we may hereafter have occasion to speak of the degree of fidelity with which these are executed. We have been led into these reflections by contemplating the practicability of re-awakening some slight interest for the productions of men of no common genius, who lived in no ordinary times;—productions once so widely diffused, now so strangely neglected. In making the attempt, however, we shall select a few only from the host, and of these the limits of a work like the present will enable us to give but a very brief description. Were this not the case we should be deterred from undertaking the task on a longer scale, aware as we are that this subject has long occupied the pen of one of the ablest writers of his age, who possesses all the information that can be derived from learning and local knowledge, and every charm of eloquence to render that information interesting to others.

The first writer whom we would select for this purpose is Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra; and, having mentioned his name in the same page with that of the great founder of Portuguese

* The marriage of Philip II. with Mary of England, and that of the Infanta Dona Maria Teresa, daughter of Philip III. with Louis XIII. of France, must have greatly increased the study of the Spanish language in the courts of London and Paris.

poetry, we are tempted to indulge in the melancholy pleasure of tracing a comparison between their lives and fortunes; being struck with a similarity which we think is more than fanciful. They were contemporaries. Camoëns was born in 1524-9;* Cervantes in 1547: they have continued fellows in survivorship, standing side by side in the annals of Fame, whilst names that were thought greater in their day, have been obliterated from its rolls. They both served as soldiers in the ranks: the one lost an eye, the other a hand, in battles far from the native land of each, and in a warfare not essential to her interests, and yet both gloried in military exploits for which neither received a recompense. The former passed six years of his life in voluntary exile; the latter, nearly an equal period in slavery. They were both satirists, and visited by all the envy and malignity of their contemporaries: the mighty production of each was at first neglected and despised by all but its author, who saw with prophetic vision into futurity, and beheld the Babel of his fame rise above every petty tower by which it was then encompassed. Imprisonment for debt, poverty, and even beggary†, were the lot of both: the one received from a monarch a pension of less than five pounds per annum, as a recompense for the dedication of his poem; and the other was more largely, but hardly more liberally rewarded by a Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo. On their death-beds the parallel will not hold good; for the last-recorded expressions of the former were words of melancholy foreboding‡; whilst the dedication which the latter penned four days before he expired, was written in a strain of cheerful-

* M. De Souza believes 1525, on the authority of Manoel de Faria, who discovered an entry in the register of India at Lisbon, which mentions the age of Camoëns at the period of his departure for the East.

† The melancholy fact that Camoëns was supported in his last moments by alms, which his black servant gathered in the streets of Lisbon, has been frequently alluded to; but what Capmany states is not so generally known, that Cervantes was so reduced as to be compelled "to beg for his support, and to receive assistance by the hands of the servants of his patrons, with, perhaps, the additional mortification to his noble spirit, of having it bestowed with insult and reproaches: *Anecdota*," adds Capmany, "muy curiosa y quiza mas importante de saberse que todos los que se ignoran de su vida privada:"—a very curious anecdote, and perhaps more deserving of note than all which we are ignorant of, relating to the circumstances of his private life.—*Teatro Histórico Crítico de la Eloquencia Espanola*. Madrid, 1788. Tom. 4.

‡ "At last death will terminate my sufferings, and it will be seen by all that my attachment to my country was so constant, that I was not merely satisfied with dying in her arms, but that I died with her."—*Fragment of a letter of Camoëns written in 1578*. *Vida de Camoëns—Os Lusíadas*. Edic. De Souza. Paris, 1819.

"I would not," writes Cervantes, "be called upon to apply to myself the old stanzas which begin thus, 'the foot already in the stirrup'; for I may say, with a slight alteration, that my foot is already in the stirrup, since I feel the pangs of death are on me, my Lord, whilst I am penning this dedication. Yesterday the extreme unction was administered to me; to-day I resume my pen: my time is short, my pains increase, my hopes diminish; nevertheless, I wish that enough of life remained to enable me to behold you once more in Spain." *Dedication of "Los trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda," to the Conde de Lemos, dated 23d April, 1616.*

ness, and even gaiety: Why should we attempt to carry the similitude farther? After the death of Cervantes, five cities of Spain disputed for the honour of having given him birth; and the countrymen of Camoëna, in the far distant kingdom of Brazil, have, within these few months, raised a tardy subscription for the erection of a monument to the memory of that great poet, whose burial-place was sought for by an English traveller at Lisbon, not many years back, and, after much difficulty, discovered *beneath a stair-case*!*

The resemblance which we have just noticed is purely accidental; but if we might cite a less ideal prototype of Cervantes, we should point it out in the creature of his own imagination. Let not the reader smile when he sees us compare him to his own Don Quixote: We are not certain that that noble character is always properly relished or duly appreciated. We entirely accord with M. Sismondi† in the judicious and feeling criticism, of which the following forms a part:

"There was, in fact, a tinge of knight-errantry in the character of Cervantes, whom the love of glory had drawn away from his studies and from the enjoyment of the pleasures of life, and fixed beneath the banners of Mark Anthony Colonna;—who, without ever attaining a higher rank than that of a common soldier, exulted that he had lost an arm at the battle of Lepanto, and that he bore on his own person a monument of the greatest feat of arms in the annals of Christian warfare;—who, during his captivity at Algiers, did, by his incessant daring, excite the astonishment, and conciliate the esteem of the Moors;—finally, who, after having received the extreme unction, and aware that the ensuing Sabbath must terminate his mortal career, contemplated the approach of death with that cheerful indifference which we have seen displayed in the preface and dedication of his "Persiles and Sigismunda." In these later productions I fancy we may recognize that he is himself the hero undetected (*détrompé*), who at last becomes sensible of the vanity of glory, and the long delusion of a career of ambition, which contracted means had always rendered unsuccessful. And if it be true, that "to make mirth at our own expense is all the art of good taste," it is evident that Cervantes possessed that art in a high degree, since he has exposed, in a ludicrous point of view, the noblest exertions of his life. Every man, who is an enthusiast like Cervantes, will readily associate himself to this piece of pleasantry, which is yet a satire upon himself, directed against all that

* That traveller was the reviewer of Lord Strangford's Translations from Camoëna, in the Monthly Mirror for July 1803, (vol. 16); and the result of his enquiries was, in his own words, that "Camoëna, the glory of Portugal, lay buried under a stair-case in the nursery (attached to the church of St. Anne, at Lisbon); and that no man could be admitted to visit his ashes." The epitaph placed over his grave by D. Gonzalo Coutinho, a short time after his death, was, as this reviewer remarks, "no lying epitaph:" "*Here lies Luis de Camoëna, the Prince of the Poets of his time: he lived poor and miserable, and so he died.*"

† Sismondi—De la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe. Tom. 3. p. 342.

he most loves and respects, but tending not to reflect upon him the slightest discredit."

On that most important work of Cervantes—a work in every one's hands, which is translated into every language of Europe, which is the delight of the young and the amusement of the old; it would be both presumptuous and superfluous to reiterate criticism. "It has become my province," says the ingenious Spaniard we have before referred to*, "to enter into a rigid examination of the writings of this celebrated author. But my single judgment, if it differed but a hair's breadth from the sentiments of so many learned men who have spoken of him in terms of eulogium, would not possess the slightest claim to be heard; neither, though it accord with the judgment of all intelligent critics, will it add to the justly-merited reputation of the author of Don Quixote, more than one feeble note to swell the echo of that fame which has sounded his name to the four corners of the earth." But it is our hope, as it will be our aim, to give the English reader an idea, however imperfect, of other works by the same author, displaying occasionally, in particular passages, equal talent, and none of them wholly unworthy the pen of Cervantes:

We proceed, then, to notice "the less celebrated productions of the author of Don Quixote,"—or rather, those works which are scarcely known, and have only been in part, if at all, translated into our language. We commence our account with the two plays that are extant out of the number brought on the stage by Cervantes in the earlier part of his literary career. They were his second productions, and immediately followed the publication of his *Galatea*, which made its appearance about the years 1581-4, shortly after his escape from slavery at Algiers and his arrival at Madrid. But previous to exhibiting Cervantes as a dramatic writer, it may be thought necessary to say something respecting the formation of that school of dramatic literature denominated by some German writers the ROMANTIC THEATRE.† But powerful and clearly convincing as is their general argument, there are particular points wherein the turn of sentiment peculiar to the German people seems to us to influence their judgment; and, as the examination of these points would necessarily involve us in a wide field of discussion, which would occupy more space than we can here afford, we must be content to defer all observations on this subject until a future opportunity. Neither is it so essential to the proper understanding of the plays of Cervantes

* Capmany, Teat. Hist. Crit. &c. Tom. 4. p. 426.

† This epithet is used but in one sense in English, although the French have two words to express it, i.e. *romantique* and *romanesque*; it must be here understood to mean that style of dramatic writing which rose with the southern languages of Europe.

that the principles of this school should be first laid down. The two pieces, of which we are about to give an analysis, stand alone in the lists of the Spanish drama: they were written before the romantic theatre was completely formed; the effect intended to be produced by them appears to be of a different description; and they are considered as barbarous, both by the most eminent critics of the native country of the author, and by the high modern authorities to which we have just adverted.

Differing with all humility from the judgment pronounced on them by those authorities, we should remark, however, that amongst the Spaniards there exist two opinions with respect to the motives that influenced Cervantes in departing in their composition from those rules of the ancients, with which he appears to have been thoroughly acquainted, and to which he has afforded unqualified praise in several parts of his works: particularly in the dialogue between the Canon of Toledo and the Curate Pedro Perez, in Chap. 48, Part I. of his *Don Quixote*. It is believed by one party that he wrote these plays with the intention of exposing the extravagancies and absurdities of the plays of his time, by exhibiting them in their grossest point of view, in the same manner as his *Don Quixote* was designed to parody the equally popular romances of chivalry. The champions on the other side of the question assert, that his only object was to procure a livelihood, and that could not be obtained by a writer for the stage at Madrid, as at London or elsewhere, but by abandoning all refined notions of dramatic propriety, and accommodating his style to the notions and prejudices of the majority of the people. The chief of those who maintain the latter opinion is Don Ignacio de Luzan, a writer of high repute amongst his countrymen, whose "*Poetica*" has mainly contributed to occasion the general alteration in the tone and manner of Spanish literature, which became visible about the close of the last century, and has continued the same ever since. To us the theory of Luzan seems the more reasonable; and many passages in the other writings of Cervantes incline us to believe that, in this instance at least, he bowed to the will of the many. But it does sometimes happen that the many have reason on their side, and we shall endeavour to shew that, though these pieces were framed on principles purely conventional, they are adapted to produce not merely the effect that was intended, but, in some instances, an effect that could not be attained by other means.

Let us, however, first remind the reader of the slow progress which dramatic literature had made amongst the principal nations of Europe, previous to the appearance of these plays of Cervantes; and we shall then, as Mr. Sismondi has done, shew him, in Cervantes' own words, what was the state of the Spanish drama when he first turned his attention to its cultivation; and,

if he did not raise it at once to its perfection, let it be recollected that on this substructure, humble as it may seem, were heaped the ponderous labours of Lope de Vega, and the highly-magnified fairy structures of Calderon de la Barca. In Italy, not to mention the Sophoniaba of Trissino, and the other tragedies of his time, composed on classic models, as were also the comedies of Ariosto, the first traces of originality sparkle in the comedies of Machiavel, the pastoral drama of Beccari, and the *Aminata* of Tasso. The former are frigid productions, compared with the imaginative creations of the early Spanish dramatists; the latter are of a more regular, though not of so high an order of genius. Jodelle was the *Æschylus* of France, and the only dramatist, with the exception of Garnier, of whom little is known, who lived antecedently to the period of which we are now treating. Mairet and Tristan appeared subsequently. The latter was some time resident in England; and although he must have become familiar with the plays of Shakspeare, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, his *Marianne* is borrowed from a Spanish piece, the *Tetrarca de Jerusalem*. Corneille was born in 1606, and Rotrou in 1609. The *Cid* was published one year after the death of Lope de Vega, and is, as every one knows, taken from the Spanish play written on the same subject by Guillen de Castro: indeed a great proportion of the pieces of these two celebrated dramatists are derived from Spanish sources. In England there are not more than seven original dramas extant, exclusive of mysteries, moralities, and translations, which were written previous to the appearance of the "*Numancia*" and the "*Trato de Argel*" of Cervantes; of these the two most generally known are the *Ferrex and Porrex* of Lord Buckhurst and Thomas Norton, and the *Appius and Virginia* of Webster. Shakspeare was a contemporary of the great Lope, and did not begin to write for the stage much before the year 1591, although Mr. Malone assigns 1589 as the date of his earliest piece. The account given by Cervantes of the state of the Spanish stage, as he found it, is extremely curious; and we translate it from the preface prefixed to the edition of his later plays, which are compositions altogether of a different nature.

"You must bestow your pardon on me, gentle reader, if in this preface I appear to depart somewhat from my usual modesty. I was a few days ago in the company of some friends where the conversation turned on plays and things appertaining thereto: the subject was discussed with so much subtlety and acuteness, that to me it appeared the conclusion was most accurate. Allusion was then made to the man, who first of all, in Spain, took coffied out of the cradle and attired her in splendid and magnificent garments. As the oldest person present, I said I remembered having heard the great Lope de Rueda recite, a man equally remarkable for his powers of representation and his

more than ordinary intelligence. He was born at Seville, and was, by trade, a gold-beater. He was admirable in pastoral poetry, and in that line had no superior before his time, and has not been surpassed since. Although I could form no judgment respecting the merit of his verses, being still a child when I saw him act, some of them nevertheless have dwelt upon my memory, which on recalling them to recollection, now that I have arrived at years of maturity, I consider worthy the reputation they attained. In the time of that celebrated Spaniard, all the properties of a writer of plays or manager of a theatre, were contained in a bag, and consisted of four shepherds' white robes or frocks, bordered with gilt leather, four beards and false heads of hair, and four crooks, more or less. Plays were nothing more than conversations, similar to eclogues, between two or three shepherds and a shepherdess; they were diversified and lengthened by two or three interludes, the characters in which were a negress, some intermeddlers, some stupid clowns, and some Biscayans. The same Lope used to perform these four different characters with all the excellence and discrimination imaginable. At this period there were no side-scenes, no battles between Moors and Christians on foot and horseback, no figures issuing, or appearing to issue, out of the centre of the earth, by means of trap-doors; and the stage itself consisted of four or six planks, placed on four benches laid across, and forming by this means a platform raised about four palms above the ground. Angels were never seen descending from the skies, nor spirits mounted aloft on clouds: all the ornament of the stage was an old blanket, tied up by ropes, fastened from one side to the other, and dividing the dressing-rooms from the stage. The musicians were placed behind, and they usually sang some old romance unaccompanied by a guitar. Lope de Rueda died, and from respect to his excellence and celebrity, they interred him between the two choirs, in the great church at Cordova, where he died, just about the same spot where the famous fool Louis Lopez is also interred. Naharro, a native of Toledo, succeeded Lope de Rueda; he gained great reputation, especially in the part of a cowardly intermeddler. Naharro added a little to the stage decorations, and exchanged the clothes-bag for chests and trunks. He brought forward on the stage the musicians, whose place before was behind the curtain. He took away the beards from the buffoons, for up to his time nobody ventured to make his appearance on the stage without a beard. He made them all appear as they were, excepting those who played the parts of old men, or else entirely alter their faces. He invented side-scenes, clouds, thunder, lightning, duels, and battles. But in no particular were theatrical exhibitions carried to the perfection in which we now see them (and here it is that I feel compelled to transgress the bounds of modesty) until the Captives of Algiers, Numantia, and the Naval Engagement, all of them written by me, were represented in the theatre of Madrid. In these I ventured to reduce the acts or *jornadas* from five, which was the number wherein all the plays before my time were comprehended, to three. I was the first who embodied the phantoms of imagination and the hidden thoughts of the soul, by introducing on the stage, with the general applause of the spectators, the attributes of morality. I

composed, at that time, from twenty to thirty comedies, which all passed representation, without the performers receiving volleys of cucumbers or oranges, or any of those missiles with which an audience is wont to assail bad actors: they ran their career unchecked by hisses, by tumult, or by clamour. After this, having wherewithal to occupy my thoughts, I laid down the pen and left off writing plays: and, at this juncture, that prodigy of nature Lope de Vega appeared," &c.

M.

KNIGHT TOGGENBURG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

TRANSLATED BY MR. BOWRING.

" O Knight! a sister's love for thee
My bosom has confess'd;
Then ask no other love from me,
Nor wound a faithful breast.
If cold to thee that love appears,
Go, Knight! unmurmuring go—
And dry those sad and silent tears—
I know not why they flow."

He heard—embrac'd her, but his tongue
No agony betray'd;
Then wildly broke away, and sprung
On his war-horse array'd;
And straight to his Switzer-vassals he
Issues his high command,
To wear the Cross of Calvary
And speed to the Holy Land.

There many a deed of glory bright
Proclaim'd his fame around;
And wherever there raged the bloodiest fight,
There, there was the hero found.
His name alone could appal the heart
Of the fiercest infidel—
But his spirit still groan'd with the secret smart,
That nothing on earth could heal.

He bore that pang thro' a long, long year:
He could bear that pang no more;
Nor glory's crowns, nor victory's cheer
That inner pang could cure.
A ship he sees on Joppa's strand
With all its sails display'd;
And he speeds away to his father-land,
By favouring winds convey'd.
And swift he flew to the castle-gate
That guards his angel dear:

Knight Toggenburg.

When O ! what terrible accents grate
 On his horror-stricken ear.
 " She wears the Veil so pure and blest,
 And is the Bride of Heaven :
 And yesterday was the marriage-feast
 In the holy convent given."

And he left, and left alas ! for ever,
 His father's castle then—
 Abandon'd his bright arms—and never
 He mounted his steed again.
 And the warrior's praise was heard no more,
 Unknown was the stranger's fame ;
 For the coarse, cold garment of hair he wore
 Conceal'd his noble frame.

At the end of the dusky Linden aile
 Where the holy convent stood,
 His own hands raised a humble pile,
 A hut of straw and wood.
 And there he watch'd from the morning's break
 To the evening's hour of peace—
 And silent Hope oft flush'd his cheek,
 As he sat in loneliness.

For hours and hours he speechless sate,
 His eye on the convent above ;
 Until he heard the window grate
 Of his Heaven-devoted love—
 Until he saw her shadow bright
 In the dark and lonely cell :
 In his eye, it fill'd the vale with light,
 Soft—pure—ineffable.

Then satisfied he sunk to rest :
 His spirit own'd no pain,
 But lived upon the hope so blest
 To see that shade again.
 And thus for many a day and year
 The tranquil Pilgrim sate,
 (Nor heaved a sigh, nor shed a tear)
 To hear the window grate—

Until he saw her shadow bright
 Soft—beaming from above,
 Filling the gladden'd vale with light,
 And purity and love.
 And so he sate, and so he fell
 A corpse all stiff and chill :
 His dim eye fix'd upon the cell
 Of his loved angel still.

ON THE WRITINGS OF RICHARD CLITHEROE.

MR. EDITOR,

Among the singular events which have happened in the history of literature, I know none more curious than that which has condemned to so long a period of oblivion the name and writings of Richard Clitheroe, one of the best dramatic writers of the reign of James I. I was fortunate enough, some months ago, to purchase for a trifling price the plays of this writer, in two quarto volumes : and this copy, as I am assured, is the only one at present extant.

The Tragedies of Clitheroe are six in number : Crichton ; Julius Cæsar ; Fortune's Fool ; The Unlucky Marriage ; Julian, the Apostate ; and Virginia, or Honour's Sacrifice. To these Tragedies is prefixed a history of the early part of the author's life, which is curious for the quaint simplicity with which it is written, and the interesting anecdotes which it contains of contemporary poets.

The following extracts from the first of these plays, the hero of which is the admirable Crichton, may enable your readers to form some opinion of the style and talents of this writer.

The first extract is from the commencement of the Tragedy, which opens with a dialogue between Angelo, a young nobleman of Mantua, and Father Ilario, tutor to the Duke's son. This worthy ecclesiastic had been despatched to Padua by the Duke, for the purpose of overcoming Crichton in disputation.

Angelo. Hail, holy father ! welcome back to Mantua !
What tidings bring you from the learned city ?
How sped your errand, and the Duke's desire ?
The lying voice of fame has been before you ;
And told us wondrous news : we heard that Crichton
Came off with greater fame at Padua
Than all that he had won at Rome and Paris.
Our noble Duke, I speak it to his shame,
Gave to his dull and hasty messengers
Too easy credence ; for I cannot doubt
That you have well sustain'd his confidence,
And taught this hitherto successful Crichton,
That, though a man may once or twice do well,
And win the palm in learned disputation,
He must not hope to overcome the world,
Which he, poor youth ! has all too rashly challenged.

Ilario. Oh, Angelo ! how often have I thought,
That, in the times of old, Heaven rain'd more largely
The shower of portents, signs, and prodigies,
Than in these latter days ! But now my mind
Is strangely alter'd. Who could have believed—
Had we not known it—that an unfledged youth,

With scarcely twenty summers o'er his head,
 No student neither, but one who, in the use
 Of arms, and every manly exercise,
 Outshines the ablest of our chevaliers—
 That he, without the aid of preparation,
 At Padua, in the natural seat of learning,
 Should find no doctor who could cope with him!

Angelo. None, didst thou say? Not one! But thou wert there.

Ilario. Oh! if thou lovest me, mention it no more;
 Or, if thou needs must speak of my disgrace,
 Oblige not me to keep thee company,
 And publish my own shame. Oh, fortune! fortune!
 But one short week ago, and I had then
 All that I wish'd of honour, fame, respect;
 Now they are gone, and I am less than nothing.
 Before this curst intruder came among us,
 No one had greater credit than myself,
 For any learning that becomes a churchman;
 And thence alone arose Gonzaga's favour:
 Now all too quickly will the flame expire,
 When the fresh breeze that fann'd it blows no more;
 And those that, in the tide of my prosperity,
 Have cringed the lowest to obtain my grace,
 Will be the first to spurn my alter'd fortunes.

The prophecy of Ilario is accomplished. Crichton arrives at Mantua, and Ilario's situation is taken from him, to be bestowed upon the new favourite. The following is the priest's soliloquy thereon:—

Heaven's curse be on them all! oh, wretched slave!
 Fool that I was! Where are my honours now?
 Gone—gone—all fled and vanish'd with the tide
 Of princes' gratitude! Smiles changed to frowns!
 And those attentions, that were once so servile,
 Now turn'd to cold neglect! Would I had lived
 And spent my days in some poor cloister'd cell,
 Where I had never known what fortune was,
 Nor ever had it held up to my view,
 Thus to lament its loss. Begone, vain dreams
 Of high preferment, and of bishopricks,
 The state of cardinals, nay even the popedom,
 And all that fancy paints to cheat the mind—
 Begone!—Hence vain delusions! Ye are all,
 Like the foundation ye were built upon,
 But air—no more—so light—so changeable.
 Would that you were as easy to forget,
 As lightly overthrown; but oh, vain thought!
 That cannot be—when I shall seek some cell
 To close my life, and be by all forgotten,
 Still faithful memory will present the picture

Of what I was, and what I might have been
But for a cursed chance. Be still, be still,
Ye busy thoughts, or you will drive me mad.

The next extract is a dialogue between Angelo and Ilario, in the beginning of the second act; where Angelo, for certain reasons of his own, persuades Ilario to revenge himself upon Crichton.

Angelo. (alone) Thank Heaven! here he comes. How
changed his gait,
Shame has bow'd down his head, and bent his neck.
His eyes seem reading lessons in the dust,
To shun men's looks.

Enter Ilario.

Good morrow, holy father,
Again well met—if we may use that term
In times like these, when gratitude has fled
Above the earth, as if to hide its face
From man's neglect. He seems to hear me not.
Ilario!—whither would thou go, old man?
In search of gratitude? men have it not;
And yet I lie; for, if I know my heart,
It bleeds for thee.

Ilario. Bleeds for me! Who art thou?
Poor gaudy insect! Painted butterfly!
My pride has had its full, and so will thine;
But let us go.

Angelo. And whither wouldst thou go?
Where is thy place of rest?

Ilario. I know of none.
When men have hell behind them, and within them,
Their thoughts will seldom wander.

Angelo. Dost thou feel
The poison'd sting of passion in thy mind?
Cure it as I have done.

Ilario. What grief hadst thou?

Angelo. Such as might make a wiser man blaspheme.
The young and old are moved by different toys;
But such as both feel equal grief to part with.
When we are young, our minds are turn'd to love;
For then the heart is pure, and seeks to find
A mate, but of a somewhat softer mould,
Whose gentle soul, apt to receive impressions,
Like a well-polish'd mirror, may reflect
His own thoughts. Or, at least, the blood is warm,
And loves to cool itself in beauty's arms.
When we are old, we cast off childish thoughts,
And seek new playthings. Then the thirst of power,
Greedy ambition, and the nod of princes,
That makes but to unmake—

Ilario. Oh, curse thy tongue!

Art thou not Angelo? I know thee now.
What wouldst thou have with me?

Angelo. Hast thou not heard
Of men, that, smitten with some sore disease,
Through Heaven's guidance, find a remedy
To cure the wound; and then, through gratitude,
Discover and make public the receipt,
For others' benefit?

Ilario. And what of that?

Angelo. But this; that such a medicine have I found,
And would to thee impart.

Ilario. Why, then I thank thee:
And yet with little credence in thy skill;
Yet tell it:—drowning men, they say, will catch
At straws.

Angelo. Then hear it in one word—Revenge!

Ilario. Thy remedy, in truth, is like thyself,
A painted sepulchre; outwardly fair,
Yet full of bones and rottenness within.

Angelo. Stop! stop! Thou wilt not leave me; nay, thou
shalt not.

I spoke it but to try thee: well I know
Thou lovest Crichton, as he loves himself.

Ilario. What! can the devil hide his cloven feet?
Thou shouldst be him; and yet thou hast them not.
Oh! if thou art a man, beware, beware,
Look to thyself. What! canst thou have a soul
Yet to be saved? and wilt thou seek to tempt
An old man, loaden'd with infirmities,
And tottering to his grave?

Angelo. Oh, fancy! fancy!

How thou canst blind men's views, and change their thoughts,
Setting before their eyes themselves and others
In strange misshapen forms. Consider, man,
Thou art Ilario, who, a week ago;
In glowing health, and fill'd with expectation
Of honours and success, set out for Padua.

Ilario. Didst thou say Padua? Cursed be that name!

Angelo. What happen'd there yourself must know the best,
It matters not to me; and yet I think
It was not *that* which caused your love for Crichton.

Ilario. Crichton! my love for him! Avaunt, thou fiend,
I see thy damned art! I would begone,
And yet I cannot move. Speak then, I'll hear thee.

Angelo. Not till your passion cools: I will not speak
Till you shall know me better. Am I Crichton?
Why, how that name torments you! Do you think,
Hating him thus, that you have left the power
To do him greater wrong? If this your hate
Be just, may you not stab him at the altar,

Or poison him, or take away his life
In any way you please, with equal justice?
If it be unjust, you may do all this,
And yet not sin more deeply than you have done, &c. &c.

The next quotation is a soliloquy of Ilario in the third act; when, in order to bring about his revenge, he has rendered the prince jealous of Crichton.

Begone, ye coward fears! these communings,
That men hold with themselves are never happy :
The seeds of overbearing resolution
Are found in action: this it is which gives
The thoughts their life and vigour. But when once
The mind turns inward, then the coward soul
Becomes diseased by preying on itself.
False doubts arise without a cause existing.
Then farewell confidence, and, oh farewell!
The careless spirit that on itself relies,
And is its own support. Thus it is ever,
And so it is with me. It is, you say,
Forestalling Heaven's justice, even if right,
(Which of himself no mortal man may do)—
Nay more, by false suggestions, leading those
That else were innocent, to what perchance
May turn out murder! Oh, I must not think :
These meditations will unfix my purpose.
Come, blood-thirsty revenge, with all thy train
Of sufferings endured, revilings, insults,
All that sharp-witted malice can devise,
Or patience undergo. Come, fill my mind,
And let me brood on you. Ay, now I feel
Myself again. Would it were always so!

The last quotation, from the third scene of the first act, is a soliloquy of Ippolita, the duke's daughter; and, to use the theatrical phrase, in love with Crichton.

Ah me! there is no softener of the heart
So sure as love. There is no power like it
Can play the tyrant in a woman's breast.
But some few months ago, and men were wont
To call me proud, and so I thought myself;
But now, alas, how altered are my thoughts!
Fain would I hide my weakness from the world :
Fain hide it from myself. Oh, vain attempt!
For what is passion if I feel it not?
Is it the throbbing breast, and kindling eye?
Is it the burning cheeks, or quivering lips?
These are its outward signs, and these I feel;
But there are other tokens, more than these,
That false love cannot feign, but true love suffers.
When he is absent—all the world of sighs

That burst unheeded from the beating breast ;
 The teasing restlessness, that neither books,
 Nor flowers that breathe perfumes, nor music's voice,
 Can lull to sleep : the oft-recurring image
 Of that dear form, still floating in our view,
 That the veil'd eyelids cannot shut from sight :—
 When he is present—then the anxious fears
 Lest pleased attention should betray itself,
 Or fearful consciousness should draw a blush
 From maiden modesty, and give it pain :—
 All these are signs that mark out my disease,
 The bitter longings of concealed love,
 That gains more strength by preying on itself.

The best criterion by which we could form a judgment of the merits of Clitheroe's tragedies, would be to compare these extracts with Mr. Lamb's specimens of the dramatic writers contemporary with Shakspeare. I am much mistaken if there be any passages among them all to be compared in poetic beauty to those which I have just quoted ; with the exception indeed of those exquisitely beautiful passages from Ford, which, compared with the general level of the tragedies from which they are extracted, may be said to shine like jewels in an Ethiop's ear.

In the tragedy of Crichton, the author has somewhat deviated from strict historic truth, in giving to the Duke of Mantua one daughter instead of two, neither of whom was called Ippolita ; and a second son, on whom he has bestowed the name of Lorenzo.

I purpose shortly to send you extracts from each of the other five tragedies ; and, what may perhaps be still more curious, from the author's own memoirs.

W. W.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Oh, unseen haunter of the greenwood bowers,
 Thy voice is like the last voice of the spring,
 Breathing of love fulfill'd, and blossoming,
 Of fragrance, and blue skies, and vanish'd showers.
 Thou chauntest over the sweet births of flowers,
 Like nurse or patient mother, who doth sing
 O'er cradled child her song unwearying,
 Ever the sweetest thro' the evening hours.
 Oh ! solitary bird, albeit not sad,
 Thy voice is less allied to joy than sorrow ;
 Less prophet than remembrancer, thy scope
 Embraceth yesterday but ne'er to-morrow ;
 Yet, tho' pale Memory be seldom glad,
 A truer fonder friend is she than Hope.

B.

LECTURES ON POETRY, BY T. CAMPBELL.

Continued from Page 15.

LECTURE I. PART 2.

IN concluding the former part of this Lecture, I remarked, that the term Poetry, in its extensive and philosophical meaning, applies to prose fictions, when they delight the imagination. But I endeavoured to discriminate the delight of the imagination, from that mere curiosity in the stir of existence, the gratification of which is the object of the great mass of novels. Fancied events and characters are not poetry, unless they present conceptions of Nature heightened above common-place, skilfully selected and originally combined. It is true, that fiction makes an approach to poetry, the moment that it represents scenes and incidents, and characters, with a story or drama possessing harmony of design; but the approach will be very distant, if a spirit be not also infused into the imitation of life, that shall make it seem like a magic vision of the original. The imagination cannot be said to be exercised, unless we are transported beyond reality.

I have also said, that Comedy, though it often conveniently dispenses with verse, is allied to poetry in its nature. There is no doubt that our comic emotions are less eminently poetical than those of our serious sensibility, and that the sense of ridicule rather humbles, than flatters, the pride of humanity. But ridicule is nevertheless a boldly fanciful power, and one that transports us out of all mediocrity of sensation. Nor is it unconnected with our perceptions of moral truth. The exaggerating medium through which it exhibits human follies, may not be compared, indeed, to the magnifying telescope, that makes us acquainted with the glories of heaven, but to the microscope, that amuses us with the plumage and panoply of the half-visible tribes of creation. It detects all the fluttering vanities in "*that little busy world, the heart of man.*" It possesses and carries us away in a torrent of gay enthusiasm. A total insensibility to the comic, though not a proof, is rather a suspicious symptom of the other imaginative faculties being obtuse. And there have been more absurd distinctions made by theorists, than that of Lucian's philosopher, when he discriminates man from ass by his risibility—*ὡς ἀνθρώπος μὲν γελαστικόν, οὐκ δὲ οὐ γελαστικόν*.*

* Lucian's *Βιωτ. Πραγμ.*

The consummate characters of comedy are great ideal conceptions, master-pieces of imagination, though their familiar mirth may make them seem our humble acquaintances. It is true that we hear, every day, of particular persons having been the real originals exactly delineated by the most humorous authors. But in proportion to the genius of such moral painters, we may venture to deny the possibility of their having copied individual portraits. Some eccentric person may have been generally in the mind of a writer at the time of his sketching an exquisite character, but only as a rallying point to the innumerable original traits of his imagination. Who would ask where Shakspeare found his Falstaff, except in the mine of his own invention?

At the same time, whilst the abstracting and combining powers of the imagination have entered into the invention of such characters, they appear to be individuals. Consummate art makes us forget that they have been invented, and gives them the free and familiar air of reality. The bulk of fiction-writers, unable to create imaginary beings of this description, take a shorter road towards individuality, by adopting individuals ready-made; and copy or caricature human nature, as it has the misfortune to fall in their way. Their readers feel some difference of effect, but are not always quite clear as to the cause of their being better pleased with ideal than accidental imitation. They have been assured of some village, or town, or family, where the most ideal comic characters, to a certainty, lived, long before and after they were so kind as to visit the brain of the genius that portrayed them; and mistaking hints for prototypes, they associate the idea of lively character-painting with the copying of a live man. The commonest novel shews them some feigned name, under which there is no more of human nature described, than what exactly tallies with the slander or ridicule attached to the neighbour whose intended likeness they recognise; and they are apt to imagine, that Le Sage and Cervantes had recourse to the same expedients.

We are rarely presented, in verse, with the same garrulous common-place fiction as in prose. The bad novelist is familiarly, the bad poet is loftily, tiresome. And, is indifferent verse, it may then be asked, more tolerable than the mediocrity of prose? No, it is a great deal worse. This circumstance, however, is an indirect argument in favour of verse. We must be pleased with it highly, or not at all. It is a noble instrument, on which imperfect execution is insupportable. The prose describer of life may, without disappointing us, abstain from any attempt to raise us above the ordinary sensations of life; and he, for the most part, only wearies us by its insipid dialogues. But the bad versifier disgusts us by adopting the token of an enthusiasm

which he either feels not, or cannot express, and by giving the emphasis of numbers to thoughts destitute of originality. The deepest bathos of expression is therefore to be found in verse, and for the same reason also its highest beauty.

In addition to harmony, the poet gives his language a degree of selection and refinement, which is not required in any species of composition, the primary object of which is not to delight the imagination. Cowper himself, who, with all the delicacy of his genius, dreaded the harmony of verse interfering with his inspiration, in the same manner as the old Presbyterians feared that correct psalmody might disturb their devotions, has nevertheless advised poets to use "*words exquisitely chosen.*" We shall, no doubt, misapply the principle of selection to poetry, if we suppose that there is a certain privileged class of words which are at all times to be exclusively chosen by the composer, and another class which he is bound, under every circumstance, to reject. The whole world of words ought to be at his command. But it is desirable that poetical expression should bring the least possible interference of mean or discordant associations; and in proportion as language aims at inspiring beautiful or elevated trains of thought, the attention of the mind is more and more awakened to the effect of words, and to the minutest collateral hints which they give to the associating faculty. In the intercourse of life, men's minds, quickened by passions and interests, acquire a considerable promptitude in choosing expressions which unite perspicuity to the understanding, with power and delicacy in touching or sparing our associations. And hence the poet should watch the utterance of individuals in their critical and impassioned moments. But he must not imitate the unpurified and accidental style of their discourse; for they have neither time, taste, nor circumstances, to make that style consistent with a high tone of the imagination*. The objects of Nature are assembled in poetry with ideal beauty; and in like manner, its language has a beauty beyond contingent reality. Still, an ideally beautified diction may be adapted to the lowest as well as the highest characters of existence. The resemblance of life is not lost in its ameliorated diction; nor are the peasants of † Home and Sophocles less natural, when they speak so as not to lower the tone of tragedy, than if they suggested the grossest ideas of clownish rusticity. In imagination, we view existence with a pure and

* Dionysius, of Halicarnassus, shews us how hostile the opinion of ancient criticism was to mean or trivial expression in poetry. Simplicity, however, is not to be confounded with that colloquial trivialness which the ancients meant by the term *λογαίδια*. Dionysius expressly ranks this among the faults of poetic language, when he says, *Μηδεις δε υπολαμβανεται με αγνοειν οτι κακια ποιηματος η λογαίδια δοκει τις ειρηαι.*

† *Viz.* in the tragedies of Douglas and *Œdipus Tyrannus*.

unlimited sympathy, over which those accidental circumstances which damp our enthusiasm in the real world, have no controul. Emancipated, in the pure region of poetry, from those checks on the impulses to feeling which distract us in real life, we give ourselves up to emotions that exhaust expression without being felt to exhaust themselves. They appear as if they justified our interminable enjoyment of them, and as if they were a light raying from our being upon infinity. But this is not our ordinary impression of life: its discourse is therefore, for the most part, adapted to a very moderated state of feeling, and its cast of phraseology is often constructed so as rather to conceal passion, than to convey it. It is marked by forms of courtesy and ceremony, by general expressions, and by many colloquial familiarities, which, if introduced into the language of imagination, could be by no effort of the mind dissociated from vulgar ideas. Even when men's thoughts are put into studied compositions which treat of the higher utilities of life, their general style will still be, in some degree, different from that of the poet; for, though they deal, like him, with moral truth, they deal with it in a more logical and literal manner. At times such prose writers will unquestionably be poetical, as all eloquence is allied to poetry; but they must cease to be closely argumentative, or instructive, in sober facts, if the character of their diction be uniformly imaginative. The only conceivable case in which a writer's general object in composition will justify such selected and supported beauty of diction as the poet's, is when he uniformly addresses the imagination in unmeasured language. In such a work, the style will undoubtedly approach very near to that of poetry. And yet I cannot help imagining, that when measure is dropped, the character of composition will always naturally decline into a less exquisite choice of expression, than when the composer's mind teems with thoughts that "*voluntarily move harmonious numbers**. For, when expression flows within the clear limits of harmony, its increased emphasis to the ear, and distinctness to the memory and conception, must expose the beauty and propriety of every word and phrase in a more trying light to our associations, than if we met them in unmeasured language. And there is many a clause which we should pass over quietly in a prose sentence, even addressed to the imagination, which would strike us as redundant, or insipid, in the form of metre.

Accordingly, in all languages, the character of measured and unmeasured composition has been different, both in boldness and refinement of expression. Peculiar licences have been granted to the former, partly owing to the vehemence of feeling which we associate with the flow of numbers, and partly owing to the deeper permanence of verse in our memory, rendering slight departures

* Milton.

from the ordinary structure of speech less obscure than they would be in prose. In speaking of such peculiarities of poetical diction, no one will dispute that they are liable to constant and extreme abuse in the hands of unskilful employers. But, because a thousand unmeaning compound epithets have been used by bad poets, shall we condemn such phrases as the *ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥρα* of Homer, or the *ἀλλοποδὸν ἵππων* of Pindar? Or can it be denied such expressions as the "rosy-fingered morning," and the "wind-footed steeds," are wholly above the tenor of prose? The pages of Milton and Shakspeare teem with so many similar phrases, that it is unnecessary to quote them.

From this opinion, that poetry has a right to unprosaic graces, it by no means follows that her right to them is at all times to be equally exercised. We shall meet with agreeable sentences in the best poets, as humble in diction as our ordinary discourse. But we are not on this account to identify the simplicity of poetry with that of common conversation, nor impugn her privilege of rising above it, because she can gracefully descend to its level. The ordinary language of life abounds in a greater proportion of general terms, than of images embodied to the fancy. But in poetry we wish nature to be not abstractedly, but picturesquely, intelligible. For the beauty of the universe is like that of a living being to the poet's eye. At the same time, whilst his sympathy attributes mind to the material world, his fancy, impatient of cold and general terms, clothes his own mental workings in the symbols of material images. Thus figurative language is doubly natural to poetry, from the disposition of enthusiasm to ascribe consciousness to the surrounding creation, and from its wish to convey thoughts in the most impressive and palpable signs. The necessity of man, it is true, probably more than his passions, gave a high degree of figurativeness to his early speech. But this is one of the characteristics which language loses, to a considerable degree, in the progress of its cultivation. Not only philosophy multiplies abstract terms, but words of figurative etymology come to be applied, without reference to their fanciful origin, which is forgot in their continued use, as the stamp of coins is effaced by long circulation.*

But poetry claims a right to revive, at will, the primitive figurativeness of human speech, as if conscious of her primogeniture among the arts of language. At the same time the poet also avails himself of all the richness and refinement, and even philosophical accuracy, which speech acquires by cultivation. His enthusiasm will naturally prompt him to body forth, in sensible images, many thoughts, which dispassionate language would con-

* Thus the word daisy is a thousand times pronounced without our adverting to the beauty of its name, so easily traced in etymology, viz. the eye of day.

vey in general terms. But his taste will also inform him, that diction may have too much, as well as too little imagery; and that the relief of plain and even abstract expression may have its place as usefully in poetry, as shade in painting. The attainment of that style, in which profound intellectual conceptions harmonize with the hues of fancy, is a gift which genius may be said to reach peculiarly by its own industry; and is frequently one of the latest fruits of a poet's experience. His quick sympathies with nature belong to him in spite of himself, and his mind is led spontaneously into deep reflections on life by the same involuntary sensibilities. But, in conveying them to others, he has the fresh task of raising their minds, by an instantaneous medium of communication, to understand nature with his own perceptions and feelings, which are above their usual habits of thought. When I justify the poet's attention to language, I wish not to be understood to mean elaborate zeal for trivial artifices, but the anxiety of genius to give its heart-felt observations of nature their utmost force and felicity of expression. Viewed in this light, the study of style is not searching for the means to weaken genius, but to guide and prevent exhaustion of its strength, and to save every portion of its inspired meaning from being lost to us by the medium of communication. There is danger, no doubt, in too strongly enforcing all general positions. That happy diction which makes us feel, in the perusal of it, that nothing could be added, and nothing taken away—who shall deny that it may sometimes present itself to the composer's mind in the very first heat of composition, and that it may afterwards elude all the anxiety of his research? It is equally true, that solicitude may produce affected and artificial phraseology, instead of that perfection of art in which Nature appears to speak with unpremeditated felicity, however deeply her best expression may have been studied. But let it not be forgot, that the art and the artificialness of poetry are different things, and that the most exquisite simplicity of poetical language is often produced by the deepest study. Upon the whole, shall we recommend the study, or the neglect of diction, to the poet, supposing him to possess original powers? Shakspeare will probably come to his recollection, who is said to have never blotted a line. Not on paper perhaps, but who can assure us that he may not have blotted thousands on the tablet of his imagination? A mind of such electric rapidity might study as much in ten minutes, as another in as many hours. A man, however, ought to be tolerably well assured that he is another Shakspeare, before he assumes this liberty. Were we to follow the inference that is sometimes drawn from mere tradition respecting Shakspeare, we might imagine that negligence is the parent of felicity in poetry. But Tasso, Ariosto, Dante, Virgil, Euripides, and

Milton, did not think so. And who shall despise that solicitous cultivation of diction, which they avowed and fervidly practised? Ariosto, the darling poet of imagination, it is true, carried his industry, in this respect, too far; for he shortened his days by toiling at the correction of his compositions. Virgil, without the eloquence which he thus attained, might have failed to perpetuate Roman glory; and Camoëns would not have otherwise given his country a rank among poetical nations—for the plan of the *Lusiad* is by no means admirable. Chaucer, for want of style, left the English language unfixed and barbarous for an hundred and fifty years after his death. Had the diction of Dante been no better, the history of Italian literature would have also been postponed. But the *Divina Commedia* is popular in Italy, whilst Chaucer's works are scarcely intelligible in England; for Dante's poetry gave a bulwark to his native speech against the ravages of time.

I am aware that, if I professed to offer an entire treatise on Poetry, it would be proper for me to enter on the classification of its different kinds—such as the Narrative, Dramatic, Lyrical, &c. But, consistently with the plan of the course which I have sketched out, I could appropriate only one Lecture to the treatment of poetical subjects in an abstract point of view; and within the bounds of a single discourse, I could not hope to include a satisfactory discussion of the character which belongs to those different classes of poetry. I pass, therefore, to another topic, which I thought might be more easily comprehended within my limits. This is, the connexion of poetry with human improvement—the influence which the poet's art receives from civilization, and the moral utility which it renders back to society.

The first branch of the subject may be treated in the shape of a speculative question, How far the continued progress of knowledge and philosophy is likely to affect the future character of poetry, and its influence over the human mind? The chief objection to such an inquiry, which I can anticipate, is, the undefined meaning which we attach to the idea of future human civilization. That objection, however, may be greatly obviated, if we only assume that degree of intellectual progress to be probable, in the future history of mankind, which is justified by the experience of their past improvement. We know that man may be too barbarous to be capable of relishing the arts of imagination—we know that a little civilization is sufficient to awaken his poetical powers—we know that, in a long lapse of ages, he has improved in every thing more than in poetry—and there are circumstances, accompanying the general diffusion of knowledge, which will at least warrant the statement of a question, Whether they are propitious, or not, to the production and enjoyment of poetry?

I am not a convert to the doctrine of those, who conceive the cultivation of Poetry, and the other Fine Arts, to be only an intermediate stage, in the advancement of the human mind, from ignorance and barbarism, to the utmost intellectual ripeness of which society at large is susceptible. But I will, nevertheless, attempt to state, with anxious justice, whatever seems to me capable of being alleged in favour of that supposition. To whatever conclusion we may be led, who would not fervidly wish the assumed probability to be true, when we speak of the moral improveableness of human nature? It is no Utopian construction of this doctrine to suppose, that the species, like an individual, must grow, collectively, better acquainted with their own interests, by age and experience, "whilst day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." We must suppose, that men will guard against relapses into darkness and superstition, in proportion as they feel the blessings of truth. The philosopher is the unquestioned guardian of this intellectual progress. But in the history of human improvement, the Poet's compositions, whilst they preceded all sober inquiry into moral and physical truth, appealed to passions that were interwoven with ignorance and credulity. Some civilization was necessary to call forth the art of Poetry; such as the human mind having recognised some vague religious feelings and the general laws of moral sympathy. It was also necessary that the aspect of society should possess some imposing artificial splendour, before it could be a fit subject for heroic narrative. But, when these circumstances had concurred, the birth of Poetry was complete. *Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade?* There are more refined sentiments to be met with than in Homer's works; but there is no author more absolutely a poet.

The history of Art is very different from that of Science. The first imitators of Nature revelled in the new occupancy of the field; and they speedily attained an excellence which, if rivalled, has never been surpassed. The materials of description which Nature offered to succeeding poets, if not exhausted, were at least partially encroached upon. Meanwhile, the very love of novelty in the human breast, which has led on the arts towards improvement, has generally given them, after they have reached to a certain point of excellence, an opposite impulse towards decay. In science, on the contrary, the accumulation of facts produces the means of simplifying principles; and all knowledge that is gained, tends towards the acquisition of more, just as the iron that is dug from the mine, in return, facilitates the work of the miner. And this is the case, not only in the physical, but moral experience of men. Is it possible to shut our eyes on the fact, that prejudices, which the philo-

sophers of a late age durst not discountenance, have lost their hold even over the vulgar? But philosophy and science destroy not merely those noxious bigotries which deform the uncultivated human mind; they also strike at the root of many innocent, superstitious credulities, which naturally blossom into poetry. A philosophically religious view of the universe gives an awful unity to our conception of its first cause, which lays prostrate the powers of fancy. As the motions of Nature are traced, they are more and more found to be regulated by immutable laws, which, when ascribed to one Omnipotent Being, give the mind but little disposition to dream of fanciful and subordinate spiritual agencies, interfering with the operations of the world. The poet however has been indebted, for beautiful subjects, to these "*demi-puppets of divinity*;" and if they had not been once the objects of serious belief, they probably would not have found their way to his imagination. Whilst man was ignorant of the physical truth of Nature, there was an air of familiar and impassioned agency presented to his mind, in all her operations. Her changes appeared to him the actions of separate and even capricious beings, and not the effects of laws on unconscious matter. The eclipse and the sunshine, the calm and the conflict of the elements, their whispers, their storms, and their echoes, had all a voice, or a vision, to his superstitious heart. The very solitude and silence of the earth were haunted, to his imagination. The caverns of the ocean seemed to be built by the hands of giants or genii. The voices of spirits were heard from the waves, and fairies sported on the yellow sands, or in the moonlight forests. Till philosophy stepped forth, and disenchanted all this illusion, even to the vulgar eye. There is now no more credit for the dapper elves. The daylight of geography pursues the poet in the locality of his subjects, so that he has no *terra incognita* where his imaginary scenes may remain uncontradicted by the traveller. Every natural phenomenon too is reduced to cold unpoetical causes. Even the pillars of Fingal's cave are expounded, by the hard-hearted mineralogist, on principles of chemical fusion or crystallization. To pursue the same train of argument respecting the influence of philosophical knowledge on poetical fancy, it may be remarked, that although we may enjoy a superstitious mythology, without believing it, yet we like it better when it comes down to us from a superstitious age, than when it is got up to the imagination, like a phantasmagoria at noon-day, by the poet of enlightened times which have survived such credulities. Should an epic author, for instance, at this day, attempt to revive the machinery of the Iliad, he would not, probably, find its gods and goddesses produce a very lively illusion. Whereas, when a Poet transmits superstitions coeval with him-

self, he gives us a picture of past existence, fresh with sincerity, and fraught with authentic character, like the—

" Prevailing Poet, whose undoubting mind
Believed the magic wonders which he sung."

On these grounds, namely, that Poetry may be suspected to exhaust her own resources in presenting reiterated descriptions of Nature; that some of the fairest flowers of Poetry have been put forth under the morning light of civilization, whilst it might be said of lingering credulities, that they "*shadowy set off the face of things*," and that the human mind, when it learns soberly to contemplate existence, sees the powers of magic exorcised, and superstition part with her charms as well as her terrors—on these grounds, appears to me to be founded the only possibility of suspecting, that the tendency of continued civilization is to limit, rather than enlarge, the influence of Poetry on the human mind.

In stating these arguments, I have spoken of the progress of Poetry *seeming* to exhaust the materials which external nature offers as subjects of description to the poet. I use the expression "*seeming*," because there is an appearance of such a fact without the reality. Sensible writers seem to me to have at times treated poetical imitation so much in the light of a material process, as to forget the perpetual and spiritual novelty of which it is susceptible*. Madame de Stael, when speaking of the poet's representation of the physical world, observes, "that the portrait can go no farther than the resemblance." In a certain sense, this remark is admissible, and, undoubtedly, the poet of a succeeding age cannot continually improve upon the imitations of nature made by an antecedent one, so as to render the resemblance of nature more and more striking and faithful; but still he may vary our impressions of existence by new and true likenesses. The objects of the universe are susceptible of varied combinations and associations with our moral feelings, to an extent which may almost be pronounced illimitable. When the poetical imitation of nature is compared, as by the eloquent authoress whom I have quoted, to the portrait of a single

* Madame de Stael has not absolutely argued the probability of Poetry decaying under the continued influence of philosophy; but she takes a view of the Poet's art, which, if admitted, would lead to that conclusion: "La Poésie proprement dite," she says, "est l'art de peindre par la parole tout ce que frappe nos regards. L'alliance des sentimens avec les sensations est déjà un premier pas vers la philosophie." But the language which should paint only what strikes our senses in external nature, without allying moral sentiment to physical observation, neither can be, nor ever has been called Poetry. In the Iliad itself, there is that first step towards philosophy, to which Madame de Stael alludes; not refined sentiments, but the strong and natural outlines of moral feeling which mark the poet's knowledge of man. But when philosophy is thus transubstantiated into art, does Poetry end where the knowledge of human nature begins? As well might we say of a picture, in which the laws of perspective and human proportions were accurately observed, that it is not painting, but anatomy and optics.

person, the illustration will deceive us, if it be literally understood. The features of the external universe have diversities of aspect, produced by time, by nature, and by circumstances, to which there is nothing comparable in the changing appearances of a solitary individual. The range of objects which poetry may convey to our imaginations, can scarcely be said to be limited, but by the extent of human enjoyments. And if we add to the diversity of things themselves, the different lights of association, in which the same objects may be viewed, not capriciously, but justly, by different minds, we shall probably conceive that a world, inhabited by active, impassioned, and perishable beings, must for ever be an inexhaustible emporium of materials to the poet. We may be reminded, that poetry attained an early maturity and beauty, beyond which she has never actually advanced. This fact, however, only regards the excellence of her individual works. Her collective variety has increased with the progress of society; and at every new epoch of human improvement, literature has enriched her casket with fresh gems of immortal lustre.

The benefits which Poetry has received from splendid and imposing false mythologies, form a more important argument on the subject. It may be doubted, if the enlightened imagination of man may always be expected to dwell with the same complacency on poetical resources, borrowed from ignorance and credulity. And one can scarcely help suspecting, that in proportion as the general religion of society becomes purified from superstition, (an event which no friend to religion will regard as visionary,) the gradual oblivion into which old traditions and mythologies must necessarily fall, will probably affect the character of poetry with regard to the *speciosa miracula* of her fiction. But, supposing the human fancy ceased to converse with exploded mythologies, still the active principle of imagination must remain alive, and it will only change the objects of its visionary enjoyment. The arts may rise and fall, but the powers of the mind from which they spring cannot be extinguished in the constitution of man, without a metamorphosis of his nature, or rather a disease that would paralyse one half of his moral fabric. And can this be expected from civilization? No. There is an indestructible love of ideal happiness in the human breast. Whilst there is a star in heaven, man will look to it with a day-dream of brighter worlds. As long as a mortal and imperfect state fails to "accommodate the shews of things to the desires of the mind," the optimism of our hearts will fly from the accidents and imperfections, to the ideal beauty and harmony of nature; and this is but another word for poetry.

The faculty of imagination, as Dugald Stewart observes, "is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of

"human improvement. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will be as stationary as that of the brutes." An art, or if that term be objectionable, a gift of language, which gratifies us by appealing to so important a principle in our nature, cannot but produce important effects, both on the character of society and of individuals. It is unnecessary to illustrate a remark so often inculcated by the most liberal-minded philosophers, that a quickened and cultivated enthusiasm for the objects of taste opens a field for the refined and redoubled enjoyment of existence. And as poetry is the most spiritual of all the pursuits of taste, and the least connected with the luxury of the external senses, it can be the least suspected of a tendency to enervate men's minds, whilst it cultivates their milder affections. At the same time, it has not escaped observation, that our imperfect natures are in this, as in every other instance, exposed to the danger of evil accompanying good. An imagination constantly absorbed in the ideal beauty and excellence of a world of fiction, may acquire a fastidiousness detrimental to useful pursuits, that must be followed, amidst the rough and dull realities of life. I cannot help thinking, however, that this fastidiousness is more likely to be the disease of a weak than of a strong imagination; and that the sympathy which enters fervidly into ideal scenes will throw itself, with proportioned energy, into actual concerns. At all events, those mental peculiarities which may arise from habitually conversing with imaginary objects, have little or nothing to do with the influence of poetry on society at large. They relate, if not exclusively, at least incomparably more to the poet himself than to his readers, whose minds may enjoy him sufficiently, with small risk of contracting the morbid habits ascribed to genius. The chance of poetry abstracting our sympathies so deeply into fiction, as to defraud society of one benevolent feeling that would be otherwise bestowed on real objects, can be a subject of apprehension to no man's serious thoughts. The danger, in fact, of the poet's command over our sensibilities, is not that it may transport them too far out of the real world, but that he may attach them too grossly to its enjoyments. And there can be no doubt that he possesses some power and responsibility in this respect, since, having access to the passions, he may, to a certain degree, pollute, as well as purify, those fountains of human action. The joyous spirit of poetry takes alarm and flight at the prospect of being subjected to the avowed purposes of utility and instruction. Her primary attraction is her delightfulness; and if any man should inform us that he opened a volume of the drama, or repaired to the theatre, for the sole sake of morality, we might reasonably suspect that his veracity was one part of his morals that stood in need of amendment. Nevertheless, moral utility may result from employments of the mind

which have pleasure for their object, in the same manner as bodily health may be promoted by agreeable exercises. It is of momentous consequence in the economy of life, that its hours of leisure should be rescued from listlessness, or corrosive humours, or sensual pursuits, and devoted to studies which, at least, engender no evil affections. How far the mass of novels answer this description, it is unnecessary for me to attempt determining. My opinion is, that if they increase the sum of human idleness, they mitigate its pernicious effects. But I have endeavoured to discriminate the dissipation of the mind, produced by common-place fiction, from its elevation and excitement by the true language of imagination. And if it be asked, what general security we possess, for the probability of the poet's talents being employed in supporting the interests of virtue, it may be answered, that the nature of Poetry itself forms a mighty strong-hold. Impurity is an anomalous mixture, in its character. In the same manner as the artist, in visible forms, regards all profligate hints to our associations as utterly foreign to the spirit of art; in like manner, the poet finds no sentiments fitted for the universal admiration of mankind, but those which can be delivered unblushingly from age to age. Hence the poets of barbarous times were the prophets of future civilization; and those of enlightened ages still impel our imaginations forward into conceptions of ideal virtue and happiness, that make us love to suppose the essence of our being to be immortal. It is therefore but a faint eulogium on poetry to say, that it only furnishes an innocent amusement, to fledge the lagging hours of existence. Its effects are incalculably more beneficent. Besides supplying records of human manners, in some respects more faithful than those of history itself, it upholds an image of existence that heightens our enjoyment of all the charms of external nature, and that deepens our sympathies with whatever is amiable, or interesting, or venerable, in human character. We cannot alter one trait of our bodily forms; but the spiritual impressions made on the mind will elevate and amend the mind itself. And the spirits that would devote themselves to be the heroes and benefactors of mankind, are not likely to be less cherished by the philosophy that restrains their passions, than by the poetry that touches their imaginations with humane and generous sentiments.

End of the First Lecture.

ANECDOTES OF J. MACPHERSON, THE ANCIENT FREEBOOTER
AND MUSICIAN.

MR. EDITOR,—You are, no doubt, acquainted with many traits of character peculiar to the *Gael*; and it is believed the following account of a gipsy freebooter will shew, how much the ferocity and meanness of his maternal tribe were corrected by occasionally associating with the generous mountaineers who countenanced him, for the sake of his father. James Macpherson, the subject of our memoir, was born of a beautiful gipsy, who at a great wedding attracted the notice of a half-intoxicated highland gentleman. He acknowledged the child, and had him reared in his house, until he lost his life in bravely pursuing a hostile clan, to recover a sprith of cattle taken from Badenoch. The gipsy woman, hearing of this disaster, in her rambles the following summer, came and took away her boy; but she often returned with him, to wait upon his relations and clansmen, who never failed to clothe him well, besides giving money to his mother. He grew up in strength, stature, and beauty, seldom equalled. His sword is still preserved at Duff-house, a residence of the Earl of Fife, and few men in our day could carry, far less wield it as a weapon of war; and if it must be owned his prowess was debased by the exploits of a freebooter, it is certain no act of cruelty, no robbery of the widow, the fatherless, or distressed, and no murder, was ever perpetrated under his command. He often gave the spoils of the rich to relieve the poor; and all his tribe were restrained from many atrocities of rapine by their awe of his mighty arm. Indeed, it is said that a dispute with an aspiring and savage man of his tribe, who wished to rob a gentleman's house while his wife and two children lay on the bier for interment, was the cause of his being betrayed to the vengeance of the law. The magistrates of Aberdeen were exasperated at Macpherson's escape, when they bribed a girl in that city to allure and deliver him into their hands. There is a platform before the jail, at the top of a stair, and a door below. When Macpherson's capture was made known to his comrades by the frantic girl, who had been so credulous as to believe the magistrates only wanted to hear the wonderful performer on the violin, his cousin, Donald Macpherson, a gentleman of Herculean powers, did not disdain to come from Badenoch, and to join a gipsy, Peter Brown, in liberating the prisoner. On a market-day they brought several assistants; and swift horses were stationed at a convenient distance. Donald Macpherson and Peter Brown forced the jail, and while Peter Brown went to help the heavily-fettered James Macpherson in

moving away, Donald Macpherson guarded the jail-door with a drawn sword. Many persons, assembled at the market, had experienced James Macpherson's humanity, or had shared his bounty; and they crowded round the jail as in mere curiosity, but, in fact, to obstruct the civil authorities from preventing a rescue. A butcher, however, was resolved, if possible, to detain Macpherson, expecting a large recompense from the magistrates: he sprang up the stairs, and leaped from the platform upon Donald Macpherson, whom he dashed to the ground by the force and weight of his body. Donald Macpherson soon recovered, to make a desperate resistance; and the combatants tore off each other's clothes. The butcher got a glimpse of his dog upon the platform, and called him to his aid; but Macpherson, with admirable presence of mind, snatched up his own plaid, which lay near, and threw it over the butcher, thus misleading the instinct of his canine adversary. The dog darted with fury upon the plaid, and terribly lacerated his master's thigh. In the mean time, James Macpherson had been carried out by Peter Brown, and was soon joined by Donald Macpherson, who was quickly covered by some friendly spectator with a hat and great coat. The magistrates ordered webs from the shops to be drawn across the Gallowgate; but Donald Macpherson cut them asunder with his sword, and James, the late prisoner, got off on horseback. He was some time after betrayed by a man of his own tribe; and was the last person executed at Banff, previous to the abolition of heritable jurisdiction. He was an admirable performer on the violin; and his talent for composition is still in evidence in "Macpherson's Rant," "Macpherson's Pibroch," and "Macpherson's Farewell." He performed those tunes at the foot of the fatal tree; and then asked if he had any friend in the crowd to whom a last gift of his instrument would be acceptable. No man had hardihood to claim friendship with a delinquent, in whose crimes the acknowledgment might implicate an avowed acquaintance. As no friend came forward, Macpherson said, the companion of many gloomy hours should perish with him; and, breaking the violin over his knee, he threw away the fragments. Donald Macpherson picked up the neck of the violin, which to this day is preserved, as a valuable memento, by the family of Cluny, chieftain of the Macphersons.

B. G.

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED OPERA, BY T. CAMPBELL.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrongs you 're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.
Rivals banish'd, bosoms plighted,
Still our days are disunitèd ;
Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
Now half-quench'd appears,
Damp'd, and wavering, and benighted,
Midst my sighs and tears.
Charms you call your dearest blessing,
Lips that thrill at your carressing,
Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
Soon you 'll make them grow
Dim, and worthless your possessing,
Not with age, but woe!

ABSENCE.

FROM THE SAME.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance,
It is not doubting what thou art,
But 'tis the too, too long endurance
Of absence, that afflicts my heart.
The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
When each is lonely doom'd to weep,
Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
Or riches buried in the deep.
What though, untouch'd by jealous madness,
Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck ;
Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness,
Is but more slowly doom'd to break.
Absence ! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath ?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,
The pain without the peace of death.

ON THE COMPLAINTS IN AMERICA AGAINST THE
BRITISH PRESS.

IT may not be known to all our readers that several citizens of America, addicted to writing books, or, like ourselves, to the less ambitious composition of periodical articles, consider themselves to be in a state of declared and justifiable hostility with the British press, for what they call "the indiscriminate and virulent abuse," which it has lately heaped upon their country; and that in consequence some very angry appeals and remonstrances, and retaliative effusions, have been sent forth, to expose the extreme injustice and illiberality with which their unoffending republic has been treated on this calumniating side of the Atlantic. The vanity, or at least the views, of the writers to whom we allude, seems to have taken rather a singular turn. Heretofore a self-sufficient and irritable author's first ambition was to create an extraordinary bustle about himself; and he accordingly, as often as the fit was on him, loudly called upon the world to become a party in his personal squabbles and fantastic resentments; but the present race of paper-warriors of Boston and Philadelphia, magnanimously dismissing all consciousness of themselves, are displaying a more expanded fretfulness, as assertors of their country's reputation: and lest, we suppose, their sincerity should be questioned, they have entered into their patriotic animosities with all the blind and morbid zeal, and all the petty punctilious susceptibility of affront, that might have been expected from the most sensitive pretender to genius, while defending his own sacred claims to admiration and respect.

If the questions at issue were confined to the respective merits of Mr. Walsh, the great American appellant, against the calumnies of English writers*, and our principal periodical reviews, which he so bitterly arraigns, we should leave the belligerents to fight out their differences in a course of harmless missile warfare across the Atlantic; but we can perceive from the tone of Mr. Walsh's book, and of his Boston reviewer†, that they have taken up the affair in a spirit far exceeding that of an ordinary literary quarrel. They have laboured hard to impress upon America, that she has become in this country the object of

* An Appeal from the Judgments of Great Britain respecting the United States of America. Part first, containing an Historical Outline of their Merits and Wrongs as Colonies, and Strictures upon the Calumnies of British Writers. By Robert Walsh, junior. Second edition. Philadelphia, 1819, 8vo. pp. 512.

† North American Review and Miscellaneous Journal. New series, No. 11. April 1820, Boston.

systematic hatred and contumely. Many obsolete questions have been revived for the mere purpose of exasperation, and discussed in a tone of the fiercest recrimination. We have hints, not of a very pacific kind, of the consequences that may accrue to England from her perverse insensibility to the merits of the United States. These topics and the inferences extorted from them, are throughout supported by considerable exaggeration, and occasionally, we regret to observe, either by direct falsehoods, or by suppressions that amount to falsehoods; so that were it not for our confidence in the better sense and information of the community which those productions are designed to inflame, we should expect to find every American that possessed a spark of national pride, burning to retaliate upon us, by acts of more substantial vengeance than verbal reprisals, for the insolent and unmanly sarcasms against his country that he is taught to believe has been of late the favourite occupation of English writers.

We profess to take a very anxious interest in all that relates to America. The Boston reviewer derides the notion of the endearing influence of consanguinity; but we feel it in all its force. We have not enough of his philosophy to forget, that the community which he is seeking to inflame against us, is principally composed of the children of British subjects—that our fathers were the countrymen of Washington and Franklin. We can never bring ourselves to consider the land of their birth as absolutely foreign ground. Many generations must pass away, and great vicissitudes in our mutual sentiments and relations mark the close of each, before a contest between America and England can be any thing else than what the late one was regarded, an unnatural civil war. We cannot but feel too, that the character of the principles and institutions that most attach us to our own country, is vitally connected with the moral and political destiny of the United States; and that in spite of the violent separation, and of any changes of forms and titles that may have ensued, the Americans of future times will be regarded by the world as a race either of improved, or of degenerate Englishmen. Entertaining these sentiments, we cordially unite with those who deprecate all attempts to excite a hostile spirit in either country; and with this view shall proceed to point out a few instances of the extraordinary and unpardonable precipitation with which the above-mentioned writers have levelled their sweeping accusations against the English press; and, for brevity sake, shall take the review of Mr. Walsh's book in preference to the cumbrous original of which it contains an analysis.

With the generality of our readers it might indeed be sufficient to assert, and to appeal to their own knowledge of the fact, that

in this country America is the object of no such sentiment as systematic hatred or contempt; but as the Boston critic has boldly cited some examples to the contrary, we may as well stop to examine how far his selection has been fortunate.

"It is well known (says he) that one of the most severe attacks ever made against this country in a respectable quarter, is the one contained in the 61st number of the *Edinburgh Review*;" and the writer (Mr. Sydney Smith) is classed among the "malignant contributors," to whom "abusive books of travels in America are entrusted," and who do not hesitate to gratify their feelings of personal animosity, and their jocular propensities, at the expense of truth and candour. We have this offensive libel before us, and we answer—

It accuses the English *cabinet* of *impertinence* for treating the Americans with ridicule and contempt, and dwells upon the astonishing increase of their numbers and resources as a proof that England and the other powers of the old world must soon be compelled to respect them. It *praises* the cheapness of the American establishments. It compares the spirit of the American and English governments in relation to the liberty of the subject, and gives the preference to the former.

It *praises* the simple costume of the American judges and lawyers, and is unsparing in its ridicule of the "calorific wigs" of our Ellenboroughs and Eldons. It commemorates the cheapness and purity of the administration of justice in America, and exposes the expense and delays of the English Court of Chancery.

The reverend and "malignant contributor" extracts the details of Mr. Hall's visit to Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Fearon's to Mr. Adams, both tending to increase our admiration of those respectable characters.

He agrees with Mr. Fearon that the indolence of the American character is a proof of the prosperity of the country.—He gratifies his "personal animosity" by expressing his "real pleasure" in citing Mr. Bradbury's attestations to their independence and hospitality, and Mr. Hall's, to the good sense and courtesy prevailing in their social circles—to their extraordinary liberality to strangers in pecuniary transactions—and to "the gallantry, high feeling, and humanity of the American troops;" and finally, the libeller vents some encomiums upon the religious habits of the American people, and the great respectability of their clergy.

Here is praise enough, one should think, for national vanity of an ordinary appetite; but Mr. Smith has had the arrogance to glance at two little facts, upon the first of which the Boston critic seems particularly sore—the scantiness of their native literature—and the institution of slavery, the greatest curse and stain

upon a civilized community; and this foul proceeding on the part of the reverend reviewer has cancelled all the merit of his previous panegyric.

We had intended to have taken one of the papers in another periodical journal which has proved equally offensive on the other side of the Atlantic, and to have given a similar summary of its contents; but the specimen we have selected of an article pre-eminently stigmatized for its injustice and illiberality, will be sufficient to satisfy every rational Englishman or American, that very little dependence is to be placed on those directors of public opinion in the latter country, who assert that it has been the subject of "indiscriminate and virulent abuse" in this.

The North American Review, in a long episode, arraigns the English writers and politicians (including Mr. Bentham and Lord Grey) for their profound ignorance of some important peculiarities in the government of the United States. Assuredly, we may with equal truth retort the accusation, and express our astonishment that Mr. Walsh, and the conductor of the Boston Review, Mr. Everett, both of whom passed some years in England, should have returned to their own country, so singularly unacquainted with the most notorious characteristics of our constitution, and with the consequences as manifested in the political sentiments of our people. Did they never hear, that our frame of government was compounded of monarchical and republican elements? that these elements were in a state of ceaseless conflict? that every Englishman, who arrives, or thinks he has arrived, at the age of discretion, makes it a point to extol the one, and decry the other, according as his education, or temperament, or interests throw him into the ranks of either of our great contending parties? Are they not aware that in this fierce intestine war of opinion, which has been now for a couple of centuries raging among us, the highest personages of the land on the one side, and the most sacred rights of the people on the other, are daily assailed with the most virulent abuse and ridicule? During their residence in England, did Messrs. Walsh and Everett never throw their eyes over the columns of one of our ranting patriots, or over the antijacobinical effusions of a ministerial declaimer? Did they never pass by one of our caricature-shops, where kings and queens, ministers and oppositionists, judges and bishops, and every man, woman, and child, who has the good fortune to be of sufficient celebrity for the purpose, are regularly gibbeted for the entertainment of a people, who consider one of their most glorious privileges to be that of laughing at their superiors? Did these enlightened observers of British manners never discover that it is one of the customs of our country to tolerate all this, and that the most prominent objects of those attacks are, for the most part, among

the first to enter into the spirit of the joke against themselves? And if the United States of America now and then happen to come in for a share of the wit or scurrility that is going on, do they not perceive that it is in reality a tribute to her importance, and that she may safely leave her quarrel in the hands of the admirers of republics among us, who will not fail in due season to retaliate with equal venom, if not equal wit, upon some of the popular royal butts of the day—the Bourbons, or the Holy Alliance, or the august representative of what is most monarchical in the eyes of men, the Emperor of all the Russias. Surely a moment's reflection might have shewn them that on such occasions silence and good-humour are the only effectual weapons of defence, and that no wise and sober American should feel serious alarm for the character and dignity of his nation, even though a Scotch critic should make unreasonably light of Mr. Joel Barlow's inspirations, or because Mr. Sydney Smith's pen, in an hour of thoughtless gaiety, addressed some words of friendly admonition to the United States of America, under the homely appellation of "Jonathan." Yet such are among the provocations that have called forth Mr. Walsh, as the protagonist of his "calumniated country," that he may "if possible arrest the war, which is waged without stint or intermission upon its national reputation."

However irrational this extraordinary sensitiveness may be, we suspect that the secret cause of it may be easily discovered.

We have had occasion to mingle pretty freely with American travellers in this and other countries of Europe, and to study their sentiments and manners with some share of attention. Among them we found several who might be compared with the best specimens of the best classes of any community that can be named—accomplished gentlemen and scholars, who had crossed the seas for the honourable purpose of enlarging their views, and travelling down their prejudices, and whose conversation afforded infinite stores of interesting information and manly speculation. They were distinguished by manners happily composed of frankness and refinement, by great ardour in the pursuit of practical knowledge, and by a deep but temperate preference for the institutions of their native country. The greater number, if not all of them, have returned to America, where their rank and acquirements predestine them to share in the conduct of public affairs, and where we sincerely trust, that their better influence will prove a corrective to the baneful doctrines of such men as Mr. Walsh and his Boston coadjutor. But others, and we must add, the large majority, were persons of a very different stamp. They were vulgar, vain, and boisterous; their acquirements were common-place and limited. Their conversation was made up of violent declamations against slavery (*American monarchy*) and as loud assertions of the superiority of America

over all the countries of the globe. This latter feeling, pushed to the utmost verge of extravagant pretension, is (according to the concurring testimony of travellers) a prominent trait in the second-rate American character; and, when encountered either by argument or ridicule, or what is worst of all, by facts, seldom fails to provoke such angry remonstrances as those of the plaintiffs in the present action of slander against the writers of Great Britain. In their own country, indeed, this national prepossession, being rarely exasperated by resistance, does not always swell beyond the bounds of a buoyant and harmless self-complacency, a little offensive perhaps to strangers, but there the matter ends: it is only when an American of this class comes to Europe, more especially to Great Britain, and finds himself daily confronted by men who resolutely contest his claims, that his admiration of himself assumes the inflammatory form of unmeasured hatred and rudeness to those who have the audacity to prefer themselves.

This irritable and exaggerated self-love arises from a striking peculiarity in the foundation of an American's national vanity. Other nations boast of what they are, or what they have been—but a true citizen of the United States exalts his head to the skies in the contemplation of the *FUTURE* grandeur of his country. With him the pride of pedigree is reversed. Others claim respect and honour through a line of renowned ancestors; an American glories in the achievements of a distant posterity. Others appeal to history; an American to prophecy. The latter modestly calls on us to discount his predictions; and, on no better security, to hand him over the full amount in ready praise. His visions are like those of the Trojan prince in *Elysium*, gazing with anticipated rapture on the passing forms of his illustrious descendants. You must beware how you speak of a worthy native of Kentucky as the son of a respectable planter. No, no, "You don't catch the thing at all." He is to be considered and duly venerated as the great-grandfather of some immortal warrior, or legislator, or poet. This system of raising a fictitious capital of renown, which his posterity is to pay off (an invention much resembling our financial anticipations) is the secret of an American's extraordinary pretensions, and of his soreness when they are not allowed. With Malthus in one hand, and a map of the back settlements in the other, he boldly defies us to a comparison with America, *as she is to be*, and chuckles with precocious exultation over the splendours which the "geometrical ratio" is to shed upon her story. This appeal to the future is his never-failing resource. If an English traveller complains of their inns, and hints his dislike to sleeping three or four in a bed, first, he is a calumniator; and next, he is advised to suspend his opinion of the matter, until another century shall demonstrate

the superiority of their accommodations. So in matters of literature and science—if Shakspeare, and Milton, and Newton be named, we are told to wait—"wait till these few millions of acres shall be cleared, when we shall have idle time to attend to other things—only wait till the year 1900 or 2000, and then the world shall see how much nobler our poets, and profounder our astronomers, and longer our telescopes, than that decrepid old hemisphere of yours could produce."

This propensity to look forward with confidence to the future exaltation of their country, may, in the abstract, be natural and laudable: but when the Americans go farther, and refer to that wished-for period as one in which the comparative glory of England shall be extinguished for ever, they allow themselves to be betrayed into hopes at once unnatural and absurd. Let us admit that their proudest predictions shall be fully accomplished—that the day is to come, when the immense northern Continent between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, shall be all their own—an assemblage of contiguous circles of independent states, each a kingdom in itself, and the great federal compact, like a vast circumference, binding them together in strength and union—the whole the residence of countless millions of free and enlightened Americans. Let us imagine the time arrived when American fleets shall cover every sea, and ride in every harbour for the purposes of commerce, or chastisement, or protection; when the land of America shall be the seat of all that is most admirable in the eyes of men—of freedom, learning, taste, morals. Let us farther suppose, that when all these are "throned in the West," old England, sinking beneath the weight of years, and the manifold casualties by which the pride of empires is levelled in the dust, shall have "fallen from her high estate,"—in that day of her extremity, what is the language which an Englishman, remembering the deeds of his ancestry, might hold to an American, who should too exultingly boast of the superior grandeur of his country? Might he not truly and justly say, America has reason to be proud, but let her not forget the source whence she derived that original stock of glory which she has laid out to such admirable account. Who were the men that first tamed those barren tracts which have since become a garden? Englishmen.—Who laid the foundations of those capitals, now the emporia of commerce and of science? Englishmen.—Who taught you the arts of navigation, which have brought that commerce to perfection? Englishmen.—From what code did you first catch that spirit of freedom which achieved your independence, and has so happily preserved it? From the laws and institutions of England.—Where did your infant science and literature find their models of deep thought, of exquisite composition, of sublime conception? In the writ-

ings of immortal Englishmen, your ancestors and instructors. No, never imagine that the most splendid consummation of your destinies can give you an exclusive lustre, in which the name of England has no right to share. The bands of generous exiles whom in ages past she sent forth to be the founders of your race, were her sons, and carried the elements of grandeur within them. In every stage of their adventurous career, the genius of their original country was among them, directing and consecrating their efforts. You have a right to be proud; but you are also to remember, that what you make your highest boast, is, after all, the good old spirit of British freedom, of which you are the lineal inheritors. This is an honour of which no vicissitudes can deprive her. Let the name of England fade away from the list of nations—let her long line of statesmen, heroes, and scholars, and “the many wondrous things they did in their day,” be buried in oblivion—still, as long as an empire of Americans survives, speaking her language, cherishing her institutions, and emulating her example, her name shall be pronounced with veneration throughout the world, and her memory be celebrated by a glorious monument.

Before we conclude, we cannot refrain from adverting to one curious topic introduced by the Boston reviewer, upon which he enlarges, with considerable warmth, through half a dozen closely printed pages—the comparative purity of the English language in the works of British and American writers: our readers will readily conjecture to whom the preference is assigned. The American stoutly maintains that we have no right to dictate to his country on this head; and that she is, and shall be, the sole judge of the words she shall employ, and the significations they shall bear. “That every innovation which has taken place since the time of Shakspeare, or of Milton, in the English language in England, should be recognised as authority, and every change which has taken place in the language in America, in the same interval, should be stigmatized as a corruption, (he) sees no good reason in philology or common sense: it appears (to him) mere arrogant pedantry.” Now really this quarrel about words seems, to us, to be silly in the extreme, and to betray, on the part of the writer, great ignorance of the subject he undertakes to discuss: certainly the current language of America is to be at her own disposal; and she is as free as England to circulate as many new, or call in as many old words as she pleases. But what will be the consequence of the capricious exercise of such a right? Why, that a particular standard of the language will arise in America, differing from the English standard, and which English writers and readers will not recognise to be authority. It will be in vain to tell us that the American innovations have “good reasons in philology and

common sense." The only question we have to ask is, whether our best writers and speakers have adopted them; and, if they have not, we of necessity pronounce them to be corruptions. The utmost concession we could make in such a case, would be to imitate the courteous Parisian's observation on a phrase of Dr. Moore's: "It is not French, but it deserves to be so." If these innovations proceed in either country to such an extent as to cause a material difference between the languages, how idle to ask which is the better English. The better English will always be the English of the British court and senate, and of distinguished British authors; while the language of America, with all its appeals to "philology and common sense," must submit to be termed a dialect.

If America be ambitious of forming a language that shall rival or supersede the parent-tongue, there is indeed one (and only one) mode of accomplishing her object; but that she will find to be a work of far more difficulty than the Boston reviewer appears to have suspected.

When we speak of the period at which a language becomes *fixed*, we seldom annex a very definite or accurate meaning to the expression. Its more ordinary signification we imagine to be, that in grammatical correctness, in elegance, and in strength, the language has then arrived at its acmè of perfection: but, in this point of view, we are too apt to confine our attention to certain inherent qualities in the language, which, having attained a particular point, are supposed to be incapable of farther improvement. The true mode, however, of considering the question is, to advert to the genius of the writers who have thus far moulded the language to their purposes. The greatest writers in any language, let them appear when they will, fix that language; that is, they leave in their works models of *thought* and composition, which their successors cannot surpass, and which are, for that reason, ever after referred to as standards of unequalled excellence. They become the manuals of students, or, in other words, the *classics* of the language. Now when we say, that those writers fix their language, we in reality mean, that the mind of their country reaches, in their persons, its highest point. The Greek tongue was fixed by a group of writers who flourished about the time of Socrates; but, had the freedom of Athens continued, and her intellect advanced—had a race of authors in after-times sprung up, more eloquent than Demosthenes, more profound and imaginative than Plato, more elegantly flowing than Xenophon—no matter how many innovations the lapse of years might have introduced, these latter would have been the fixers of the language; and innumerable words and phrases in the writings of their predecessors, which are now admired for their purity, would pass for obsolete or uncouth. But no such

event occurred. The genius of Greece could not survive her freedom. The successors of the classic age were not sparing of innovation ; but the mind that could have sanctified the changes was wanting, and that noble language which, in its better days, had been pronounced to be a vehicle of thought " fit for the gods," became, in its latter periods, feeble, bloated, and deformed ; and, after dragging out a precarious existence, finally expired, some centuries too late for its glory.

Now, in this case, (or in that of the Latin language, whose history is the same) we can at once refer to an unalterable standard of purity : for the genius of those countries has run its course, and its highest possible attainments are clearly ascertained. Homer and Plato, Cicero and Virgil, are, in this respect, fixed upon an eminence, from which nothing but " the oblivion of all things " can displace them. But with a living language like our own, it is otherwise. While English continues to be written and spoken, no one can assert that it is absolutely fixed : our classic models, a century hence, may be very different from those of the present day ; and we must hope that it may be so, for unless we presume upon a deplorable degeneracy of taste in our posterity, it will be a proof that the mind of England gathers strength as it moves along. Deeply as we venerate the names of Shakspeare and Milton, we must not forget what a glorious event it would be in our history to give birth to spirits that could soar above them, and whose higher conceptions would require to be conveyed in expressions of yet undiscovered brilliancy and vigour.

But it is only by great writers that any permanent and authoritative innovations can be made. In order, therefore, to give a general currency to the fluctuations of our language that may take place in America, it is indispensable that she shall produce writers surpassing in genius every contemporary and preceding author of Great Britain. As long as the productions of this country continue superior, or equal, they will be resorted to by natives and strangers as the fountains of the language. Of this privilege America cannot deprive us by any sullen rejection of the novelties we may introduce, or by coining new terms for the uses of her citizens, with the pompous impression of " philology and common sense." Her language, to be entitled to precedence, must make its claim through generations of American writers, more divine than Shakspeare, deeper and more comprehensive than Bacon, more sublime than Milton, more " winning soft " than Addison, more tersely splenetic than Junius, and more excellent, in their respective kinds, than the many admirable masters of the British tongue that have followed, and (we trust) are yet to come—then may America, with some reason, contest our right to controul her phraseology ; but until that

period shall arrive, her critics must not be accusing us of "mere arrogant pedantry," because we make the language of our scholars and men of genius our standard of English diction, and are determined to exclude from our lips and books every obsolete or new-fangled dialect that may have local sway in Philadelphia or at the sources of the Missouri.

Should these and the preceding observations chance to fall under the eye of an American, he may, perhaps, imagine that we too have been indulging in offensive animadversions upon his nation; but we sincerely assure him, that we have no intention to offend. We think that America is doing wonders, and we most heartily congratulate her. We cannot for an instant doubt, that the formation of a great empire, resembling in its best points the best times of Great Britain, must prove an auspicious era in the history of the human race. A community, provided with ample resources against an endless increase of members, and enjoying a free bar, a free senate, and a free press, if true to itself, must do great things. But America is yet in her infancy, and must not, like a froward child, born to a great estate and the dupe of domestic adulators, immaturity assume the tone and pretensions of a riper period; she must be docile and industrious, and patient of rebuke that conveys instruction. She must not talk too much of her glory, till it comes. She must not make fine speeches about freedom, while a slave contaminates her soil. She must not rail at English travellers for visiting her cities and plantations, and publishing what they see. She must not be angry with Lord Grey for calling Mr. Fearon "a gentleman*;" and she positively must not be fretting herself into the preposterous notion, that there exists in this country an organised conspiracy against her literary fame. There is no such thing. For ourselves, we can say, that on a late occasion, we felt unfeigned zeal in offering a voluntary tribute to the memory of an American man of genius†; and that we shall be at all times ready to resume so pleasing an office; while, on the part of others, we can refer to the universal praises now bestowing upon the elegant productions of Mr. Washington Irving, as a proof that American talent has nothing to apprehend from the imputed jealousy and injustice of English criticism.

* "Gentleman, as Lord Grey calls Fearon."—*North American Review*.

† C. B. Brown.

WINTER.

THE mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,
 The church is deck'd with holly,
 Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen beam,
 To fright away melancholy :
 Icicles clink in the milkmaid's pail,
 Younkers skate on the pool below,
 Blackbirds perch on the garden rail,
 And hark, how the cold winds blow !

There goes the squire to shoot at snipe,
 Here runs Dick to fetch a log,
 You'd swear his breath was the smoke of a pipe,
 In the frosty morning fog.
 Hodge is breaking the ice for the kine,
 Old and young cough as they go,
 The round red sun forgets to shine,
 And hark, how the cold winds blow !

In short, Mr. Editor, winter is come at last—a mighty evil to the shivering hypochondriacs, who are glad to catch at any excuse to be miserable; but a visitation which, by those who are in no actual danger of dining with Duke Humphrey, or of being driven, from lack of raiment, to join in the exclamation of poor Tom, may very appropriately be hailed in the language of Satan, “ Evil, be thou my good.” The Spaniards have a proverb, that God sends the cold according to the clothes; and though the callousness and hardihood acquired by the ragged be the effect of exposure, and not an exemption from the general susceptibility, the adage is not the less true, and illustrates that beneficent provision of Nature, which, operating in various ways, compensates the poor for their apparent privations; converts the abused luxuries of the rich into severe correctives, and thus pretty nearly equalizes, through the various classes of mortals, the individual portions of suffering and enjoyment. In the distribution of the seasons, care seems to have been taken that mankind should have the full benefit of this system of equivalents. To an admirer of Nature, it is certainly melancholy to be no longer able to see the lusty green boughs wrestling with the wind, or dancing in the air to the sound of their own music; to lose the song of the lark, the nightingale, the blackbird, and the thrush; the sight of the waving corn, the green and flowery fields, the rich landscape, the blue and sunny skies. It appears a woful contrast, when the glorious sun and the azure face of heaven are perpetually hidden from us by a thick veil of fog; when the poached and swampy fields are silent and desolate,

and seem, with a scowl, to warn us off their premises ; when the leafless trees stand like gaunt skeletons, while their offspring leaves are lying at their feet, buried in a winding-sheet of snow. There is a painful sense of imposition, too, in feeling that you are paying taxes for windows which afford you no light ; that, for the bright and balmy breathings of Heaven, you are presented with a thick yellow atmosphere, which irritates your eyes, without assisting them to see. Well, I admit that we must betake ourselves, in-doors, to our shaded lamps and our snug fire-sides. There is no great hardship in that : but, Mr. Editor, our minds are driven in-doors also, they are compelled to look inwards, to draw from their internal resources ; and I do contend that this is the unlocking of a more glorious mental world, abundantly atoning for all our external annoyances, were they even ten times more offensive. That man must have a poor and frozen fancy who does not possess a sun and moon obedient to his own will, which he can order to arise with much less difficulty than he can ring up his servants on these dark mornings ; and as to woods, lakes, and mountains, he who cannot conjure them up to his mind's eye with all their garniture and glory, as glibly as he can pronounce the words, may depend upon it that he is—no conjurer. It is well-known, that in our dreams objects are presented to us with more vivid brilliancy and effect than they ever assume to our ordinary perceptions, and the imaginary landscapes that glitter before us in our waking dreams are unquestionably more enchanting than even the most picturesque reality. They are poetical exaggerations of beauty, the *beau ideal* of nature. Then is it that a vivacious and creative faculty springs up within us, whose omnipotent and magic wand, like the sword of harlequin, can convert a Lapland hut into the Athenian Parthenon, and transform the desolate snow-clad hills of Siberia, with their boors and bears, into the warm and sunny vale of the Thessalian Tempe, where, through the glimpses of the pines, we see a procession of shepherds and shepherdesses marching to offer sacrifice in the temple of Pan, while the air brings to us, at intervals, the faint sound of the hymn they are chanting. There was nothing ridiculous in the saying of the clown, who complained that he could not see London for the houses. Mine is a similar predicament in the month of June ; I cannot see such landscapes as I have been describing, on account of the trees and fields that surround me. The real shuts out the ideal. The Vale of Health upon Hampstead Heath deprives me, for months together, of the Vale of Tempe ; and the sand-boys and girls, with their donkies, drive away Pegasus upon a full gallop, and eject the nymphs and fauns from the sanctuary of my mind. The corporeal eye puts out the mental one : I am obliged to take pastoral objects as

they present themselves, and to believe the hand-writing on the finger-posts which invariably and solemnly assert that I am within four miles of London, and not in "Arcady's delicious dales," on the "vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France," or in Italy's "love-breathing woods, and lute-resounding waves." But when the fields around me are covered with snow, and fogs and darkness are upon the land, I exclaim with Milton, "so much the rather thou, shine inward, light divine;" and, betaking myself to my fire-side, lo! the curtain is drawn up, and all the magnificent scenery of classic realms and favoured skies bursts upon my vision, with an overpowering splendour. Talk not to me of the inspiration and rapture diffused around Parnassus and Helicon; of the poetic intoxication derived from quaffing the "dews of Castaly,"—"the true, the blushful Hippocrene,"—or "Aganippe's rill." Sir, I boldly aver, that Apollo himself, walking amid the groves of the muse-haunted mountain, never shook such radiant inspiration from his locks as often gushes from the bars of a register-stove, when the Pierian "Wall's End" or "Russel's Main," has had its effulgence stimulated by a judiciously applied poker; and as to potable excitements of genius, I will set the single port of Canton against the whole of European and Asiatic Greece, and am prepared to prove, that more genuine Parnassian stimulus has emanated from a single chest of eight-shilling black tea, than from all the rills and founts of Arcady, Thessaly, and Bœotia. I am even seriously inclined to doubt whether the singing of the nightingale has ever awakened so much enthusiasm, or dictated so many sonnets, as the singing of the tea-kettle.

December is the true pastoral month. For my part, I consider my Christmas summer as having just set in. It was but last night that I enjoyed my first Italian sunrise. I was sitting, or rather standing, with my shoulders supported against a chesnut-tree, about half way down the slope of the celebrated Vallombrosa, watching the ascent of the great luminary of day, whose coming was announced by that greenish hue in the horizon, which so often attends his uprising in cloudless climates. In the opposite quarter of the heavens, the pale moon was still visible; while the morning star, twinkling and twinkling, appeared struggling for a few moments' longer existence, that it might just get one peep at the sun. Behind me the tufted tops of the chesnut woods began to be faintly illumined with the ray; while the spot where I stood, and the rest of the vale, were still enveloped in a grey shade. Immediately opposite to me, two young shepherds had plucked up a wattle from the fold, and as their sheep came bleating forth, they stood on each side of the opening, singing in a sort of measured chant, alternate stanzas from the Orlando Furioso. They had chosen that part of the

8th book, where Angelica is carried, by magic art, into a desolate island; and in the pride of my Italian lore, and my anxiety to "warble immortal verse and Tuscan air," I was on the very point of taking up the story, and quoting the uncourteous treatment she encountered from the licentious old Hermit, when — a gust of cold wind blowing-in under the door of my room puffed out my sun, and a drop of half-frozen water falling from the ceiling upon my head, owing to the derangement of a pipe in the chamber above, simultaneously extinguished my moon! Ever while you live, Mr. Editor, let your parlour be an oblong square, with the door *in one corner*, and the fire-place in the centre of the farther end, by which means you will have two snug fire-side places, secure from these reverie-breaking draughts of air; and if before turning up your wind-pipe, you were just to take a look at your water-pipe, you need not, like me, be subject to the demolition of the loveliest sun-rise that was ever invisible. Such are the casualties to which the most prudent visionaries are exposed: but are the plodding fellows of fact and reality a whit more secure of their enjoyments? I appeal to every man who has really visited the classic spot from which I was thus ejected without any legal notice, whether a cloud, a storm, the heat of the sun, or some other interruption, has not frequently driven him from the contemplation of a beautiful landscape which he has in vain endeavoured to resume under equally favourable circumstances. His position, somehow or other, presents the same objects in a less picturesque combination; the day is not so propitious; either there is less amenity and richness in the light, or the tints have decidedly altered for the worse; in short his first view, as compared with the second, is Hyperion to a Satyr. Now mark the advantages of the fire-side landscape over that of the open fields. No sooner had I retrimmed my lamp, rendered doubly necessary by the extinction of my sun and moon; composed myself afresh in my arm-chair, and fixed my eyes steadfastly upon the fire-shovel, which happened to stand opposite, than the whole scene of Vallombrosa, the god of day climbing over the mountains, the chesnut-woods, and the spouting shepherds, gradually developed themselves anew with all the effulgence and exact individuality of the first impression. The sun had stood still for me without a miracle, and continued immovable until I had time to transfer the whole gorgeous prospect upon the canvass of my brain. There it remains; it is mine in perpetual possession, and no new Napoleon can take it down and carry it off to the Louvre. It is deeply and ineffaceably engraved upon my sensorium; lithographed upon the tablet of my memory, there to remain while reason holds her seat. To me it is a portion of eternity enclosed within a frame; a landscape withdrawn from the grand gallery of heaven, and hung

up for ever in one of the chambers of my brain. Neither age nor mildew, nor heat nor cold, can crack its varnish, or dim the lustre of its tints.

Fear no more the heat of the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

The "*exegi monumentum*," and other valedictory vain-glories of the classic poets, were very safe auguries, for they were either altogether unknown, or known to be true :

Both bound together, live or die,
The writing and the prophecy.

But I run still less risk in predicting the durability of my imaginary painting, for I can neither injure nor destroy it, even if I had the inclination. In all ethical, moral and didactic writings, how unceasingly are we reminded of the frailness and evanescence of human possessions—a truth which is inculcated upon us as we walk the streets, by those silent monitors, sun-dials and tombstones. Who ever read Shirley's beautiful poem beginning

"The glories of our earthly state
Are shadows, not substantial things,"

without a deep and solemn conviction of the utter vanity and fugaciousness of all mortal grandeur : without feeling that it was perishable as the reflection of the world upon a bubble ; insubstantial as the shadow of smoke upon the water. Such is the slippery nature of realities ; but who ever urged this objection against the imperishable visions of the brain ? You may as well talk of cutting a ghost's throat, as of cutting down any of the trees which I now see nodding in my ideal landscape, and which will continue to wave their green heads spite of all the mortgagees and woodmen in existence. Show me the terra-firma in Yorkshire that can with impunity make such a boast as this. Mine is an estate upon which I can reside all the year round, and laugh at the Radicals and Spenceans, while the bonâ fide landholders are only redeeming their acres from the grasp of those hungry philanthropists, that they may be devoured piecemeal by the more insatiable maw of the poor's-rates. Fortresses and bulwarks are not half so secure as my little mental domain, with no other protection than its ring-fence of evergreens. Is there a castle upon earth that has not, at some period, been taken ; and did you ever know a castle in the air that *was* ? As the traveller, when he beheld the Colisæum in ruins, remarked that there was nothing stable and immutable at Rome except the river, which had been continually running away ; so I maintain that no human possession is positive and steadfast, except that which is in its nature aërial and unembodied. With these

impressions, I should think rather the better of my theory if it were proved to be inconsistent with facts, and should assert more strenuously than ever, that the moral is more solid than the physical, and that abstractions are the only true realities.

But methinks I hear some captious reader exclaim—"what is the value, after all, of your ideal landscape? it is a picture of nothing, and the more it is like, the less you must like it." Pardon me, courteous reader. Some sapient critic, in noticing Hunt's story of Rimini, (which with all the faults of its last canto is a beautiful and interesting poem,) remarks tauntingly that we may guess at the fidelity of the Italian descriptions of scenery, when the author had never wandered beyond the confines of Highgate and Hampstead Heath. So much the better. He never undertook to give us a fac-simile of Nature's Italian hand-writing, or a portrait of any particular spot; but to present the general features of the country, embellished with such graces as his fancy enabled him to bestow: and unless it be argued that every local prospect is incapable of improvement, it must be admitted that combination and invention are preferable to mere accuracy of copying. As well might it be objected to the statuaries who chiseled the Apollo Belvedere and Venus de Medici out of blocks of marble, that they had never seen a god or a goddess. We may reasonably doubt whether the author of the Laocoon group ever saw a man and his three sons enwreathed by serpents; and we may be sure that if he had, and attempted to give a faithful and close delineation of the spectacle, he would not have succeeded half so well as he has. Such matter-of-fact critics might quarrel with Dante for never having been in Hell, and with Milton for not having visited Paradise before he presumed to describe it. Away with these plodders with scissors and shears, who would clip the wings of imagination! If we may snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, so may we snatch one beyond the reach of nature; and if I could be transported *in propria personâ* to the scene of my Italian landscape, I have little doubt that I should gaze around me with disappointment, and finally prefer the imaginary to the real scene.

From the operation of this benevolent system of equivalents, springs the variety of national character, which depends in a great degree upon climate. Luxuriating in the deliciousness of warm suns, cloudless skies, beautiful scenery, and a soil spontaneously fertile; the Italian finds happiness enough in his external impressions, and, considering the *dolce far niente* as the *summum bonum* of existence, suffers his spirit to evaporate through his senses, and dreams away life in a kind of animal listlessness. An Englishman is obliged to draw upon his mind for the gratifications denied to his body, and apply to his fire-side for the warmth withheld from him by the sun: hence the

two distinguishing traits of his character, mental activity and domestic virtue. It is astonishing that nobody has thought of constructing an Intellectual Reaumur, graduated according to the degrees of cold, and shewing at one glance how much literary talent may be calculated upon in the different capitals of Europe. Up to a certain point acuteness would increase with the rigour of the climate; and in all of the knotty and abstruse problems of metaphysics Edinburgh would be found at a higher pitch than London. There appears to be something in a Scotchman's brain equivalent to the gastric juice in his stomach, which enables him to digest, decompound, and resolve into their primitive elements, the most stubborn and intractable propositions. I should be disposed to assign to Edinburgh the post of honour upon this scale, and to consider this distinction as conferring upon it a much better claim to the title of the Northern Athens, than the fancied resemblance between the Calton Hill and the Acropolis. Farther north, both mind and body must be expected to degenerate; and I should no more dream of ideas flowing from the benumbed scull of a Laplander or a Kamschatkan, than of water gushing from a frozen plug. If my conjecture as to the influence of climate in forming the Italian character be correct, it may perhaps be asked, since the temperature has been in all ages equally luxurious, how I account for their ancestors having built Rome and conquered the world. He is no genuine theorist who cannot annihilate both time and space to reconcile contradictions. But I am not driven to this necessity, as I have only to adopt the theory lately promulgated by Mr. Galiffe, who because the grammars of the Russian and Roman languages are both without any article, and the foundations of some of the most ancient cities in each country are exactly similar in structure, boldly pronounces that Rome was founded by a colony of Muscovites. Braced with all the vigour of a northern temperament, they had time to extend their empire to the extremities of the earth, and rear the magnificent edifices of Rome, before they began to experience the degenerating effects of the climate. In fact they were only an earlier eruption of Goths and Vandals, and did not properly become Italians until about the period of the decline and fall. So far, therefore, from militating against my theory, they afford a beautiful confirmation of its accuracy.

H.

ON THE LESS CELEBRATED PRODUCTIONS OF THE AUTHOR
OF DON QUIXOTE.—NO. II.

THE events on which the Numantia of Cervantes is founded are described by the Roman historians, from whose relations a detailed account has been drawn up by Father Mariana, in his *Historia General de Espana*, lib. 3. cap. 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. The city of Numantia, which was situated near the sources of the Douro, in the vicinity of the modern Soria, successfully resisted the Roman arms for the space of fourteen years. After Quintus Pompeius, Marcus Popilius, and the Consul Caius Hostilius Mancinus, had successively been defeated and obliged to raise the siege, Publius Emilianus Scipio was sent by the senate to take the command; and being joined by the young prince Jugurtha from Africa, commenced the attack in the manner described in the play. He reduced the city by famine, and the conquest was considered of so much importance that he received the surname of Numantinus. The Roman forces consisted of about 80,000 men, and the Numantines did not exceed 4000, of whom the whole perished by famine or their own hands; for when Scipio entered the city, not a single inhabitant was found to grace his triumph.*

The play opens shortly after the arrival of Scipio at the Roman camp, and the first scene is between that general and Jugurtha, to whom he confides his anxiety, occasioned by the doubtful nature of the enterprise, the bravery of the besieged, and the relaxed discipline of the Roman troops. He expresses his determination to begin by curbing the licentiousness of the latter, and, on the entry of Caius Marius, commands him to assemble the legions, in order that he may address them. Caius Marius returns with "as many soldiers as," agreeably to the printed direction, "can be brought on the stage, armed *à l'antique* without muskets," (*los mas que pudieren, &c.*) and Scipio, ascending a fragment of a rock, harangues them at great length. We will not translate his oration, which, nevertheless, is sensible, spirited, and eloquent. He reminds them of the Roman fame throughout the world, and reproaches them with having tarnished it in Spain, by suffering, through their effeminacy and ill-conduct, the warfare to be protracted by a handful of men: he concludes by ordering the dismissal of all the concubines from the camp, and declares that he shall in future

* Lira says, "*tres mil contra ochenta mil,*" *jornad. 3. esc. 1;* but the above enumeration is that of the historian Lucius Florus, from whom the last-mentioned statement is taken, which differs however from the account given by Appian. "It was," adds Florus, "*triumphus tantum de nomine.*"—*Epit. Rerum Roman. lib. 2. cap. 16.*

expect every soldier to be subject to the strictest rules of discipline. As an incitement to obedience, and in the event of a successful issue to the war, he promises them large rewards. The soldiers gaze at each other in silence, and at length make signs to Caius Marius to reply for them, who does so in terms of the deepest contrition and submission, and with promises of future amendment, which the soldiers loudly confirm and swear to fulfil. Whilst Scipio is expressing his confidence in their protestations, two ambassadors from the Numantines are announced, and are suffered to enter into the presence of the general. They commence by stating, that their embassy is especially directed to him, (*el mas fuerte Cipion Romano, que ha cubierto la noche, ó visto el dia*) "Scipio, the bravest Roman on whom the night has closed or the day risen;" and, in suing to him for peace, they protest that nothing but the tyranny and exactions of former commanders had provoked them to attempt to throw off the Roman yoke; but that a general being now appointed in whom they can confide, they are anxious for amity, and they refer to the acknowledged valour of the Numantine warriors, throughout the whole of the contest, as a proof that it is not fear which inclines them to treat. Scipio reproves them for their tardy repentance, and dismisses them after a short altercation, vowing that he never will conclude a peace with Numantia, or accept of less than an unconditional submission. After the departure of the ambassadors, he expresses his determination to surround the city with a deep fosse, and reduce it by famine. In the second scene (and it should be understood that some time is supposed to intervene betwixt each scene) "a damsel enters, crowned with towers, and bearing in her hand a castle*, which signifies Spain." This allegorical personage, after describing the injuries she has suffered from the times of the Phœnician and the Greek invasions, exults in the glory acquired by little Numantia, but foretels her destruction by the wary artifices of Scipio. She mentions that the fosse is completed, and the city already in danger of perishing for want of supplies, which can only be obtained through that quarter where the waters of the Douro form her only boundary. She then invokes the mighty River to her aid. The Douro here enters, "with three other boys, habited as Rivers† (*vestidos de rio*) like him, who

* Whence Castilla or Castile.

† It is not said what the "habit of Rivers" is, but I doubt whether, even in these primitive times of theatrical history, they fell into so ludicrous an incongruity as that which Mr. Addison witnessed, not above a century ago, in the modern Athens (Paris,) where he saw an opera represented, in which the river Alpheus made his appearance with two attendants, as above described; the god himself wearing a full-bottomed periwig and plume of feathers, and his streamlets dressed in red stockings.—*Spectator*, No. XXIX.

represent three streams which unite with his waters." The Douro informs "*Espana*" that he has swollen his waves to prevent the Romans from erecting towers and trenches, but without success. He laments the fate of their beloved city, but consoles her by repeating the prophecy which he has heard from the god Proteus, that these very Romans shall be utterly subdued by Attila and the Goths, the future possessors of Spain; and alludes to the later victories of Charles V. and Philip II. in Italy, when Spain shall be the envy of the world.

The first scene of the second act discovers the Numantian chiefs seated in council. Their deliberation is long and interesting. On the proposition of Corambino, it is at length resolved to pass the fosse, and attempt to reach their allies, by cutting a passage through the enemy's camp. It is however agreed, that an experiment shall be first made to persuade the Romans to let the issue of the war depend on the individual prowess of two chiefs selected from the adverse armies; and that, in the interim, sacrifices shall be offered to Jupiter, to incline him to spare the city; whilst Marquino, a famous soothsayer and magician, shall use every effort of his art to discover her final destiny. In the second scene, two friends, Morander and Leontius, enter: the former is betrothed to Lira, but their marriage having been postponed till the conclusion of the war, the long protracted continuance of the siege has clouded the spirits of Morander, and stamped his brow with the impress of "hope deferred, the sickener of the soul!" For this he is reproved by his friend Leontius, who reminds him that, in the imminent danger of his country, it is his duty, as a good patriot, to forget every other consideration, and think only of her preservation. Morander answers with spirit, vindicates the honour of an enamoured soldier, and appeals to his conduct in the field. Several citizens then enter with preparations for the sacrifice; and a conversation passes between two priests on the evil tendency of the omens. The first priest has beheld "signs on the earth, and signs in the air"—the torch refuses to kindle, and, when kindled, the smoke verges towards the west, while the flame points to the east—the thunderbolt falls, and a troop of eagles in the air engage with birds of another species, and drive them to flight. At length a sheep is brought forward for sacrifice, when a demon rises from the centre of the stage, bears off the victim, and quenches the fire on the altar. The priests retire hastily, and in great dismay; but Morander and Leontius remain behind, and, after conversing on what they have beheld, a scene ensues, which we shall attempt to give at length, as in boldness of conception it stands distinguished from the rest.

Here Marquino enters, "clad in a robe of black cotton stuff (*bocaci*), with a black head of hair; his feet are bare, and around

his waist are hung three phials, each filled with a liquid, the first black, the second the colour of saffron, and the third transparent like water : he holds in one hand a black wand, and in the other a book. *Milvius enters with him : on their approach Leontius and Morander stand aside.*

Marq. Where say'st thou, *Milvius*, was that youth interr'd ?

Milv. Within that grave : we did interr him here.

Marq. Art thou quite sure thou hast not miss'd the spot ?

Milv. I have not, for I left this stone to mark it,
Where mourners with their tears bedew'd his grave.

Marq. What was th' occasion of his death ?

Milv. Misrule. He died for want of food.
Consuming hunger on his vitals prey'd,
That pestilence which hell has sent to plague us.

Marq. Thou 'rt certain then that neither sore nor wound,
Nor cancer, nor disease cut short the thread
Of life ? I say this, for my knowledge fails
Unless the body have its limbs entire,
Each organ sound and fitted to its use.

Milv. Three hours have pass'd since in this spot I laid him,
And left him here to sleep the sleep of death.
He died of hunger too, as I related.

Marq. 'Tis well, and 'tis a good coincidence
Which gives me means to summon from their shades
The evil spirits of th' infernal world.

Lend an attentive ear to what I utter :
Stern Pluto, to whose lot it fell to reign
O'er all the ministers of souls perverse,
I call upon thee in this fateful hour
To bid my wishes, though those wishes be
Abhorrent to thy will, in every part
Fulfill'd. Evade me not, nor stay till I
Compel by greater spells. Command that to
The corpse which slumbers here, the soul once more
Return, tho' gloomy Charon hold it in his grasp
On Acheron's farthest shore, altho' confined
By angry Cerberus, it must now revisit,
For a short space, the light of this our world,
And then I will release it to thy will.

And when it comes, let it come forth inform'd
Of all the issue of this murderous war ;
Nor be th' unhappy spirit mute, nor veil
The import of its words in phrase obscure ;
Free, unambiguous, bare as simple truth
Its speech must be. Why waitest thou to send it ?
Wouldst thou I use the accents of command ?
Disloyal spirits, raise at once the stone.
Say, ministers of guile, what hand detains you ?
What ! have ye not already given me signs
That ye obey my power, and do my bidding ?

Or would ye then provoke severer spells,
 Spells that are form'd to soften hearts of flint?
 Away, ye false, perfidious, lying crew!
 Prepare for harder suffering. Look ye here,
 Behold this steel that, bathed in Stygian dew,
 Has ne'er touch'd earth upon the month of May,
 With it I strike the stone, and wait to prove
 The force and power of this my incantation.

(Touches the point of the lance with water from the transparent phial, and immediately strikes the stage, on which fire-works must be let off, or a noise must be made by rolling a barrel of stones.*)

What! does it fright you, miscreants, that you shew
 Such signs of evident and strong dismay?
 What noises then are these? Appear, I say;
 Ye come at last, altho' ye come compelled!
 Lift up the stone, and shew to me at once
 The corpse that slumbers in the grave below.
 How's this? Why stay ye? Whither are ye gone?
 Why do ye not my bidding on the instant?
 Do ye deride my threats, ye unbelievers?
 Then be this drop, distill'd from Stygian wave,
 Your punishment. Water of fateful Styx,
 Brought on a night obscure, a night of horror,
 By the strong power that binds itself to thee,
 Which other power shakes not, absolute in hell,
 And him, who the first form of serpent wore,
 I do conjure by promise, prayer, and threat,
 That here he come obedient to my summons.

(Drops the water on the grave, and it opens.)

O, ill-starr'd youth, I bid thee now come forth---
 Behold the light of earth serene and clear,
 And leave those regions of eternal darkness,
 Where never yet was hour of peace enjoy'd;
 Unfold the tale of all thou saw'st below;
 Tell me whate'er thou art enjoin'd to tell,
 And more, if it imports, and thou canst tell it.

(A body covered with a shroud, and wearing a mask of a livid colour like the face of a dead man, here slowly rises, and, when it touches the stage, falls to the ground without moving hand or limb till its time.)

What's this? No answer? Dost thou not revive?
 Has Death return'd to seize thee? Then again
 I will awake thee to thy pain, for speak
 Thou must; and, as the same soil rear'd us both,
 Do not refuse to speak and to reply.
 But if in silence thou wouldst still persist,

* We have quoted all these stage-directions at length, as they shew us the expedients resorted to in times when that useful artist, a machinist, was not known within the walls of a theatre.

I will unloose thy tongue, and it shall pain thee.
 (Touches the body with the saffron-coloured liquid, and scourges it.)

Infernal spirits, will not this avail?
 Flow then, enchanted liquid, for my will
 Shall be as perfectly fulfill'd as your's
 Is bent to work me treachery and wrong.
 And were this body moulder'd into dust,
 A charm so powerful should unite that dust,
 And animate with fresh, tho' transient, life.
 (The body now begins to move and tremble.)

Rebellious soul, return to the abode
 Thou didst so lately quit.

The Corpse. Appease the fury of thy rigorous spell.
 It is enough, Marquino, 'tis enough
 To suffer torment in a world below
 Without thy tortures added. Thinkest thou
 It yields me joy to feel myself resume
 The shape of this brief, transitory life,
 Which, even as I awake, begins to fail me.
 No; rather do I feel a shuddering pain,
 Since Death will likewise re-assume his power
 To gain a second triumph o'er my life.
 My enemy will bear a double palm;
 He stands beside thee with the band of spirits
 Whom thou hast render'd subject to thy will.
 He stands beside in rage; he waits to hear
 The tale, the sad, sad tale I have to tell
 Of lost Numantia's lamentable end—
 Doom'd to destruction by the hands that should
 Be raised to save her—hands that are her own.
 No Roman-tongue shall boast a victory
 O'er brave Numantia, nor shall she o'er Rome
 Enjoy the late reward of final triumph.
 Friends still and enemies, no peace shall join them;
 A mutual rancour shall inflame their breasts;
 Saviour and suicide *her* name shall be,
 For on herself Numantia turns the sword.
 (Casts itself into the grave as it utters the concluding words.)

Adieu, Marquino; further speech the Fates
 Forbid me; and, although these words so strange
 Seem to be false, the end will prove their truth.

Marquino. O, fatal omens! signs of dire dismay!
 If such must prove the fate of all I love,
 Sooner than witness such a scene of horror,
 This grave shall terminate my life at once.

(Marquino throws himself into the grave.)

Leontius, Morander, and Milvius discourse for a short space
 on what they have just witnessed; Leontius thinks the whole a

magical delusion, but the two last are of a different opinion, and they take leave of each other, to communicate to their friends all they have seen. Here closes the second act.

The third act discovers again Scipio, Jugurtha, and Caius Marius. Scipio is exulting in the success of his plan, when a parley is sounded on the city walls, and Corambino appears, with a white flag hoisted on a lance, to make the proposal resolved upon in the Numantian council. Scipio derides their offer, and declares that the conquest shall not cost the Romans the blood of a single soldier more. Corambino, after venting a torrent of invectives, descends from the walls, and the scene is supposed to change to the interior of the city. The chieftains then debate; when Theogenes, after alluding to the failure of the experiment just made, as well as to the direful omens that attended the sacrifice, and the untimely end of Marquino, proposes, as a last expedient, to sally forth, and die on the field of battle: Corambino seconds the proposition, but fears that their wives may hear of it and interfere, as on a former occasion, when they cut their horses' bridles to prevent their departure; on which Morander observes, that their intention is already rumoured abroad; and this is confirmed by the appearance of four Numantian dames, who suddenly enter, each with a child in her arms, and leading another by the hand, accompanied by Lira. Their appeal is simple and affecting: "Why," says one, "would you set your lives upon a stake, and abandon us to death or violation? We would rather receive the first from your hands, than be exposed to endure the second by the enemy. I, for one, have made up my mind to die where my husband dies; and that will be the determination of every one among us, whose love is proof against the fear of death, and still remains the same in good or evil fate, in happiness or sorrow." The second continues in the same strain; and the third calls upon the children to declare to their fathers that they were born free, and would rather die by the hands of those who begot them, than live to be slaves to the Romans. "O ye city walls," she adds, "speak, if ye can, and repeat a thousand times: 'Numantines, liberty!'" Lira concludes the appeal in behalf of the virgins of Numantia. Theogenes replies with much ingenuousness, and in a tone of affectionate tenderness. He confesses the design they had formed, but declares that they will now abandon it, and remain with them in life or death; but to prevent the triumph of Roman cupidity, and to leave to future ages a glorious memento of their patriotism and constancy, he proposes, that a pyre be kindled in the centre of the city, and that every one heap upon it his goods and valuables. Further, to satisfy the urgent claims of hunger, he adds the horrible recommendation, that they should devour their prisoners. His suggestions are received with accla-

mation, and all hasten to put them into execution. As they are going out, Morander gently detains Lira. This scene and the following exhibit such dreadful pictures of human suffering, that we hardly dare venture to translate them; but part, at least, we will give, for the sake of the truth of the portrait, which admits not of a doubt.

"Morander. Go not so soon, my Lira, let me taste the only joy that gives me life in death;—let me gaze one moment on thy beauty, since Fortune takes such pleasure in my woes. O my sweet Lira, how that name strikes on my fancy with the tone of joy, and changes all my sorrows into gladness! What ails thee? Say, my soul's glory, what is it occupies thy thoughts?"

Lira. I am thinking how my happiness and thine are fleeting fast away, and that this siege will not close its destruction; for long before the war shall end, my life will have departed."

She then goes on to state, that her brother expired yesterday, and her mother died that day, whilst her own constitution is so enfeebled, that it will not be able to bear up much longer against the attacks of hunger. Morander passionately exclaims that whilst he has life remaining she shall not die for want of food, and declares that he will cross the fosse, and leap the Roman wall, seize upon some bread, and bear it off in spite of the enemy. She tells him he speaks like a lover, and tries to dissuade him from his resolution by representing that his life is of more service to the city than that of a feeble girl; but finding all her entreaties prove useless, she addresses him in these affectionate terms:—

"Lira. Morander, my sweet friend, do not go, for methinks I see thy blood-stain on the enemies' sword. Morander, my life's comfort, do not make the attempt, for if the sally be perilous, the return is much more so. If I try to calm thy noble spirit, Heaven is my witness, that I tremble not for my own personal safety, but for the loss I shall endure in losing thee. If still, my beloved friend, thou art resolved to execute this alarming project, bear at least this embrace with thee, to testify that thou bearest me with thee also."

They then separate, and Lira departs; when Leontius, who has overheard the whole conversation, comes forward. He begs Morander's pardon for the doubts he had before cast upon his courage, (see Act II.) and vows to be his companion, and to succeed or perish with him. A generous contest then ensues between the two friends, which terminates by their appointing to meet in the dead of night, to put their plan in execution.

The second scene is between two citizens, who describe the appearance of the funeral pyre, which is already raised to the skies, and fed every instant with added fuel from the riches of Numantia. While these are engaged in conversation, enter a

mother, with an infant at the breast, and leading a child by the hand.

Mother. Existence insupportable! O more
Than mortal anguish!

Child. Mother, will no one give us bread for this?

Mother. Bread, child? Oh, no! nor aught that we can eat.

Child. Then you will see me die of hunger, mother;
Give me a little bread, I will not ask
For more.

Mother. O child, how thou dost torture me!

Child. Will you not give me, then, some bread, dear mother?

Mother. I would, alas! but know not where to seek it.

Child. Why, you may buy some, or let me go buy it:
If any body will take pity on me,
Rather than suffer all this pain, I'll give them
The clothes I carry for a piece of bread.

Mother. (*To the Infant*) Why dost thou suck, poor wretch!
Dost thou not feel

Thou drawest from my famish'd breast a stream
Of blood instead of milk? Tear then the flesh
Itself to pieces---sate thee with that,
For farther on my weak and languid arms
Cannot support thee. Alas! my poor babe,
How can I hope to save you, when my flesh
Would hardly serve to yield you nourishment?
O cruel war, sole cause of all my woes,
Precursor of my death!

Child. Alas! dear mother,
Let us haste onward, for I think I'm dying.
The way does seem so weary, that, methinks,
It makes me feel more hungry as I walk.

Mother. My child, we now are near the resting-place;
Thou soon shalt throw thy burthen down, and cast
Into the flame the load that wearies thee.

We are now arrived at the fourth and last act. When the scene opens, the Romans are sounding to arms, and Scipio and Jugurtha enter in great haste. Scipio enquires the cause of the alarm; and, at the moment, Quintus Fabius enters with his sword drawn. He informs the general that two Numantines attacked the outer guard, and dashed through the opposing lances with such energy and resolution, that they forced their way to the camp. There they made an attack upon the tents of a particular commander, and killed six soldiers on the instant. He thus describes the resistless impetuosity of the onset.

Not with such swiftness does the bolt of heaven
Cleave through the air in momentary flight,
Nor blazing comet urge its fierce career,
Hastening along the brilliant fields above,

As those two warriors darted through our troops,
Bore all resistance down, and stain'd the ground
With Roman blood.

Morander and Leontius, for they were the desperate Numantines, hastened from tent to tent, till at length they met with a small quantity of biscuit, which eagerly seizing, they attempted to force a passage back to the city; but Morander only succeeded in the attempt, for Leontius fell pierced by a thousand swords. The scene is now changed to the interior of the city, whither the alarm has passed, and the Numantines are also sounding to arms. Morander at length enters, wounded and covered with blood: on his left arm he carries a little basket, containing some biscuit, likewise stained with blood.

"*Morander.* Art thou not coming, Leontius? How is this, my dear friend? How is it that I am here without thee? Speak, my friend! Didst thou remain behind? O speak—art thou still behind? Didst thou abandon me, or can I have abandoned thee? Is it possible that from thy wounds proceeded the stains which shew how dearly this bread was purchased? And is it possible that the wound which let thy spirit loose, did not deprive me too of life? O would that cruel Fate, in consenting to my death, had saved thee from this misfortune, and me from the greater misfortune of surviving thee! Thou hast proved thyself the truest friend; my soul shall soon follow thee, to plead its sad excuse: so soon, that death now warns me of his approach, ere I can convey to my sweet Lira this morsel of bread, this bitter morsel: bread gained from the enemy; but gained it has not been; say rather, purchased with the blood of two ill-fated friends.

(Enter Lira with some apparel, which she is bearing to the flames.)

Lira. Alas! What is this that my eyes behold!

Morander. What soon they will behold no more; so quickly are my woes hastening towards their end. See, I have fulfilled my promise, Lira: I said thou shouldst not perish for want of food while I had life. Ah! rather may I now say that thou hast food—more food than thou requirest, whilst I shall soon want life.

Lira. What dreadful words are these, beloved Morander?

Morander. Lira, appease thy hunger, whilst my life ebbs away. But this bread, stained with the blood which I have shed, will be to thee, my sweet girl, but a sad and bitter meal. See here that which eighty thousand enemies strove in vain to keep, and which was gained by two friends at the expense of two lives they each esteemed the most! And to prove to thee, Lady, that I have merited thy love, know that the price of these few crumbs of bread was the life of him who now is fast departing, and that of Leontius, who is dead! Cherish my affection with a fond return, for that is the only nourishment on which my soul would feed: and since in tempest and in calm my love thou still hast been, receive my body now, as thou receivedst my soul.

(Falls lifeless, and Lira catches him in her arms.)

Lira. Morander! my sweet love! What ails thee, dearest? Is thy noble spirit so soon cast down? Oh! misery! My husband is no more! Oh, last and bitterest of all my woes! Why wert thou, O Morander! of such surpassing worth; so brave a lover, and a soldier so unfortunate? Thou wentest forth, my husband, to preserve my life, and, in preserving my life, alas! thou hast caused my death. Bread watered with the blood, which for my sake was shed, to me thou art not bread—but poison. My mouth shall never touch thee, unless it be to kiss those stains with which thou'rt covered."

A youth then enters, who is Lira's brother, and to him she gives the bread, but he dies ere he can raise it to his lips. A female then rushes in, followed by a soldier with a drawn sword in his hand; she escapes from him, while Lira begs the soldier to plunge the sword into her bosom. He says, that although the Senate has decreed that all the women shall be put to death, he cannot find heart to take so sweet a life. She begs him, then, to assist her in consigning to the grave the corpse of her betrothed husband and that of her brother, and they both leave the stage, bearing away the bodies.

Scene the second discloses a female "armed with a shield on her left arm and a lance in her hand, to represent War, and with her comes Disease, *leaning on a crutch, and having her head enveloped in linen, with a sorrow mask on*; also, Hunger clad in yellow garments, and wearing a sorrow or livid mask; these characters may be represented by men, since they wear masks."

We have been thus particular in translating all the singular directions of the author, as we think these passages not the least worthy of notice in reviewing this ancient drama, since they are characteristic, in no slight degree, of the state of the Spanish stage, which was amongst the earliest formed of those in Modern Europe. Cervantes boasts, that he was the first who introduced these allegorical personages on the stage; but this, as the author of a little "Essay on Spanish Literature," published in London, observes, is not quite correct, since they were invented by the Marquess de Villena in the fifteenth century. The scene between War, Hunger, and Famine, is dull enough, and merely throws into description the incidents which we find represented in the other scenes. In the third scene Theogenes makes his appearance with his wife, two sons and daughter. He observes that he was the first to propose in the Numantian Senate that they should put to death their wives and children to prevent them from becoming slaves to the enemy, and that he will not be the last to yield obedience to his own enactment. His consort expresses her resignation to his will, but begs that she may die in the temple of Diana. They leave the stage, and two youths, named Viriatus and Servius, enter in haste. The former says, they are pursued, a thousand swords are turned against their

lives, and that he will conceal himself in a tower belonging to his father. He departs with that intent, but Servius declares he is so feeble that he cannot follow him; the latter runs off, however, on seeing Theogenes enter. Theogenes rushes in with bloody hands, and a drawn sword in each. He avows that they are stained with his children's blood, and entreats the Numantines to kill him. One, in particular, he calls upon to take up a sword and confront him, that they may each occasion the other's death, to which his antagonist agrees, and they repair to the funeral pyre, on which the survivor is to cast the dead body of his adversary. The fourth scene discovers Scipio, Quintus Fabius, and Caius Marius, surrounded by some Roman soldiers. Scipio remarks that all is a dead silence in Numantia; no sentinels on the walls, and none of the accustomed signals visible. These indications lead him to suspect the fact that the Numantines have laid violent hands on themselves. Caius Marius offers to scale the wall and discover the truth; to which Scipio consenting, the scaling-ladder is affixed, and he ascends.

Scipio. Raise your knee higher, Marius, higher still,
Cover your body and protect your head :
Courage! you now have reach'd the top,
What do you see?

Caius Marius. Ye mighty gods! what a sad sight is this!
Jugurtha. What is it then that moves you thus?

Caius Marius. I see one large red lake of blood, and thousand
corpses

Lifeless and covering all Numantia's streets.

Scipio. Is there not one alive?

Caius Marius. Not one, I think; at least, I do not mark
One living soul where'er I stretch my sight.

Scipio commands him to leap within the city, and offers to follow, but Jugurtha dissuades and induces him to await the return of himself and Caius Marius. Marius returns, and relates that the city is reeking with blood, and filled with dead bodies; in the great square there is an immense fire, fed with spoils and human offerings. When he reached that spot, he says, Theogenes was just on the point of throwing himself into the flames, and, as he fell, he uttered these words—

O glorious Fame,
Here is enough to fill thine eyes and tongues
In this great deed that calls for thy announcement!
Behold our flowers and fruits to weeds converted!
Approach, ye Romans, snatch your spoils from fire.

Caius Marius adds, that he traversed the whole city, and could not find a single person living to explain to him the cause of what he beheld. Jugurtha now leaps from the city wall, and declares that a youth is still living who has shut himself up in a

tower. Scipio observes, that one captive is enough to obtain him a triumph, and exhorts his soldiers to use every means to get that youth into their power. Viriatus, for he is the youth in question, then appears upon the tower, and proclaims that he holds the keys of the city in his possession. Scipio offers him mercy if he will deliver them up; but Viriatus says, that his clemency comes too late; for nobody is left to experience it; he vows that he will execute on his own person the decree of the Numantian Senate. Scipio offers him liberty, rich jewels, and presents of every kind, if he will yield himself prisoner. It is all, however, in vain; for, after uttering a spirited reply, of which the following verses form the commencement, Viriatus leaps from the tower.

All the revenge of all who now lie dead
Within these walls, just crumbling into dust—
All their just hatred, and their fair complaints
For treaties broke, and liberty infringed—
Each other cause of vengeance unexpress'd—
Now join and center in this single breast;
Numantia's wrongs are mine—her courage, too;
Think, then, how vain the hope to conquer me.

Scipio generously avows his admiration of the desperate effort of heroism which has closed the war; and, Fame entering, sounds her trumpet, and pronounces a funeral oration over the ashes of Numantia, declaring that she will spread her renown—

From Bactrus, even to Thule and the Poles.

Our readers will probably be disposed to reproach us with having presented to them a fac-simile of the Yorkshire Tragedy, or of Tom Thumb: but let it be remembered, that we are far from intending to cite this play of Cervantes as a model for dramatic composition. We bring it forward, partly as a specimen of the state of dramatic literature in Europe in the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, and partly because, leaving out of the question particular instances of extravagance and absurdity, which every eye will detect, we consider that it displays many indications of talent. If its incantations, wild as they are, be compared with the miserable conjurations in the *Faustus* of Marlowe, a contemporary production (and the production, too, of a man of more than ordinary genius), it will be seen that Cervantes has greatly the advantage, as respects the dignity of his spells, and the important occasion that calls them into action. We do not see how any critic of our own nation, on whose stage the charms of the *Weird Sisters*, and the awful questioning of the armed head in *Macbeth*, are witnessed, can find fault with the introduction of magic in *Numantia*. The horrible delineations of suffering by famine are less defensible.

But taking the play all in all, it has the merit of exciting strong sensation ; and, in this age, it will probably be seldom perused without suggesting a recollection of the surrender of Parga ; at which it is said, that every individual in the little band of heroes stood before the door of his habitation with a drawn sword in his hand, ready to sacrifice the whole of his family on the first appearance of the enemy, having previously formed a pile of their most valuable effects, and set it on fire, that their captors might find only a ruin.

If the drama, of which we have just attempted to trace a feeble outline, was adapted to rouse the proudest feelings of patriotism in the breasts of a Spanish audience, by referring to an incident which reflected such splendour on the annals of Iberia, but which had long since become a subject of history, the play to which we are now about to advert, was no less calculated to excite their sympathy, to provoke their pride, and to stimulate their sense of national honour, by presenting to them a story, not of past, but of present existence ; a series of delineations drawn from nature, exhibiting such a mass of suffering, and that too the suffering of their fellow-citizens, as must have tinged with the blush of shame the cheek of the proud Castilian, who shed his heart's blood in vain endeavours to subjugate a world, and yet tolerated the daily outrages of pirates and barbarians on the shores of his native plains, and on the individual liberty of his countrymen. It was an impressive lesson, taken from the romance of real life : the author described scenes in which he had acted a part ; his materials were facts, not fiction ; he was an historian, rather than a dramatist. Connected as these facts are with an important period of Cervantes' life, it is desirable that the reader should be informed how far the author of the " Usage of Algiers," and the novel of the " Captive," is the hero of his own tale. It is related by all the biographers of Cervantes, that, embarking in the year 1575 at Naples, where he had been some time stationed on the military service of Philip II., and purposing to return to Spain, he was captured by a Barbary corsair, and carried into Algiers, where he remained in slavery for the space of nearly six years. His master, whose name was Arnaute Mami, was an Albanian renegade, and treated his slaves with a degree of cruelty that was even proverbial in a land of task-masters. Far from sinking beneath the hardships of his lot, the spirit of Cervantes rose above them ; and he ventured such risks in attempting to regain his liberty, as rendered it probable that, to use his own words, " those people would not soon forget him." His concealment, with fifteen others, in a cave, and their recapture through the treachery of one of their associates, are to be found in every memoir of the life of our author. But the boldest of his projects was a scheme which he had planned for a

general rising of the Christians, to seize upon the town, and sweep those pirates from the face of the Mediterranean.

Azan, King or Dey of Algiers, was so struck by the temerity of his exploits, and so alarmed for their issue, that, to put an end to them, he actually adopted the expedient of purchasing the refractory slave himself, and kept him strictly fettered and confined. Father Haedo, in his Topography of Algiers, states, that Azan "used to say, that, as long as he held that lame Spaniard secure, he considered that his Christians, his ships, and the whole city were in safety:" nevertheless, such was the secret admiration which the unusual heroism of Cervantes awakened in the breast of this barbarian, that "he never ordered him once to be chastised, nor chid him with one hasty word."* He was ransomed, and returned to Madrid, as stated in our former number, in the commencement of 1581. It would have been surprising, indeed, if the achiever of exploits so novel and so chivalrous, himself a novelist, and, if not a chronicler, at least a friendly parodist of chivalry, had not, when like his great parallel he had recourse, for the means of subsistence, to the hand which contained the pen†, intermingled with the incidents of imagination, events which shamed the former by the boldness of their reality. We accordingly find that he dwells on these events with fond recollection, in his novels of "The Captive" and "The Generous Lover;" and, interwoven with the scenes of which we are about to give a brief abstract, he doubtless hoped that the spectacle of the wrongs, which, himself and his fellows endured, and which many more were then enduring, would raise the cry of retribution, and arm, as it were, another crusade against the power of the Infidel.

The dramatis personæ in "The Usage of Algiers"‡ may be thus enumerated:—

CHRISTIAN CAPTIVES.		MOORS.	
<i>Males.</i>		<i>Males.</i>	
Aurelio.		Azan, King of Algiers.	
Sebastian.		Izuf, a Renegade.	
Saavedra.		Bayran.	

* The Captive's Tale, *Don Quixote*, Part I. Chap. 40.

† N'havia mais sempre a espada, e n'outra a penna.—*Camões. Os Lusitadas Canto 7.*
This hand the sword still grasped, that held the pen.

‡ Mr. Sismondi translates the title of this play "La Vie ou la Condition d'Alger." We rather prefer the above as a more literal interpretation, meaning, we apprehend, by an ellipsis, "The Usage (or Treatment of the Captives) of Algiers;" at least the term is so applied throughout the play.

Dura esclavitud amarga

Trato misero intratable.—Act 1. Sc. 1.

And again, at the conclusion,

*este trasunto
De la vida de Argel y Trato fee.*

CHRISTIAN CAPTIVES.

Males.

Pedro Alvarez.

Francisco, a youth.

Juan, a boy.

Father. } of Francisco and Juan.

Mother }

Captive, not named.

MOORS.

Males.

Moqr, not named.

Aydar, a merchant.

Merchant, not named.

A Crier.

Females.

Silvia.

Zara.

Fatima.

Allegorical Personages.

Necessity.

Opportunity.

A Lion.

The piece embraces many incidents, but the chief interest turns upon the persecutions experienced by Aurelio and Silvia, a young married couple, who have been captured by the Moors, on a voyage from Spain to Milan. The history of their captivity is nearly similar to that of Ricardo and Leonisa, in "The Generous Lover," which we shall by-and-by have occasion to refer to. Silvia becomes an object of passionate love to her master, Izuf; and Aurelio is importuned by the solicitations of his mistress, Fatima. They meet at the house of Izuf, and, discovering that each is employed to seduce the other, they mutually agree to practise deception, by encouraging false hopes in their adorers, and thus to gain time till they can negotiate their ransom. In the interim, Fatima, the confidante of Zara, who has witnessed the obstinate refusals of Aurelio, has recourse to magic, which Cervantes supposes the Moors to have learnt from Zoroaster, in order to win him to the will of her mistress. By that strange mixture of different creeds, which we have seen displayed in "Numantia," she raises by her spells one of the Furies, through whom it is revealed to her that witchcraft has no power over Christians, who can only be tempted by Necessity and Opportunity. These then she invokes, but their allurements are exercised in vain upon the virtue of Aurelio. Azan, King of Algiers, having conceived some cause of offence against Izuf, ultimately causes him to bring his captives into the royal presence, and then compels him to dispose of them to him; offering at the same time to release them both, if Aurelio will bind himself, by oath, to repay him the moderate profit of *cent per cent*, on his arrival in Spain. Izuf's remonstrances are useless, and Aurelio has joyfully acceded to the proposal, when a captive enters with

the intelligence that two Brethren of the Holy Trinity* have just arrived with a sum of money to be applied to purposes of redemption. This is the general outline of the main plot; but, as the unity of action is no more observed than the unities of time and place, the play embraces several detached occurrences. In the first act, there is a long description, by Sebastian, of an event which actually took place at Algiers, and which was nothing less than the sacrifice of Miguel de Aranda, a Valentian knight of the order of Montesa, who was burnt alive by the Moors, in retaliation for a similar punishment inflicted by the Inquisition on a renegade of Sargel, formerly of Arragon, who fell into their hands. The adventure of Pedro Alvarez forms another episode. He communicates, early in the fourth act, to his fellow captive, Saavedra, a plan that he has formed for escaping by the sea-coast to Oran; and declares that he has provided himself with ten pounds of biscuit and meal cake, and also procured three pair of shoes for the journey. The same act, after a change of scene, discovers him in the desert, with his clothes torn by briars, his shoes worn, his courage failing, and his strength nearly exhausted by hunger. He offers up a prayer to our Lady of Monserrat, and a lion appears to guide and protect him on his way. Another episode is that of the Father, Mother, and their two Sons. They are first exhibited in the slave-market; and the Crier proclaiming a public sale, a scene takes place, from which, as it is one of the best in the piece, we will attempt to translate a passage:—

Francisco. (*To his Father*) Since our hard fate has doom'd us thus to part,

Let me at least bear with me, in my woe,
Your fatherly direction and commands.

Father. My son, I have but one command to give thee:
Live a good and faithful Christian.

Mother. Then let me speak. I charge thee, let not threats,
Bribes, nor allurements of enticing pleasure,
Nor scourge, nor blow, nor cunning artifice,
Nor any treasure, which this earth contains,
Draw thee, a renegade from Christian faith,
To yield thyself a convert to these Moors.

Francisco. Mother, if my weak powers their purpose hold,

* These two holy friars are not fictitious characters; they were Father Gil and Father Antonio de la Vella, to whom Cervantes himself was indebted for his redemption from slavery, by means of the funds deposited in their hands by his mother and sister, with the addition of a sum of money which Father Gil, who is eulogized by name in the play, had the generosity to borrow in order to complete the ransom. This appears from some very curious documents which were discovered and extracted from the Archives of Redemption, in the Convent of the Holy Trinity at Madrid, through the zeal and perseverance of Don Vicente de los Rios, who wrote the Life of Cervantes prefixed to the edition of his Don Quixote, published by the Royal Spanish Academy.

And heavenly aid be added, 'twill be seen
That threats are futile, and that bribes will fail
To shake the faith, in which my soul delights.

Crier. A pretty, obstinate young Christian this!

Now, I'll be bound that we shall find a way
To make him raise his hand and point his finger.*

These Christian youths are very coy at first;

But when the fit is over, they turn Moors,

And keep our creed much better than the old ones. *Jornada 2.*

Francisco, however, continues firm; but the Crier's prediction is fulfilled as regards the other boy (Juanico, literally Johnny), who re-appears, in the fifth act, metamorphosed into a complete Mahometan.

With one more passage we will close our extracts. It is from the scene wherein Aurelio is tempted by Necessity and Opportunity. There is something grand in the conception, wild and extravagant, as it is considered with a view to theatrical representation, which embodies an immaterial agency, visible to the audience, but invisible to the person acted upon, and appearing to prompt the suggestions that rise uncalled for—those suggestions of evil, which “into the mind of man will come and go,” like the dreams of Banquo,

“Cursed thoughts that Nature
Gives way to in repose!”

The phantoms have departed, and Aurelio thus soliloquizes:

Aurelio (solus). Aurelio, whither strayest thou? Where bend
Thy wandering steps their course? What hand conducts thee?
Wouldst thou indulge thy mad and wild desires,
And cast aside the fear of God for ever?
Can light and easy opportunity
So far provoke thy soul to guilty pleasure,
That thou wouldst trample virtue down at once,
And yield thyself a prey to wanton love?
Is this the elevated thought? is this
The firm intent, which thou didst vow to keep,
That no offence to God should stain thy path,
Though tortures rack'd the remnant of thy days?
So soon hast thou offended, to the winds
Released the anticipations of a lawful passion,
And taken to thy memory instead
Thoughts vain, dishonest, light and infamous?
Begone, ye base suggestions, far away
Each wish impure of evil! let the hand

* The action with which the Mahometans accompany their profession of faith: “There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.” For this note, we are indebted to the Editor of this play in the correct and neatly printed “Teatro Español,” published by Messrs. Boosey and Sons.

Of chaste and blameless love destroy the web,
Which the seducer strives to wind around thee.
The faith which I profess, that faith I'll follow;
And, though it lead to dark extremity,
Nor gift, nor promise, artifice, nor guile,
Shall make me swerve one instant from my God.

Such are the two plays of Cervantes. They were written ere the dramatic muses had shaken off their long slumber. They are literary curiosities, and, as such only, we present them to our readers. In the passages we have translated, we have sacrificed every attempt at poetry, and have only aimed to give the sense in a version as literal as the rhythm would permit: were we indeed equal to the task of perfect translation, we should despair of transferring to English blank verse the happy simplicity of the Spanish *redondillas*. We should be glad to tread still farther within the pleasing precincts of the Spanish drama; but in our next we must proceed to notice other productions of the author of *Don Quixote*, in that style of composition wherein he has few, if any competitors; and which the English public, who have successively patronised the translations of that most popular novel by Motteux, by Jarvis, and by Smollet, and republications of them in every form, from the splendidly embellished quarto to the humble duodecimo, have hitherto suffered to lie in neglect, and almost oblivion.

M.

ON THE CONFESSION OF IGNORANCE.

"WHOEVER would be cured of ignorance," says Montaigne, "must confess it." If every one were to act on the Seigneur's recommendation, what a strange revelation of ignorance would there be! In justice, however, to this most candid of all philosophers, who has stripped his heart naked with his own hands, and presented it without any covering, either of shame or falsehood, to the gaze of all posterity, it should be remembered that he has, with the strictest impartiality, declared his own deficiencies in knowledge. "Great abuse in the world is begot," says he, "or, to speak more boldly, all the abuses in the world are begot, by our being taught to be afraid of professing our ignorance." Accordingly, he tells us that people, who hear him declare his ignorance in husbandry, whisper in his ear that it is disdain, and that he only neglects to know the instruments of husbandry, its season and order—how they dress his vines—the names and forms of herbs and fruits—how meat is dressed—the names and prices of the stuffs he wears—because he has set his heart on higher knowledge. "They kill me," says the philosopher, "in saying so. This is folly, and rather brutishness

than glory: I had rather be a good horseman than a good logician." Seigneur Michael can afford to make these confessions, but how few are there among the common herd that can speak such truths without injury to their reputation—and ought they to do this? Nay, would it even be useful?

That ode of Anacreon, which describes the attributes which nature has conferred on different animals, might be well applied to the present subject; and it might be shown how the various species of knowledge are confined to certain individuals or classes of men. A Divine, for instance, if he were consulted on a point of law, might very well answer that he knew nothing about the matter; and the lawyer in his turn, if questioned in divinity, might generally reply, with too much truth, that he was wholly ignorant on the subject; and this want of information may certainly be acknowledged without any feeling of shame. The question, therefore, which Sir Thomas More, when abroad, undertook to argue against all the doctors and learned men of Italy, "*Anne cœvia carnea capta in vetito nemio sint irreplegibilia*," that is to say, "whether beasts of the plough taken in *withernam* are irreplevisable,"—was not a fair one, because no one could argue it but a lawyer, and he too an English lawyer. In fact, he might as well have propounded that very abstract and philosophical query "*Anne chimæra bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones?*" But when I enquire from a divine, whether I ought rather to tell a lie or commit a theft; or from a gentleman of the long robe, whether I am most nearly related to my paternal grandfather or my maternal grandmother, I expect to receive an answer; and if either the former or the latter is unable to give me one, I consider him as ignorant of what it is his duty to know; and if he scruples not to confess his ignorance, I say he is also devoid of shame. There is a certain degree of knowledge, which from the daily occupations of life, and from an intercourse with the world, it is almost impossible, that we should not attain: such is the knowledge of common substances and the general operations of nature; yet Montaigne, it seems, was ignorant of many of these things. You see this ignorance in children, and it sometimes happens that they do not lose it when of a larger growth. This continued ignorance proceeds from different causes; sometimes, and perhaps frequently, it is merely the effect of dull perception and slow observation; sometimes it proceeds from the want of proper opportunities of improvement, and occasionally it is the consequence of the mind being too exclusively devoted to one pursuit. An occupation, which necessarily directs all the rays of the intellect to one centre, must prevent them from being diffused over a more extensive field; and, in this view, I believe all professions, strictly pursued, tend to incapacitate the mind from higher and

nobler exertions. Lawyers are said to make bad statesmen and believe it. Their minds have been long accustomed to all the pettiness and minute accuracy of their profession, and they cannot embrace the magnitude of an important question. They are examining every part, when they should be attending to the great whole. A Bashaw will hold his arm in one position, until its power of motion is lost; but it takes less time to give a fixed habit to the mind. A man who is devoted to mathematical studies is seldom good for any thing else. In some instances indeed, a favourite pursuit will so absorb the whole intellect as to banish even common sense from the mind. I know a man in the lowest situation of life, an absolute pauper, who has applied himself with unceasing energy and perseverance to the study of languages, and to that study alone; and who might say with *Erion in the Muses, looking Glass*, "behold me, I have no more to needs, now, and shall I have any skill, it is to be mortified in languages." To confess truth, some of our own men would in their own proper speech instruct workmen to travel. All Europe, Asia, and Africa too, or at least, all the world, but in America and the new-found world, we have a very much fear there be some languages, that would go near to puzzle me. And yet this man, who reads the Chaldee and Hebrew, who speaks almost all the modern languages of Europe, and who has acquired all his knowledge by his own unassisted exertions, is so devoid of common sense that he will almost attempt to walk through the wall. Can it be that his mind has been so passionately devoted to these acquisitions as to prevent him from giving his attention to any other objects? But let us examine a little more narrowly Montaigne's advice to confess our ignorance. If ignorance be shameful, and shameful is in where a man has had opportunities of getting rid of it; or where, by his profession, he holds himself out to the world as possessing knowledge which in fact he has not; then I cannot conceive why a man should confess it. I acknowledge that if there were no other way of acquiring information than by exposting, but want of it; such an exposure would then become necessary, and one should submit to it, as one does to any other inevitable necessity; but, in this age of books and book-makers, a man may with infinitely greater ease acquire more satisfactory information from consulting his library than by applying to any living Cyclopaedia. If I go and consult a book, it does not despise me for my want of knowledge—it does not laugh, or curl the corners of its mouth in good-natured contempt—it does not expose me—it does not humiliate myself before it—I do not pray to be instructed; and when I have gained my information, I am under no obligation to it, seeing that when it came into my pos-

session, I paid for it the price it was worth. By the by, this is the great advantage of books; that they are both deaf and dumb; and that they never interrupt you or give you advice. My books are my companions, and I enjoy their society in the same way as I do that of my friends; except that I have never the trouble of talking, and that they are always good-humoured and complaisant; and rather more instructive than most of my other acquaintances. I have always found them the most faithful friends; they never desert you in your extremity, but always afford either philosophy to enable one to bear, or amusement to seduce one from the contemplation of pain. I cannot say with Cicero that I am not like those who are ashamed to confess their ignorance, *Nec me pudet at istos, fateri meisse, quod nesciam*, for I should be very much ashamed to do so; and I scarcely know when I have more severely felt what may truly be called shame, than when I have been found wanting in something which I ought to have known; and I have always thought this sensation of shame the strongest spur to the acquisition of knowledge. So forcibly do I feel this sentiment, that I am always ashamed when another man is exposing his ignorance in my presence. If it be not shameful to confess your ignorance, then ignorance itself is not shameful. To keep it out of the sight of the world is not to assume a virtue without possessing it; it is merely to conceal a vice; and I never yet heard that it was laudable in a man to declare his own faults. Perhaps it is not worth while to conceal it studiously and industriously; far less should a man resort to falsehood to avoid such an exposure. It is however a thing which should be kept in the back-ground, and never forced on the view and attention of others. This is very different from pretension to knowledge, which, like every other species of hypocrisy, is wholly detestable, and to be abjured. If people choose to judge of my knowledge on one subject from my information on another, it is their fault, and not mine; I never pretended to know any thing about the matter; and if they are good and foolish enough to think I do, though it would not become me to assist in the deception by a pretension to knowledge, yet it certainly is not my duty to tell them, uncalled on, that I am entirely ignorant on the subject.

How many persons are there, if this rule should be put into execution, who might answer with the gentleman in the New Whig Guide, when questioned respecting their information on any point, that they are "wholly ignorant and uninformed on that and all other subjects." The assertion would probably be very true; but what would be the utility of it? As for myself, I cannot say with the gentleman just mentioned, that "I am not such a fool as I am generally supposed to be;" for I am persuaded that I have credit for quite as much sense as I actually

possess, and in many cases I have found that people think I have more knowledge than I really have. I have never deceived them, and I never will: the only sentiment I feel on such occasions is a desire to justify their opinions. I think it is Mungo Park, who says, in his *Travels*, that he has suffered more than he will ever tell: like him I say, I am more ignorant than I will ever tell. He is a bungler indeed, who cannot, in this age of shallowness and skin-deep learning, travel through the world without exposing himself. There are a thousand royal roads to superficial knowledge. It does not require much to make a man's intellect passable: if he will only read the reviews, he will be very well qualified for general society. A German scholar reads about sixteen hours a day on an average; if an English gentleman will devote the same portion of time every month to learning, he may cut a very respectable figure. It is a shame, where knowledge is so cheap, that any man should confess that he has not a competent share of it. He may read both the Quarterly and the Edinburgh Reviews for fourpence, and then he is qualified to talk with the learned of the land. To prevent yourself from exposing your ignorance is not, after all, a difficult task. Πόλλας ἡ γλῶττα κτενέει τὴν διανοίαν, says Isocrates, the tongue outstrips the judgment very often; if you are silent, nobody knows that you could not say something very much to the purpose. When Megabyzus paid a visit to Apelles in his painting-room, he stood gazing on the pictures for some time without speaking, but at last he began to give his opinion on the painter's labours. Apelles could not brook this, and exclaimed, "While thou wast silent, I thought thee some extraordinary person by thy chain and thy rich habits; but now that we have heard thee speak, there is not the meanest boy in my shop that does not despise thee." Pythagoras enjoined silence to his disciples, not so much that they might acquire knowledge, for that is generally gained by free communication, but that they might not expose themselves by betraying their ignorance. May it not be the case that women in general are reputed to possess inferior intellects to men, merely because, by talking more than men, they more frequently display their deficiencies in knowledge? Let the foundation of this argument should be denied, I beg leave to quote a passage or two from the late ingenious Doctor Currie, which clearly prove that women are of a more garrulous nature than men. "Female occupations," says he in his *Life of Burns*, "require much use of speech, because they are duties in detail. Besides, their occupations being generally sedentary, the respiration is left at liberty. Their nerves being more delicate, their sensibility as well as fancy is more lively; the consequence of which is a more frequent utterance of thought, a greater fluency of speech, and a distinct articulation at an

earlier age." It is therefore more in appearance than in reality. I conjecture that men and women differ in knowledge, or rather in ignorance.

Youth is said to be the period for the acquisition of knowledge; so perhaps it is, but it is not the best for the retention of it. The memory is most pliant at that age, but then it is most fickle, and the mind seldom dwells on grave and useful matter; for what is useful is, unfortunately, generally disagreeable. In my own case at least, I find that many of the acquisitions of my non-age have already forsaken me. I know many persons, whom I do not believe capable of working a rule of three sum, who were formerly, I have no doubt, very expert at such matters. I really suspect, that as people grow older, the knowledge they have acquired in youth gradually deserts them, for which they make amends by a more prudent and ingenious concealment of their increasing ignorance. In the knowledge of the world, of course, they cannot avoid making some progress. It is with great pain that I find this to be my own case. All my mathematics are fled; algebra, trigonometry, fluxions, geometry, have all oozed through my head, and passed across my memory like the ghosts in *Macbeth*. If there be any consolation in companionship, I believe I may enjoy it, for I observe the same process in the minds of my acquaintance. "If a little learning is a dangerous thing,"

Then have I in me something dangerous,
Which let your wisdom fear.

I feel comforted, however, when I reflect on Socrates, who said, *all that he knew was that he knew nothing*.

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

The nature of my pursuits has occasionally led me through various works, in which the introduction and passing of laws in either House of Parliament have been recorded. The views with which new bills were instituted, the manner in which they were accepted or resisted, and the modifications which they received, are sometimes very necessary to be known, and often guide us to the true construction of the laws, as they now stand. Even when they supply no assistance of that kind, collections of the different opinions, which have been delivered upon an old statute, present matter for study at once amusing and instructive. I rejoice when I see one of those venerable sages of the law, whom we have been accustomed to look to as nearly infallible, opposed, and now and then driven from his ground, by a sturdy, unsophisticated country gentleman. The uncompromising love of liberty in the latter, the determined spirit with which he con-

tends for his opinion, the homely energy of expression, or the undisciplined but manly eloquence, which he sometimes put forth, have more charms for me than the most brilliant metaphors of many modern orators.

From the pleasure and utility, which I have reaped, during these desultory incursions into the regions of parliamentary debate, I have often thought that it would be a curious and beneficial labour to trace the history of legislative eloquence, from the times in which it was first permitted, to those in which it now maintains so great an ascendancy. In a country, such as this, where the exercise of eloquence may raise an individual to fortune and dignity, no enquiries subservient to that noble art can be without interest. It is not, however, to eloquence alone, that such enquiries might be useful. They would tend to throw a strong light upon the rise, progress, and perfection of that constitution, by the support of which this island has reached to its present rank among nations. They would shew, moreover, that Parliament has not been, in the "olden time," altogether so destitute of eloquence as some writers would induce us to believe.

It may be true, that there is not, in the whole of our parliamentary records, one specimen of oratory, which could be compared with the best speeches of Demosthenes or Cicero. I shall not presume to say that this defect is entirely to be attributed to the habit of extemporaneous speaking, which has prevailed so much in both houses, or to the want of perfect reports of the most striking addresses, which have been delivered in them; but this I may venture to assert, that, even before the time of Chatham, there are many fragments of the purest eloquence to be met with—passionate appeals, which must have been surrounded by sentiments of a congenial character; and affecting perorations, which must have been preceded by arguments and narratives clothed in the warmest colours, which energy of feeling, or splendour of imagination, could impart.

The specimens, which I mean to produce, shall be taken within a period beginning with the reign of the first Henry, and ending with the accession of George III. After the latter epoch, eloquence rose to a much higher strain than it had ever before attempted; and the subject then assumes a different aspect, which is not within the range of my present design. But, before I proceed to cite any passages, it may not be deemed superfluous to make some general observations on the great advantages which the ancients had over the moderns, in the encouragements and facilities, which were afforded them for the cultivation of eloquence.

The style of an oratorical address is necessarily regulated by

the character and power of the audience, to whom it is directed. The speeches of Demosthenes, at least his best speeches, were all addressed to the people—the “men of Athens.” Those which were delivered, in the course of his professional duties, in the court of the Archon, were in fact also addressed to a popular assembly; for we read, that five hundred, and not rarely a thousand or fifteen hundred judges, or, as we should say, jurors, sat to hear the same cause, who were chosen by lot, and who decided by a plurality of suffrages. The refinement of the Athenian people is proverbial. To earn the applause of this great tribunal, Demosthenes laboured, in youth and manhood, with incessant activity. What sensibility must an audience have possessed, for whose ears such a speaker thought it necessary to give harmony to his periods, and whose tastes he found capable of discriminating a common from a graceful expression, and a loose from a compact style! How passionately must we suppose his countrymen to have been devoted to the charms of eloquence, when we read, that, when Demosthenes was to plead, people flocked to hear him, not merely from the neighbourhood of the Parthenon, but from all parts of Greece! What assembly has England similar in character, equal in sensibility and in taste, to such a body as this?

The general character of the Roman people for refinement was greatly inferior to that of the Athenians. But the most excellent of Cicero's speeches were not addressed to the people. It is true, that he frequently harangued them from the rostrum. Whenever a great question was agitated, in which that orator took an active interest, (for instance, while he was pursuing measures against Catiline, which were discussed in the senate) it was his practice, when the house rose, to appear in the presence of the people, who were collected in anxious crowds outside, and to report to them the whole of the debate, which had taken place. On other occasions also he addressed the people; but his best orations are those, which he made as an advocate before the judges, or as a minister and a statesman before the senate.

Both of these bodies were refined hearers, but, what is still more essential to an orator, they were both likely to be persuaded by a powerful speaker. The judges decided upon a few general principles of law or equity, which were subject to infinite dispute when applied to particular cases; they were not bound to act upon precedents, and thus there was a hope always in the mind of the advocate, that the success of the cause under his management depended, not so much upon his skill in law, as upon his powers of eloquence. Hence the Roman rhetoricians constantly inculcate the necessity of prepossessing the judges

in our favour. They pretend to ascertain the periods in a pleading, when the attention of the judges is most awakened, when the expectation is most acute, and when the mind is most susceptible of impressions.

But, with us, nothing is addressed to the judges, save a mere dry, methodical string of arguments, which are drawn directly either from positive laws, or recorded decisions. Pathos of sentiment, ornament of expression, appeals to the feeling of the judges, are arts of rhetoric, so foreign to the matter in dispute, and to the tribunal which is to decide, that it would be quite absurd to attempt the use of them. Our judges are bound to act on law and precedent. They have nothing, or very little, to do with general principles. They discharge their duty, under the solemn sanction of an oath; they cannot diverge into personal or philosophical considerations from the palpable line before them. In this respect, our judges are very differently situated, from the judges of republican Rome. These had to apply unlimited ideas of justice to a particular case, and thus an opportunity was given for eloquence to induce them to take different views, not only of the facts of the case itself, but of the principles by which it was to be tried. But here, so far as the judges are concerned, case rules case; nothing is left to an uncertain rule of justice; the nature of almost every possible dispute which brings men into a court of law has been already settled; and the argument is decided, not by individuals liable to be influenced by eloquence, but by authorities, which may indeed be misconstrued by ingenuity, but which, of themselves, speak only one invariable language.

It is true, that in the trial of actions, indictments, and informations, the jury are to be addressed; and they undoubtedly are liable to be affected on many occasions by a master in the art of oratory. And, in point of fact, we are not without pretensions to an emulation of Roman fame in this respect. The concluding years of the last century heard some very magnificent specimens of forensic eloquence from Erskine and Curran. The latter, indeed, was said to have sacrificed, in many instances, his character as a lawyer to his pre-eminence as a speaker. Erskine happily combined an intuitive knowledge of the constitution with attention to detail in one department of law, and to these he added a rich and electric eloquence, which has not been rivalled since he left the bar.

But although, on trials by jury, an English counsel may have opportunities for eloquence, scarcely inferior to those which the Roman advocate possessed, yet how differently circumstanced are they in other respects. In the time of Cicero, a few months at most were deemed a sufficient space of time to be devoted to the study of the Roman jurisprudence. The twelve tables, the

laws, which the people established at the request of the senate; those, which they enacted on the suggestion of the tribunes; and the decrees of the senate itself; all were comprised in a few intelligible volumes. The eminent advocates, such as the elder Antony, Crassus, Hortensius and Cicero, paid scarcely any attention to the legal part, which in truth was considered but a subordinate branch of their profession. Whenever points of legal or technical difficulty occurred, they were assisted by agents, who were experienced in this department of the profession, and who were counted amongst its less reputable members. But as for those, whose names have come down to posterity connected with eminence in oratory, we find them, in the course of their lives, seldom fatigued with poring over dusty piles of law. We see them devoting their time to grammar, music and poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture, mathematics, astronomy, philosophy and history—arts which they loved, less for themselves, than because they considered them as so many handmaids of eloquence. We see them, even at advanced periods of life, attending the schools of the rhetoricians, exercising themselves constantly in elocution, endeavouring to attain gracefulness in gesture, correctness in pronunciation, and a flowing and various modulation of voice. We find them also travelling into foreign countries, and seeking instruction in foreign schools. All this labour was undertaken solely for the purpose of acquiring oratorical perfection. But the English counsel combines in his person two characters, which in Rome were distinct, namely, that of the advocate and the lawyer. The course of his studies is exactly the reverse of that which the Roman orator pursued. The little space of time, which the Roman dedicated to the study of law, the English counsel can, or does, rarely spare to the study of eloquence. And that whole life of intense application which the Roman gave to eloquence, the English lawyer must devote to the voluminous jurisprudence of his country, if he mean to acquire even a moderate degree of skill in his profession. The consequence naturally follows. Law is preferred; eloquence is of necessity neglected. We have, at our bar, many names to rival those of Sulpicius and Papinian, but very few which have ascended to the level even of the Attic or second class of Roman orators.

The House of Commons, resembling as it does in many respects a popular assembly, would seem to present the most ample and favourable field for the display of eloquence. Nor are time and means wanting to the members of that body, generally speaking, for the cultivation of it. Yet there are circumstances, connected with the practical situation of that branch of the legislature, which narrow the cultivation of eloquent public speaking. Not that the Commons, as individuals, want acute-

ness of feeling, refinement of intellect, and sensibility to those appeals, which ardent imaginations are prone to make under every disadvantage of situation. But it is well understood that, as a body, they seldom come together on great questions in that unsettled state of opinion, which is capable of exciting high oratorical exertion, as being liable to be turned one way or another by the actual eloquence of an individual member. Whether a proposition originate at one side of the house or the other, the mover of it, before he rises to develope and enforce it, knows to a unit the numbers who will support or resist his proposition. He does not hope, that by any argument which he can use, by any sublime or pathetic emotions which he can excite, he shall add one to the list of his friends, or remove one from that of his opponents. Thus the character of a parliamentary speech differs, in one of the most material ingredients of eloquence, from those ancient models, by which we are accustomed to estimate productions of this description.

It is also to be observed, that a member of the House of Commons addresses his speech, not directly to the gentlemen around him, but to the Speaker. In strict parliamentary language, he rises only to deliver his opinion upon the question in debate. This is his privilege. He has nothing to do with the opinions of other members, for their privilege is equally the same with his own. He may frequently wish that his own views of a measure should be adopted by a majority; but his means of conveying that wish, and of impressing it upon others, must be found in a circuitous and indirect course, which is not without very considerable disadvantages to oratorical energy. Indeed, the first duty of a member seems to be to express his own opinion clearly and firmly. Any thing beyond this appears to be more than he is called upon to do, unless, from office or from experience, he may carry with him an authority on particular occasions.

These disadvantages, however, were felt more strongly by men of genius in former times, than in those in which we live. In the House of Lords, the Peers address their body directly, without passing through the medium of the woolsack; but, in all other respects, they laboured under the same disadvantages as the Commons, so long as the effect of their speeches was confined within the walls of the house itself. While that was the case, no member of either house had a motive powerful enough to stimulate him to that exertion, which success in oratory absolutely requires. But, as soon as these speeches found their way through the press to the public ear, as soon as a Peer or a Commoner felt that, in addressing the protentors, or the representatives of the people, he was also, not in a mere constitutional but literal sense, addressing the people themselves, and that his

words would be heard not only throughout the kingdom, but the most remote of our dependencies; there was a motive discovered, which roused exertion to energy.

Since this change has taken place, which has produced, as it were, an unlimited enlargement of the audience, an orator in Parliament has, in one respect, even greater advantages than Cicero possessed, when he harangued the Roman senate. Accordingly, we have not been without men, who have turned these advantages to effect: the eloquence of Obatham, Burke, Sheridan, and Grattan, has not yet ceased to vibrate in our ears.

Still it may be disputed, whether any of these great speakers came up to the standard of true oratory, as it was felt and understood by the ancients. Perhaps Sheridan came nearest to the mark.

But it may also be disputed, whether it be necessary, for any personal or political purpose, to come exactly up to this standard of excellence, even if it were practicable. We take Demosthenes and Cicero to be the models of the art; yet the latter declares, that not only his own productions, but those of the Athenian, fell short of the perfection which he desired. *Ita sunt evide et capaces meae aures*, he exclaims, *ut semper aliquid immensum, infinitumque desiderent*. The ancients would allow no man to be an orator, so exalted was their idea of the character; unless he was gifted with an influence over the passions, which was almost more than human. His words must roll along in a deep, brilliant, and continued stream, filling the ear with its harmony, and overawing the soul with its majesty. If the people be sunk in despair, he must rouse them to a sense of glory—if they be in tumult, he must hush the wild storm—if they be infatuated by pride, he must bend their stubborn spirit, by the magic wonders of his tongue. Guilt must turn pale beneath the terrors of his indignant voice—innocence must smile in security beneath his omnipotent sceptre. He must have upon his language that spell which awakens or composes the emotions of the human soul; and whether he have to contend with power or prejudice, with the passions of the rude, or the interests of the enlightened; he must bear down every obstacle by the irresistible torrent of his eloquence.

But where, in this cold climate, shall we find an audience capable of allowing their feelings to be wound up to such a height, that they will recognize and start in the way of a godlike intelligence? Mr. Burke, in the fine frenzy of his indignation against the French revolution, produced a dagger from his bosom one night in the House of Commons, as the most expressive emblem of the designs, which the republicans had in contemplation. But what was the effect of this extraordinary illustration? Some members deemed the sage mad; others scarcely

suppressed their laughter; and his most attached friends blushed for the eccentricity of the thing, while they endeavoured, ineffectually, to work up their minds to that degree of enthusiasm which would enable them to praise it. That great man felt a zeal upon the subject of French affairs, in the warmth of which no other mind, at that time, could entirely correspond. In his conceptions, there was something of that extraordinary elevation and fire, which seem to belong more to prophetic inspiration, than to political sagacity. But he was mistaken in thinking that his auditors were as ardently excited as himself, or that they were sufficiently prepared for such an illustration as this. For him it was scarcely strong enough; for them it was extravagant.

Yet the fervid glow of feeling, peculiar, I am afraid, to the Greeks and Romans, not only sustained, but encouraged, applauded, nay, demanded, flights of oratory as great, if not greater than this. Witness the sublime oath by which Demosthenes made his fellow citizens forget the disastrous battle of Chæroneæ. "No, my fellow citizens, no; you have not erred. I swear by the names of those heroes, who fought for the same cause in the plains of Marathon and Platæa!" Cicero, in one of his speeches against Verres, after painting in the strongest colours the ignominious death of a Roman citizen, whom that infamous prætor had caused to be crucified, breaks out into the following bold amplification:—"If I painted the horrors of this scene, not to Roman citizens, not to the allies of our state, not to those who have ever heard of the Roman name, not even to men, but to brute creatures; or even to go farther, if in some desolate solitude, I lifted up my voice in complaint and lamentation to the rocks and to the mountains, yet would these mute and inanimate parts of nature be moved at such a monstrous and disgraceful outrage as this."* Shakspeare has rendered Mark Antony's exhibition of the robe of Cæsar familiar to us. To what a state of excitement did that artful intriguer inflame the feelings of the people; and how susceptible, how quick, how "feather-sprung," must those feelings have been, when such was the effect of Antony's address upon their minds; that they tore up the benches and the tables in the forum (as Plutarch relates) to make a funeral pile for the dead body. Not content with duly performing the last rites towards one, who they must have known meditated, in his life, the destruction of all their ancient privileges, they snatched the burning brands from

* Quod si hæc non ad civis Romanos, non ad aliquos amicos atque civis, non ad eos qui populi Romani nomen audiissent; denique, si non ad homines, verum ad bestias; aut etiam, ut longius progrediar, si in aliqua desertissima solitudine, ad saxa et ad scopulos hæc conqueri et deplorare vellem, tamen omnia muta atque inanimata, tanta et tam indigna rerum atrocitate commoverentur.—Cic. *in Ver.*

the pile, and went to attack the houses of those whom, until the close of his harangue, Antony dared not to call conspirators.

His grandfather, of the same name, who was a much better orator than he, produced a marvellous effect, not on a popular assembly, but on a full bench of judges, by exposing the wounds of a military client, whom he defended, on a charge of sedition. That client was his friend; to save him from banishment was the object of his address, and he hesitated not to mingle much of personal feeling and entreaty in all the passion, which he expressed. He saw near him that esteemed friend, whom he remembered to have been consul, to have been a general distinguished by the senate, to have mounted the steps of the capital in triumph, but whom he now beheld reduced to the condition of an accused person, clothed in mourning robes, and in danger of being banished from his country. But Antony did not yield to the ardour of his own breast, until, by dwelling on the sorrow and dejection of the accused, he had succeeded in moving the judges even to tears; then he tore open the vest of the old warrior, shewed the honourable scars, which he received in maintaining the glory of Rome, and he appealed to gods, to men, to citizens, and friends, whether such a man ought to be banished? His client was saved.

This, then, is the great and disadvantageous difference between us and the ancients—the difference in the characters, between a Roman or an Athenian, and an English audience. This essential difference pervades our senate, our forum, and our popular assemblies; and it must necessarily have a proportional effect in reducing the standard of our eloquence. For, surely, we are not destitute of all the other means of success in that brilliant department of literature. Philosophy, poetry, history, and the arts, have each arrived to a degree of perfection in this country, which, in Rome at least, was scarcely surpassed. The graces of style, the vivid lights of fancy, the associations of imagery and of thought, which are most apt to excite emotions, are thoroughly understood, and by many of our writers most felicitously pursued. Civil liberty, which is admitted to be as necessary to the support of eloquence as pure air is to the sustenance of animal life, is with us as abundantly enjoyed, and as highly valued, as it ever has been in any age or nation. That difference of national character alone remains as a drawback—a difference unfelt by the historian, for he writes in the presence of posterity—a difference despised by the poet, for he has lifted his mind

—To that unearthly mood,

When each conception was a heavenly guest—

A ray of immortality—and stood,

Star-like, around until

They gather'd to a God.

ON THE THEORIES OF MALTHUS AND GODWIN.

In order to put our readers fully into possession of the questions at issue between Mr. Malthus and Mr. Godwin, we shall briefly state the origin, progress, and present condition of the controversy between them: our design will necessarily involve us in the investigation of some of the most important, and heretofore the least discussed topics of political economy.

Mr. Malthus informs the public, in the preface to the "*Essay on Population*," that that work was first suggested "by a paper in Mr. Godwin's *Political Inquirer*." The paper, to which Mr. Malthus refers, is, we believe, that entitled "of riches and poverty," in which Mr. Godwin indulges in some speculations upon the accession of happiness, that would result to the human race from an equal distribution of leisure and labour; or (which he regards as the same thing) of riches and poverty.

For the purpose of shewing, among other matters, that these speculations upon political systems, founded on the principle of equal property, were utterly vain, and that no society, in which they were attempted to be realized, could last a single generation, Mr. Malthus was induced to write his "*Essay on the principle of Population*." The object of that work is to prove, that there is a law of human nature, which Mr. Malthus calls the principle of population, by which man multiplies his kind more rapidly than his subsistence; a law, to use Mr. Malthus's own words, "by force of which, man has a tendency to increase in a geometrical progression, whereas his subsistence can only be increased in a concurrent arithmetical progression."

The effect, according to Mr. Malthus, of this law upon a state of society, in which the principle of equal property was established, would be, that the members of the society would be augmented by its operation, in comparison with their subsistence; that want, poverty, the necessity of daily labour, crime, sickness, and so forth, would almost immediately fall upon the entire or part of the society, and thus reduce it to the condition, in which men are placed, who live under the ordinary constitutions of the world.

This answer to the system of equality Mr. Malthus considers so *preeminently* conclusive, that he resisted the suggestions of some of his friends, who advised him to omit, from the last editions of his works, what related to this subject, it having, in their estimation, lost much of the interest it once possessed. Mr. Malthus, on the contrary, thought, "that there ought to be, somewhere

on record, an answer to systems of equality founded on the *principle of population*." He says, that "the peculiar advantage of this argument, against systems of equality founded upon that principle, is, that it is not more generally and uniformly confirmed by experience in every age and every part of the world; but it is so *preeminently* clear in theory, that no tolerably plausible answer can be given to it, and consequently no decent pretext can be brought forward for an experiment."*

This was the original point, upon which Mr. Malthus assailed what he conceived to be the opinions of Mr. Godwin, and there can be no doubt that so far he triumphed. We perfectly agree with Mr. Malthus, that a state of "cultivated equality," as Mr. Godwin has called it in the *Inquirer*, is one, in which man never can be placed, and, if placed, never could continue; but we certainly do not see, as Mr. Malthus does, that the unfitness of man for such a condition arises *more* from "the principle of population," than from a thousand other properties of human nature; neither do we concur with him in thinking, that the arguments which he founds upon this principle are at all "more worthy of being recorded," or "more clear and satisfactory" than the arguments to the same effect, which are commonly drawn from the other qualities of man, of which the existence is equally undeniable, and equally incompatible with his continuance in the condition we are speaking of. We see, clearly, that the principle of population would not permit a society to exist where all would be equal and, would be happy, and that either this principle must be modified or destroyed, or that the supposed society could not endure; but we do not see this a jot more clearly, than we do that, for the same purpose, *every* other quality of man must undergo a similar modification. The truth is, that in order to the formation of these visionary constitutions, man must have undergone a *total* alteration: examine the details of any one of them that has ever been proposed, and the necessity of this alteration will be manifest. Why not assume an alteration in "the principle of population," as well as any other principle in man? Mr. Malthus, indeed, in order to enhance the value of his arguments, alleges, that it does not seem to be a necessary "consequence of a system of equality, that *all human passions should be at once extinguished*;" we differ from him entirely on this point, and are astonished that a man of his sagacity should have written such a sentence; it is manifest that man, for such a state, must have undergone a revolution in his nature so complete, that it would be a delusion to call, by the same name, the animals so unlike as man, as he *now* is, and would *then* be. They would both, no doubt, continue to be "*two-legged and without feathers*," and

* Third vol. *Essay*, page 45.

would resemble, in those things, which they would have in common with the brutes; but, in every thing that is proper to the human race, in mind, in passions, in the objects for which men strive, the motives which render them laborious, frugal, abstinent, daring, persevering, in one word, in all that now gives momentum to human exertion, they would be thoroughly dissimilar: we repeat, that we see no reason why the principle of population, supposing it to be as stated by Mr. Malthus, may not be assumed to have undergone a thorough or partial transmutation by the powers of the same alchemy, which is to change every other principle of the human character. If Mr. Malthus will, to fit man for such a state, undertake to restrain selfishness, ambition, avarice, pride, and vanity, or to reduce to one unvarying similitude those actual differences in human character, such as differences in talents, application, self-control, which must always produce differences in the circumstances of individuals, we pledge ourselves to modify and restrain in the same way, and by the same means, the principle of population. If he will tell us how to throw salt on the bird's tail, we shall tell him how the bird is to be caught.

For these reasons, we apprehend, that Mr. Malthus is mistaken when he considers the argument he draws from "the principle of population" against systems of equality, as in any respect different in its nature from the common arguments to the same effect, that are drawn from a consideration of the other qualities of man. If the principle of population exist at all, as he represents it, it is a part or attribute of the animal called man; and when he shews that that quality makes a man unfit for a state of equality, he only enlarges the common arguments, which shew that the other qualities of man would have the same effect.

So much for the original subject, which first suggested the *Essay on the principle of Population*; and if that work did not extend to other topics, we do not hesitate to say, it would now be forgotten; but, in the course of his reflections, it naturally occurred to Mr. Malthus that the principle of population, if it be as he represents it, has great influence on every other condition of society, as well as it would have on a condition of equality: he thought he had discovered that the legislators, and writers on legislation, who preceded him, were wrong in their notions respecting the nature of population, and the encouragement that should be given to its increase: he considered it to be too prone to augment itself, and thought that, if it at all required the attention of the legislature, it was rather for the purpose of repressing, than of extending it.

It is to these more important topics of the essay that Mr. Godwin has applied himself in his new work; and he has manfully refrained from saying one word in vindication of those

systems, which, in his own phrase; "charmed his soul and animated his pen, when he wrote the *Political Justice*:" the object of his work is to shew, that the fundamental proposition of Mr. Malthus, namely, that the human race has a tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence; is not true; and we perfectly agree with Mr. Godwin in regarding it to be false, although we have come to this conclusion by a process somewhat different from his. Some of his positions we look upon as unfounded; and, in our opinion, he has overlooked some important bearings of the question.

In the first place, we must observe, that this proposition of Mr. Malthus is not as clearly expressed as it should be; and it is obvious, that Mr. Godwin has affixed to it a sense different from that designed by Mr. Malthus. The ambiguity in the proposition arises from the use of the word "tendency," which renders it susceptible, judged of by its internal structure, without reference to context, of either of these meanings:

1st. That man does increase, in point of fact, more rapidly than his subsistence.

2d. That he does not, in fact, increase more rapidly than his subsistence, but *would do so*, if he were not prevented by some check.

From the general scope of Mr. Malthus's book, there can be little doubt that the second of these meanings was almost always present to his mind; when he used this proposition; but it cannot be denied that there is a great deal of unsteadiness throughout his writings on this subject. Accordingly, Mr. Godwin has argued as if Mr. Malthus had intended his reader to understand, that, in countries where population advances slowly, or not at all, as many children are produced, as in a country where it advances at full speed; the consequence of which would be, that multitudes of children come to maturity in the countries where population advances fast, who perish in their infancy in countries where it advances slowly. "It is clearly," says Mr. Godwin; "Mr. Malthus's doctrine, that the population is kept down in the old world, not by a small number of children being born among us, but by the excessive number of children that perish in their nonage, through the instrumentality of vice and of misery." This doctrine Mr. Godwin denies, and with reason charges to be contrary to experience.

Now, from the other parts of the *Essay*, and the general bearing of Mr. Malthus's works, we are satisfied that this is not exactly the doctrine of Mr. Malthus: at the same time, it must be avowed, that it is not very easy to point out with precision how far it is, and how far it is not, his doctrine. To some extent it unquestionably is; and in our opinion, this obscurity arises as much from the bad classification, into which he has distributed

his "checks upon population," as from the dubious wording of his proposition. Having stated as a maxim that population was limited by subsistence, it behoved him to shew the means, by which the alleged tendency to exceed it was kept within that limit. Accordingly he states*, that it is kept within it, by a preventive and by a positive, or, as we should rather call it, by a corrective check; the first check comprehended every thing which prevented, as the term imports, too many people from being born; the second included every thing which carried off those who escaped the preventive operation of the first. So far every thing was clear; and would have continued so throughout the book, if his farther and more particular enumeration of the several matters, which operated as checks, had consisted of a subdivision of the two heads, into which they had already been arranged: we should, by that means, be able to see at once how far he meant that the advance of population was restrained, by something that prevented, or something that corrected, a redundancy; but, instead of this, he breaks up his former classification, and distributes the checks anew into moral restraint, vice, and misery. Moral restraint is, no doubt, a subdivision of the preventive check; but, in the sense in which it is used by Mr. Malthus, it is a very small part of it indeed: and as to vice and misery, as he employs those words, they each of them embrace matters, that belong to both the preventive and corrective checks. *Actual* vice and misery is a sub-denomination of the latter. The apprehension of misery, and the necessity of committing vice, are portions of the former. The consequence of this confused distribution of his checks has been, that it is difficult to see, whether his doctrine is, that the effects of the tendency are corrected after or prevented before they are produced. He indeed says, that moral restraint has not exercised much influence, in times past, but that it is quite consistent with other things included in the preventive check, having exercised the greatest. He also says, that vice and misery had been heretofore the most powerful in this operation; but he leaves us to guess, whether they wrought these effects in their preventive capacity, or in their corrective; the consequence of this has been the misapprehension of Mr. Godwin, and the difficulty we complain of.

But whether Mr. Malthus has or has not been guilty of obscurity, and whether Mr. Godwin, with a little industry, might have discovered his real meaning, and, by that means, have been enabled to refute him more effectually, are questions of no great importance to the public; but it is of the utmost importance to the public to ascertain, if it be true, that, where population ad-

vances slowly; so many more infants perish, than where it advances rapidly. The three following questions appear to us to include this, and all the other points involved in Mr. Malthus's fundamental proposition.

1st. Does the human race anywhere increase by procreation at the rate alleged by Mr. Malthus; or is it capable of doing so?

2d. Where this increase does take place, does a greater proportion of the born attain the age of reproduction, than where no increase, or a smaller increase, takes place?

3dly. Does the increase, that anywhere takes place in the human race, exceed the increase of subsistence; or can it be said to have any tendency to do so?

As to the first of these inquiries, Mr. Godwin says, "that there is, in the constitution of the human species, a power, absolutely speaking, of increasing its members; but that the power of increase is very small;" and in point of fact, he doubts if the world is more populous now, than it was two thousand years ago. On the other side, Mr. Malthus alleges, that the population of the northern provinces of America has doubled every twenty-five years by procreation. On this fact, he is at issue with Mr. Godwin, who attributes the increase in America to emigration. Certainly the *onus probandi* is upon Mr. Malthus: he asserts that to have happened in America which, as far as we know, has happened nowhere else; and it is for him satisfactorily to prove it. Without intimating any opinion upon this point, which we suspend for want of evidence, we must say, that the authorities Mr. Malthus cites do not establish his assertion.

Still, however the fact of *actual* increase in America may be; we cannot but think that there is, in the physical constitution of man, the same capacity for increase; which we know to exist among horses, cows, or sheep; and we incline to think, that if man fell into the hands of an animal, as much his superior in mind and body, as we are to those brutes, this animal might multiply our breed at his discretion, as we do the breed of the inferior animals at ours; but this is a truth, if truth it be, of no novelty and of less value; and it is only mentioned here for the sake of method, and to facilitate ulterior investigations. How man would increase, if he were to live without food, or were supplied with it like a horse, is an empty and bootless speculation, for which we have no manner of data, and upon which we may exercise our imagination as innocuously, and as vainly as upon the rate of increase among the inhabitants of the moon. It is only with reference to man in a condition when he cannot dispense with food, and cannot get food without producing it, that these inquiries have any capability of practical application, or any certain grounds on which to rest: we shall therefore pass at once to the second inquiry we proposed, namely: Where an increase

does take place in population by procreation, does a greater proportion of the born attain the age of reproduction, than where no increase, or a less increase, takes place?

This inquiry we cannot hesitate to answer in the negative. We are satisfied that the same number of infants die out of the born, where population advances quickly, as where it advances slowly: Mr. Godwin's tables, which it is impossible either to condense or to give at full, are decisive upon this point against all the world; against Mr. Malthus himself, we think the following simple calculation drawn from his own statement and tables is conclusive.

According to him, in America there are five births and a half to a marriage*, and two hundred persons marry out of every three hundred and fifty-one that are born; and in England, he says, there are four births only to a marriage; and that, out of three hundred and eighty-one born, there are the same number of two hundred married ones, which comes to the same thing, that out of every three hundred and fifty-one born in England, there are one hundred and eighty-four married. Now, first, this difference in the fruitfulness of marriage in both countries, and in the number of marriages, will of itself account for the different rates, at which he alleges the population increases in both countries, without supposing any difference of mortality among the born; and, secondly, it is obvious from an inspection of the tables, by which the probabilities of life are ascertained, that between the ages, which Mr. Malthus considers the average ages of marriage in America and in Europe, the common casualties of life would take off nearly sixteen out of two hundred; which according to him is the difference in number of the born who marry in the two places; so that, out of the two hundred who marry in America, or, in other words, of the three hundred and fifty-one who are born, there are not more than one hundred and eighty-four alive, when they reach the average age of marriages in Europe; that is to say, that at the age, which is the average of marriage in Europe, as many are alive out of a given number of born there, as in America.

Indeed, Dr. Franklin was so little of opinion that the population in Europe was kept back by a greater mortality among infants, than occurs on the other side of the Atlantic, that he accounted for the different rates of increase, by supposing, that two marriages took place in America for every one in Europe.

* Mr. Godwin supposes that Malthus had alleged that there were eight births to a marriage in America; but this was a mistake, inasmuch as he was betrayed, we suppose, by Mr. Malthus's statement of Franklin's opinion upon the subject, who erroneously allowed eight to a marriage. In page 522, vol. I. of the Essay, Malthus explicitly says, that five and a half, or, which is nearly the same, 5.36th births is the average to a marriage in America. (This mistake of Mr. Godwin is very singular.)

and that each marriage there produces eight births, and here only four. Now this would make the population of America quadruple every five and twenty years, and consequently *more* than account for leaving ours so far behind.

The fact is, that it is proved by general observation all over the world, that about half of the born everywhere die, before the age of reproduction—this is a *general* infirmity of human nature, and is as much a law of our being, as that only one out of ten thousand shall attain to ninety.

We have, therefore, a right to say, that there is no greater mortality before the age of reproduction in countries where population advances slowly, than where it advances at full speed.

Of the three inquiries we proposed, the third alone now remains to be examined, namely: Whether, supposing population to advance, does it advance faster *than* subsistence, or has it any *tendency* to do so?

As to the fact of its advancing *faster* than subsistence, the uniform experience of the world is, that it does not; history everywhere informs us, that when the population increases, there is more than a commensurate augmentation of subsistence. In an article, like the present, it is impossible to exhibit tables setting out the rates, at which population and food have increased in various countries; but we refer to the general notoriety of the fact. We say, that in England there is now produced, by internal growth or foreign purchase, a quantity of meat, corn, vegetables, &c. which exceeds the quantity of these things, that was produced there one hundred years ago, by a difference greater than the difference between the population, as it is now, and as it was then. We assert the same of France, Germany, Sweden, and every other country, where population has been increased. We know it to be so in Ireland: great as the increase of population there has been, it has been accompanied by a greater improvement in the condition of the people; they are now better housed, better clothed, and better fed, than they were a century ago. But we go farther: we say, that it is not only true that an increase of people has uniformly been accompanied by a greater increase of subsistence, but that a diminution of people has also been as constantly attended by a greater diminution of subsistence. The condition of Spain, and of the Turkish provinces in Africa, Europe, and Asia, bear testimony to this. They make it clear, that a diminution of population has been uniformly attended by a deterioration in the condition of the people; and it is not difficult to see the reason why it is so. An advance in civilization and in population are terms, that may be almost substituted for each other; and we confess, that we should consider civilization very valuable indeed, if it were not,

as a matter of course, productive of more happiness; and consequently of more food and comfort, to mankind; and accordingly it always has, and will. It increases the consumers of human produce; but it multiplies the produce again more. Mr. Malthus's disciples indeed say, that it is the increase in the quantity of food, that produces the increase in population, and *not vice versa*; but how is this increase of food to be produced? We say it is produced by *every thing*, which gives an additional impulse to human ingenuity and exertion—of course then, *inter alia*, by an increase of population: for that increase augments our particular demands, and imposes on us the necessity of providing for the demands of those, whose cravings are by nature as importunate and as painful as our own. This is what Mr. Malthus seems to have overlooked. *He has uniformly spoken of the "principle of population" as a cause of an increase to the numbers of the people, without taking notice that it caused an increase of industry as well as of people.* It is notorious that, in general, when a man marries, he becomes more moral, laborious, and self-denying; if, by marrying, he add to the numbers, who are to be fed out of the gross stock of the community, he also brings an addition to the stock itself, by giving an additional impulse to the qualities, by which it is created and enlarged.

We, therefore, do not hesitate to say, that, in every condition of society, an increase of population always *has*, and always will produce a greater increase of food. If the population is already so very dense that an augmentation to it could scarcely find support, then, consistently with experience and good sense, we may conclude, that the augmentation will be slow and tardy; but, small as the augmentation may or can be, it will, when it occurs, produce or be accompanied by a greater augmentation of subsistence.

Our reason for saying, that, in a very dense condition of population, the augmentation to it will be small and tardy is, not only that we have always observed the fact to be so, but that we have remarked that, as society advances in civilization; (which it always must as the population becomes greater) a multitude of passions, habits, peculiarities, and prejudices, grow up and disfigure, in the human character, the dominion; which is almost exclusively possessed by the simpler and more original (but not therefore the more natural) propensities, when man is in a ruder state. In a state of high civilization, many, who are in circumstances to marry at an early period, either refrain from it entirely, or postpone it very late, from the preference they give to the single over the married life. The pursuits of public and of private life, of ambition, of literature, of commerce, and of pleasure, extinguish in multitudes the *desire* of being the fathers of a family. A great many more are not in circumstances to

become so without a diminution of those comforts, which habit has rendered necessities of life, and a descent from the station in society, which they have been taught from infancy never to relinquish. The consequence is, that, in these stages of society, the addition to the population is kept within the limits of subsistence, not by premature mortality (as before observed), but by a diminution of the force of the "principle of population;" by which we are to understand, not the passion between the sexes in its coarser and more general import, but that modification of it, which induces men to marry; for we know it is *then alone* it increases population.

In what respect, then, can it be said by Mr. Malthus, that population has a "tendency" to increase beyond subsistence? Can he mean, that because there is an abstract *capacity* in man (if such a thing can be conceived) to increase faster than subsistence, that, therefore, there is a *tendency* in men so to increase? If Thomas is *capable* of running faster than James, does it follow that he has a *tendency* to leave James behind? Or does Mr. Malthus only mean, when he speaks of man's *tendency* to increase beyond subsistence, that such *would* be the rate of his increase, if he were governed exclusively by the "principle of population?" This might, perhaps, be true; but it would be a gross abuse of language, and must produce an utter confusion in all our ideas, to call it a tendency on *that* account. We should be equally justified in saying, that man had a tendency not to increase at all, because he would *not* increase at all, if governed exclusively by other principles, which are as inherent in his nature, as the principle of population. It would justify us in saying, that a man had a tendency to be whatever he would become, if directed in his conduct by *any one* propensity in his nature, to the exclusion of the rest; but is that a tendency? Has the earth a tendency to fly from or into the sun, because it would do either, if released from its centrifugal or centripetal direction? In truth and in good logic, the earth has *neither* of these tendencies: its tendency is to move in the orbit it actually pursues, in obedience to the combined forces, that actually impel it. And so it is with man: his tendency is not to deviate into every eccentricity, to which he would be driven by *each* appetite or principle of his nature; taken *singly* and unconnected by the others, but to move in the line, in which he is impelled by the *combined* influence of all the various principles and feelings that form his character. The principle of population, as estimated by Mr. Malthus, is one of these principles, and accordingly it exercises its proper influence upon his conduct; but this is only *that* degree of his influence which is compatible with the influence, which is as surely exercised upon him by the *other* properties of his nature.

One observation more, and we shall conclude. Mr. Malthus complains of the "pressure of population on subsistence," and attributes to that cause the vice and misery of the world. This is an instance of how closely extremes approach. We should not have expected that he would fall into the error, he rebukes in the supporters of the system of equality. They say, that misery would be removed, if the produce of the earth were equally divided. The answer to them is, that there would shortly be little, very little, to divide—the stimulus to create and reproduce it would be no more. The same answer applies to Mr. Malthus: If produce continued *as it is*, the diminution of the population would increase the portion of each person; *but produce would not continue as it is*, if population were diminished. The stimulus to create produce, consequently produce itself, would be diminished. If we take produce to be a fixed quality, human happiness may be said to vary inversely as the population; but experience tells us, that produce is *not* a fixed quality, but that it uniformly *varies* with, but in a greater ratio than, population. It is population, that advances arithmetically, while produce, *in quality and quantity*, advances geometrically.

This explains why we object to the Poor-laws, though we are not adverse to legislative encouragement to marry. We consider the married state, and the incumbrances it imposes, to be, upon the whole, stimulants to exertion, and to furnish motives for frugality. The Poor-laws, on the contrary, weaken the stimulants to exertion, and render frugality unnecessary, and *therefore* (and not for the reason assigned by Mr. Malthus) we object to them.

* * * The Editor is in hopes, that this Journal will contain some farther discussion of this question, and that some opinions, considerably different from those of the present contributor, will be given, in order to enable the public to form an impartial judgment.

SONNET.

Metthought, that in a calm and leafy bower
 I rested, where the purple flowers were springing,
 And from their buds of bloom and beauty singing.
 On loaded gales, their odours' richest power:
 Watching the evening's warm and sunny shower,
 I heard the woods, and plains, and valleys, ringing.
 With every feather'd denizen's glad singing,
 For such a scene, and such a gentle hour.—
 O faithless vision! faithless and untrue!
 Nor bower, nor bud, nor odour sweet is here,
 Nor song of bird—instead of these I view
 The City's walls of aspect dark and drear,
 And, for the skies of deep ethereal blue,
 Long-volumed clouds of murky smoke appear.

SCHILLER,

FREDERIC SCHILLER was born at Marbach, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 10th of November 1759. His father, then a lieutenant in the ducal service, was afterwards promoted to a majority, and appointed governor of the palace of *La Solitude*, and inspector of the forests of the country. The cultivation of trees was his favourite pursuit; in the management of its forests, he rendered important services to his native land, and published a work on the subject, which attests his knowledge and intelligence. His mother possessed that softness and tenderness, which is so fascinating in the sex. She had a strong relish for the beauties of nature, and was passionately fond of music and poetry. Frederic's countenance bore a particular resemblance to that of his mother, whose darling he was; and it was she, who communicated to his infant mind that bias, which grew up with him, and rendered him what he was in after-life. He was always with her: she taught him to read, and told him stories; and he read to her, and was the constant companion of her frequent walks. An old friend of the family gave him the first instruction in writing, natural history, and geography; while another, a physician, sought to initiate him, in an amusing manner, into natural philosophy, particularly the structure of the universe and of the human body. When only three years old, he manifested an extraordinary eagerness after knowledge, great quickness of apprehension, and an incessantly active imagination. He disliked the usual sports of children; and one of his favourite amusements consisted in the contemplation of his father's little collection of pictures and profiles, consisting chiefly of oil paintings of heroes, princes, and relatives of the family. Here he would pass whole hours, stedfastly gazing on one picture after another, and attempting to copy them. Among these paintings was one representing the storming of Magdeburg by Tilly, and the scenes of horror which ensued. It was the best and largest piece in the collection. Tilly, with his right hand against his side, and the look of a bloodthirsty tyrant, was seen riding through the streets. Groups of weeping females, persons of all ages running away from the infuriated soldiers, burning and falling houses, and all the scenes of woe that attended the steps of Tilly, were the subjects of this picture. Young Schiller, then about six years old, was highly interested by the many expressive faces in this delineation of the rude manners of a former age; and one day, laying sacrilegious hands on this heir-loom, which had already descended from father to son for several gene-

rations, he cut it up into as many pieces as there were figures. These he pasted upon paper, where horse and foot in mingled ranks followed their sanguinary leader, whose whole face the boy had blackened to make him look more frightful. Then came, upon another piece of paper, a long row of men, women and children: each man being accompanied by a woman and a child. The aged of both sexes concluded the procession. In short, he had recomposed the whole in his own way; and, upon a third paper, he had placed the heads of children on the bodies of old men, and affixed those of young persons to the bodies of old women, while a Croat with uplifted sword appeared, perhaps, with the face of a modest damsel, and a plundering officer with the head of a spirited horse. In this manner, he transformed a single piece into a whole gallery, the third division of which, in particular, was not unlike some of Hogarth's caricatures. It may easily be supposed that his father, who prized this piece very highly, bestowed on him no very agreeable reward for his pains.

Not long after this, black clouds one day announced an approaching thunder-storm. Flashes of lightning began to dart through the atmosphere. Inquiry was made for the boy, but he was nowhere to be found. The tempest meanwhile came nearer and nearer; the thunder rolled awfully, and lightnings burst from the bosom of the murky clouds. The anxiety of the parents, on account of the child, increased with every clap. The whole family was employed in seeking him. He was at length found, just at the moment of descending from the top of a very tall lime-tree near the house. "For God's sake," cried his father in the greatest alarm, "where have you been?" "I only wanted to see," replied the fearless and inquisitive boy, "where all that fire came from."

We are assured that, at an early age, he took great pleasure in the perusal of the prophetic books of the Old Testament; but that none of them gave him such delight as the prophet Ezekiel. Whoever recollects the sublime vision of the dry bones (chap. xxxvii.) and turns to Franz Moor's dream in "The Robbers," cannot help being struck by the resemblance.

Schiller's father, being, as a soldier, a friend to military institutions, conceived that he could not provide better for his temporal welfare, than by placing him in the Military or Caroline Academy at Stuttgart. His mother was in favour of a private school at Tübingen; but the more likely prospect of future promotion decided for the academy. This institution was, at that time, subject to the strict rules of military discipline and subordination. The cane, the sword, and the drum, summoned the pupils to their studies; and as soldiers are marched to church on a Sunday, for the honour of God, so the youths of this academy were paraded to school, for the honour of the Muses. *March!*

halt! to the left wheel!" were the words of command, which called them to their lessons: and it was, in the same manner, that they went to dinner, to play, and to bed. But this was not all: the most rigid self-denial, the suppression of prominent talents, not according with the plan of education, the relinquishment of all independence of spirit, and the sacrifice of freedom of will, were required by the method then pursued in this institution. Whatever was not mentioned by name in the school regulations was forbidden ground; and it was deemed a crime to think of overstepping the limits of that science, which was to be cultivated as a profession.

Schiller entered this academy in 1773; and in October, the following year, he thus wrote to one of his youthful friends:—"Heaven be praised! that our criminal code, under the head of field-thefts, has not attached a penalty to thefts in remote fields of science; otherwise I, poor rogue, who dabble in quite heterogeneous sciences, and steal many a forbidden fruit in the garden of the Pierides, should long since have been doomed to the pillory, or exhibited with an iron collar about my neck." A few months later, he wrote to the same friend, among other things, as follows:—"Do you imagine that I shall bow to the yoke of this absurd, but, in the opinion of the inspectors, rational routine? So long as my spirit can assert its freedom, it will not submit to any fetters. To the free man the very sight of slavery is abhorrent—can he then calmly stave the chains, that are forging for himself? My whole soul often revolts at the anticipation of punishment, in cases where my conscience attests the integrity of my actions." Hence it will appear that Schiller's lively temper and independent sentiments but ill agreed with the plan of the academy; and he but too often took fire, when the inspectors attempted to set limits to his desire of knowledge, and to check the daring flights of his ardent imagination.

Klopstock's works, especially his *Messiah*, had particular charms for the young student. It was not a merely fugitive gratification that he sought in poetry; it was his daily study: and there can be no doubt that the assiduity, with which he cultivated the acquaintance of Klopstock's muse, had the most decisive effect on his own poetic improvement. It was this, that awakened and animated his susceptibility for the great and the sublime, as well as for the soft and the tender, and fructified the germs of those excellencies, which so powerfully enchant us in the best productions of his later years. Klopstock's poems indeed, operated upon him with such force, that, for a time, religious feelings took entire possession of his mind; and, under their influence, he resolved to choose the church for his future profession. This resolution, however, he afterwards abandoned, and decided in favour of medicine.

Besides Klopstock's works, Schiller, had still scarcely made himself acquainted with any other poetical productions than Virgil's *Æneid*, and the exquisite psalms of eastern antiquity, in Luther's energetic translation. Not content with merely receiving impressions, his genius already aspired to create. He therefore essayed his poetic powers in a piece, the hero of which was Moses, the eminently conspicuous prophet, legislator, leader, and statesman. This first attempt, indeed, displayed much less of originality, than of a laboured imitation; but what might not Schiller, whose later dramatic productions breathe a genuine epic spirit, in all its sublimity and magnificence—what might he not have achieved in this career, had not his fancy, diverted by new impressions, winged its flight to a neighbouring sphere! A friend chanced to speak, in terms of warm commendation, of Goethe's *Ugolino*, and lent him the piece to read. This tragedy, which, for detached beauties, especially in the most sublime, affecting, and pathetic scenes, is scarcely surpassed by any in the German language, not only moved Schiller most profoundly, but made a permanent impression upon him. "*Ugolino*" and Goethe's "*Götz von Berlichingen*," gave a new direction to his poetic activity, and urged him, as it were involuntarily, into the tragic walk. It was not till he had made himself familiar with these pieces, that he became acquainted with Shakespeare, whose works, banished for a considerable time, those of all other writers from Schiller's society. The study of them was long his sole occupation, and the emulation of this original was for years the object of all his thoughts and endeavours. Among the later German poets, there were but few that interested him. Among his favourite works, at this period, may be reckoned Lessing's plays; the poems of Müller, the painter; and "*Julius of Tarento*," by Lessing. The latter, in particular, he knew almost by heart, and very happily availed himself of many of the ideas in his own plays. Let the reader, for example, compare the passage where Asperanto shoots in the death-man's ear—"Blanca! Blanca!—If he hears not that, he'll never hear again"—with that in "*The Robbers*," where one of the band, in like manner, shouts in the ear of Franz Moor—"Holla, fellow! there is such a thing as patricide!"—adding, when he does not hear it—"Dead as a rat!" We might also adduce this simile of Lessing—"In another century, thou, prince, wilt be the only one, among all thy Tarantines, whose name will be known, just as a city disappears in the distance, and nothing but its pinnacles is seen towering above it;" and contrast it with the following passage of the chorus in "*The Bride of Messina*"—"Nations and names pass away, and dark Oblivion spreads her murky pinions over whole generations: but the solitary heads of princes still shine, irradiated by

the everlasting beams of Aurora, and the towering pinnacles of the world."

Schiller's first dramatic essay was a tragedy, entitled "The Student of Nuremberg," and founded upon a circumstance, which had really happened to a young man of that description. Another piece, "Casimire Medici's," in which he exerted his utmost powers, bore a strong resemblance to "Julius of Tarento." This he afterwards destroyed, with the exception of some passages which he transferred to "The Robbers."

His lyrical performances of the same period are perhaps still more imperfect. His first printed production in this line, which he sent by stealth from the academy, was inserted in Haug's Symphian Magazine for 1776. It bore the title of "Evening;" and though its chief merit consists in the skilful appropriation of the sentiments of Klopstock, Cramer, Uz, and others, still the discerning editor predicted to the author an *os magna sonaturum*. His poetical compositions in the Military Academy were numerous. He and two of his friends were particularly struck by the old English ballads translated by Herder, and strove who could produce the best imitation of that style. In many of these pieces they were very successful. They attempted every species of poetry, and secretly made an offer of a collection of their productions to a publisher; but their choice was rather unlucky, as the bookseller, to whom they applied, had been dead for several years.

Having completed his course of medicine, Schiller would certainly have had the degree of doctor conferred on him, had Stuttgard been at that time a university. According to custom, however, he delivered, at the close of his academical career, a medical dissertation, for the subject of which he chose the Connection between the Animal and Intellectual Nature of Man. This essay evinced extensive reading, mastery of language, acuteness, and a strong desire of perfection. The rigid subordination of the academy might, indeed, have repressed in him many rising energies, but yet without wholly stifling them. The assiduity, in every branch of science, which distinguished the students of that institution, exercised his mental powers in manifold ways; and the very restraint, to which they were subject, produced among them an *esprit du corps*, which kindled a spirit of liberty, that exalted them to many great, often enthusiastic ideas, and was, for this very reason, by no means unfavourable to a poetic genius. Schiller himself, in his later years, acknowledged that the happiest days of his life were those, which he had passed at the academy of Stuttgard. To the most intimate of his scholastic friends belonged Zumsteeg; the late eminent musician, whose last composition was "Joanna's Farewell," in Schiller's "Maid of Orleans."

"The Robbers," a dramatic monster, full of energy and fire, was wholly composed during Schiller's residence in the academy, though not printed till the year 1780. It is said, that the original idea of this piece was suggested by a paper of Schubarth's in the Swabian Magazine. The author's juvenile friends were intimately acquainted with the piece: in their hours of recreation, they would often seek him, that he might entertain them with some of its scenes; and in the warmth of their imaginations suggest ideas and improvements. In this manner, he was led by their remarks to omit or alter many a scene, that was too harsh or extravagant. That, for example, where he represented the band, with Moor at their head, penetrating by force of arms into the church of the convent where Amelia is, while the nuns are at prayers, and the lover demanding his mistress, with threats, in case of refusal, to convert the temple of God into a brothel, was truly horrible.

The first public mention made of this piece, the greatest part of which he composed in a sick-room, was in his own medical dissertation, in which he quoted, in support of some of his remarks, a passage from "The Robbers," representing it not as his own performance, but as an extract from an English original, by affixing this note—*Life of Moor. Tragedy by Krake. Act V. Scene 1.* The fact was, that as the students were forbidden, under a severe penalty, to cause any thing to be printed without permission, Schiller had jocosely promised his juvenile friends that he would certainly introduce a quotation from "The Robbers" into his dissertation; and by means of this artifice he kept his word.

On the subject of this tragedy, and of his academical life in general, Schiller, a few years later, expressed himself in these remarkable terms:

"An extraordinary mistake of Nature doomed me, in my birth-place, to be a poet. An inclination for poetry was an offence against the laws of the institution, in which I was educated. For eight years my enthusiasm had to struggle with military discipline; but a passion for poetry is strong and ardent as first love. It only served to inflame what it was designed to extinguish. To escape from things, that were a torment to me, my soul expatiated in an ideal world; but, unacquainted with the real world, from which I was separated by iron bars—unacquainted with mankind, for the four hundred fellow-creatures around me were but one and the same individual, or rather faithful casts from the same model, which plastic Nature solemnly disowned—unacquainted with the passions and propensities of independent agents, for here only one arrived at maturity—one, that I shall not now mention—unacquainted with the fair sex, for it is well known that the doors of this institution are not

opened to females, except before they begin to be interesting, and when they have ceased to be so, my pencil could not but raise that middle class between angels and devils, and produce a medley, which fortunately had no existence in the world, and to which I wish immortality, merely that it may serve as a specimen of the issue engendered by the unnatural union of subordination and genius. I allude to *The Robbers*. The whole moral world has doctored the author of high treason. He has no other excuse to offer, than the climate under which this piece was born. If any of the numberless hands have launched against *'The Robbers'* be just, it is this, that I had the presumption to delineate men two years before I knew any thing about them."

Notwithstanding these observations, it is certain that Schiller was early and profoundly acquainted with the human heart. This knowledge he acquired from self-observation, the perusal of the poets, particularly Shakespeare, and the study of history, which not only taught him to appreciate the spirit of nations, to weigh their powers and resources, and to examine their institutions, but through which his ideas of men and things were multiplied and enlarged.

On quitting the academy, Schiller was, in 1780, appointed physician to a regiment. His *"Robbers"* appeared in print. The piece was soon announced for representation at Mannheim. Schiller was, very naturally, desirous of witnessing the first performance, and requested leave of absence for the purpose. At this time, there was a general outcry against Schiller at Stuttgart, "that he neglected his proper profession, namely, medicine, and wanted to be a player." He was, therefore, refused leave of absence, and this refusal was accompanied with the intimation, "to conduct himself agreeably to his duty, and not to give further occasion for dissatisfaction with him, otherwise it would be his own fault, if it should be found necessary to adopt disagreeable measures." In spite of this refusal and menace, Schiller proceeded to Mannheim, witnessed the performance with enthusiasm, and formed an acquaintance with the two celebrated actors, Beil and Beck. To these two, the author of the *"Robbers,"* probably anticipating his dismissal from the situation which he then held, expressed a wish to join the theatrical company, to which they belonged. Both seriously dissuaded him from such a step; and Beil prophetically observed:—"Not as a player, but as a dramatist, you will one day be the pride of the German stage."

His absence passed unnoticed, and he returned to Stuttgart, where his *"Robbers"* soon rendered him an object of universal admiration, and also of persecution. His friend Zumsteg first pointed out to him the rock, against which his enemies hoped to make him split. His connexions gave this celebrated composer

access to many distinguished families, in the circles of which he learned the danger that impended over Schiller, and disabbed him to his friends. Schiller applied for his dismission, which was granted; but before he received it, he had quitted Württemberg for ever.

There can be no doubt that he had urgent reasons for leaving his native country. Another literary character, (Schubart,) had been confined eight years in the fortress of Hohenasperg, for unknown offences, though one of them is said to have consisted in giving to the public the following distich—

“Als Dionys hört auf Tyrann zu seyn,
So ward er ein Schulmeisterlein.”

When Dionysius ceased to be a tyrant, he turned a petty schoolmaster. Schiller was a warm friend of Schubart's, and his fate deeply affected him. He had now every reason to anticipate a similar lot for himself; and, in this conviction, he thus wrote shortly before his departure from Stuttgart—“I must make haste from this place, or, like honest Schubart, I might have a lodging assigned me in Hohenasperg.” The freedom, with which he was accustomed to speak of public affairs, the personal construction put upon the most invidious passages in “The Robbers,” and the spirit of liberty breathed by his early poetical effusions, had excited the enmity of the great to such a degree as to justify his apprehensions. To this must be added, a complaint presented immediately to the Duke of Württemberg, by persons of weight in the Gisons; against a passage in Schiller's tragedy, in which the people of that country were qualified as professed highway robbers—a notion very current in Swabia. At this juncture the Duke was just about to open a loan in the Gisons, and Schiller's enemies availed themselves of this circumstance, to exasperate the sovereign against him. The Duke, therefore, by way of giving satisfaction to the Gisons, forbade Schiller to write any thing in future.

All these circumstances concurred to confer extraordinary celebrity on the author of “The Robbers,” a production, which had the singular fortune of exciting either enthusiasm or abhorrence. It was rare to meet with one whose opinion of it held a middle course. Its enemies urged the necessity of its suppression, because a troop of school boys at Leipzig were distinguished by it to attempt to run away from the school. These youths took it into their heads to collect a band of robbers in the forests of Bohemia; but before they had proceeded far in the execution of their plan, having stolen nothing but a hymn-book and a pistol, they fell into the hands of justice, which, by means of a sound flogging, allayed their zeal for alarming poor travellers, and lightening their burdens.

On bidding adieu to his native country, Schiller repaired to Mannheim, where he was received with open arms, as well by his theatrical friends, as by strangers who merely knew him from his celebrated tragedy. In 1782, he obtained the appointment of dramatist to the theatre of that city, which was then one of the most eminent in Germany. Here he produced his "*Cabal and Love*," and his "*Fiesco*." The former betrays the author of "*The Robbers*." It is superior, indeed, to the latter in regard to plot, but is pervaded by the same impetuous fire of passion and early youth. Here, too, the extravagant is frequently employed to produce surprise and emotion. The outlines of the figures are bold and energetic, but the colouring harsh and overloaded. His "*Fiesco*," on the other hand, indicates his transition to a classic period; and displays much higher ingenuity in the arrangement of the plot and the development of the characters. By these two pieces, his fame was still more solidly established; and his minor pieces in the "*Anthology*," which he edited conjointly with Stäudlin, characterized him as a poet, to whom Germany could scarcely produce a parallel.

He contributed also about this time to a variety of other periodical works, for one of which he wrote an anonymous review of his "*Robbers*," that is a singular instance of impartiality. In these strictures, he not only displays great critical acumen, but treats the defects of his juvenile performance with the utmost severity. "*We are told*," says he at the conclusion of his remarks, which deserve the notice of all reviewers of their own works—"we are told that the author is a physician—for our parts, we should not like to recommend him to any patient." When it became publicly known, that this criticism proceeded from the pen of the author of "*The Robbers*," the circumstance excited a considerable sensation. "What a noise is made about it," he observed on this occasion; "when a man takes it into his head to speak the truth concerning himself!"

After a residence of some years at Mannheim, Schiller began to be dissatisfied with his situation. He quitted Mannheim. It was his original intention to visit Vienna; but from this plan he was diverted at Frankfurt; by the arrival in that city of the celebrated Goëthe, whom, prior to his personal acquaintance with him, he was accustomed to call *the arrogant genius*. Goëthe was then accompanying Amelia, duchess dowager of Saxe-Weimar, on her tour to Italy. Schiller wished for nothing more ardently than an introduction to this princess, whose enlightened patronage of the arts and sciences obtained for her capital the appellation of the German Athens. To this end, he sought the acquaintance of Goëthe, through whose means he attained the accomplishment of his wish. He was enchanted with his reception by the

duchess, and distracted friendship with Göthe, which nothing but death was capable of dissolving. The prospects opened by this circumstance induced Schiller to visit Hanover. After a short stay at Meiningen, the sovereign of which little principality subsequently honored him with the title of councillor, and a pension of 400 rix-dollars, he went to Dresden, to which city he soon became strongly attached for its delicious situation, the treasures of art and literature which it possesses, and the many estimable characters, to whose acquaintance his residence there introduced him. The first thing that he took in hand there was his "Don Carlos," which he had begun some time before, and the completion of which was much retarded by the care, which he bestowed on the delineation of Philip's character. He made a point of reading every thing that related to this monarch; the library of Dresden offered him copious materials, and he became insupportably and deeply interested, that, for a time, he forgot poetry altogether, and paid his exclusive devotion to the historical Muse. Such was the origin of his "History of the Revolt of the United Provinces," in which, at that early age, he poured to his astonished countrymen, that laborious study and philosophic discrimination may be combined with all that brilliancy of expression, which fascinates us in the works of Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus.

Schiller's "Dignity of Woman" is a proof of his high esteem for the fair sex. That he had opportunities enough in the earlier years, after he became his own master, of forming tender attachments, is certain; but it is equally certain that, during this period of his lofty ideal flights, the mind, rather than the person, was the object of his admiration. At Dresden, however, he was captivated by one who was decidedly the most beautiful woman in that city. To her he paid, on his knees, as worth a homage as any of the lovers of his creation has poured forth to the mistress of his heart: nay, it is more than surmised that, even was just at this period that he was engaged upon "Don Carlos," this lady, set for the portrait of his Elizabeth and assuredly not one of the proudest princesses, who have ever accented beauty into their idols, would have been ashamed to make her the confidante of his flame. Whether his heart was deeply wounded, or not, by his subsequent separation from this adored object, when she left Dresden for a distant part, for the purpose of being married, we are not informed.

That love is the parent of weakness is a trite observation to which the lofty, ideal Schiller formed no exception. Many were his moments of weakness; and it is asserted, on good authority, that the produce of his "Don Carlos," which was not trifling sum, was sacrificed on the altar of love.

He now rushed into life, and drank of its copious draughts; not, however, in the manner of the debauchee, who flies from gratification to gratification! For weeks and months together he buried himself among his books, scarcely ever quitting his literary avocations; he then rested, or rather seemed only to rest, for a time! He made excursions in the delicious environs of the Saxon metropolis, and sought refreshment among the beauties of Nature, of which he was ever a devoted admirer. One of his favourite recreations was to go in a boat upon the majestic Elbe, especially in a thunder-storm, when its surface was curled into foaming waves, and all the elements of nature seemed to be in conflict. When the loudest bursts of thunder rolled in the mountains, and the tempest lashed the stream into lofty billows, he was so transported, that he would often shout, on applauding *Bravo!* to the grandeur of Nature. Winter deprived him of these pleasures; and restored him to social life. His heart, created for friendship, readily attached itself to his kind. He loved to open it; and he was one of the very few, who can open it unreservedly, without fear of suffering in the estimation of others. Midnight frequently overtook him in the friendly circle, over the jovial bowl. It was during his residence at Dresden that his "Hymn to Joy" was composed. The greater part of his nights was, nevertheless, devoted to study; and, by this habit, he impaired his health; and laid the foundation of complaints, from which, in the latter half of his life, he was scarcely ever wholly exempt.

It was at Leipzig, or rather at the beautiful village of Göttlis, near that city, where Schiller spent a summer at the pleasant country-house of Göschen, the bookseller, that he finished his "Don Carlos." The frequent interruptions, which had taken place during the composition of this piece, the altered views of the author, and the new ideas, which had occurred to him, during this long period, in which he was engaged upon it, had produced important deviations from the original plan. The characters of Carlos and the Marquis Posa, in particular, were very different from what the author had intended them to be. In his preface, where he assigns the reasons for these alterations, he observes, it is possible that, in the first acts, he might have excited very different expectations from what he had realized in the last. The fact was, that to the fourth and fifth he had brought a totally different heart. "But," he continues, "the first three acts were in the hands of the public, and it was, therefore, too late to re-model the plot of the whole. I had, consequently, no other alternative than to suppress the piece altogether, or to adapt the second half to the first, as well as I could. If, in this task, I have not been everywhere the most happy, I have, at least, the satisfaction of believing that a more skilful hand would scarcely have been more suc-

careful. The principal fault was, that I had kept the piece too long in hand; a dramatic work bursts, and fades away, only like the blossom of a single summer. The plot, also, was too extensive for the limits and rules of a dramatic composition." In another place, he says: "Don Carlos" is not intended for the stage. It is a family picture of a royal house." In the combination of events, Schiller has adhered to history; but, in the treatment of Philip's character, he found it necessary to depart from it; and in order to heighten the pathos, not to make him such a monster, as he is represented in history.

From Leipzig, Schiller removed, in 1787, to Weimar, and joined the galaxy of genius and talent, which adorned the ducal court, and was the pride of the nation. Here he was received by Wieland; whom he for some time assisted in editing the "*German Mercury*," with his usual cordiality; and by Göthe, now minister, as an old friend. Here, too, Schiller contracted an intimacy with Mr. Von Wollzogen, at whose mansion at Bauerbach, in Meiningen, he lived several years; and whose sister, in the sequel became his wife.

In 1789, he was appointed professor of philosophy at Jena, and delivered lectures on history, and subsequently on æsthetics, with the most distinguished applause. Here he commenced the publication of his "*Historical Memoirs*," which extended to twenty-nine octavo volumes, but of which he translated only half of the first volume himself. Here too he penetrated into the depths of Kant's philosophy, and gave to the world his "*History of the Thirty Years' War*," a performance, which Germany received with universal enthusiasm. This period also produced the "*History of the most remarkable Rebellions and Conspiracies of the Middle Ages and Modern Times*," and the romance of the "*Ghost-Seer*," two works, which may be considered as relaxations from his severer studies. In 1796, he was appointed professor of history in the university of Jena, with a pension of two hundred dollars, which, by command of the Duke of Weimar, continued to be paid to him after he had quitted Jena; and was in the sequel augmented.

Schiller would probably never have left Jena, had he not been advised to do so by his physicians, on account of the delicate state of his health. He seemed to be consumptive, and that place is not considered as a suitable residence for persons with pulmonary affections. He, therefore, removed with reluctance from Jena, its enchanting environs, and his numerous friends; and fixed himself for the remainder of his life at Weimar.

Schiller's person was not, at first sight, very prepossessing. He was tall and slender; his cheeks were pale and hollow, but his eyes sparkling and expressive. A high arched forehead, Grecian nose, and rather prominent chin, heightened the im-

pression of the whole face, which bore manifest indications of genius and profound thought. His gait was stiff and slow, and his attitudes were ungraceful. In his dress, he was always simple and unostentatious. Though reserved in large companies, yet in the circle of his intimate friends, or in the bosom of his own family, no one could be more interesting, more eloquent, or more moving than Schiller. He was an affectionate, faithful husband, and a tender father. He disliked all the noisy pleasures of life, and of the few places of public resort that he frequented, the theatre was the only one, on which he bestowed any attention. Thither he went, not so much in quest of amusement, as to watch the impression made by the poet and performers upon the public, with a view that his own works might benefit by the experience. On his return home from the theatre, the first thing he did was, to sit down to his writing-table, turn over his new dramatic manuscripts, and add, alter, or erase.

During his residence at Jena, Schiller spent the greatest part of the year in his own beautiful garden, situated on an eminence, at one extremity of the town, in a retired corner near the Leine; but, in winter, he lived in the town, yet secluded from its bustle, in the house of his friend, the learned and venerable Griesbach. His garden richly deserved the name of the *Hermitage*, given to it by its former possessor, Schmidt, a brother-in-law of Klopstock. It commands the most exquisite prospects of the romantic valley of the Saal, the neighbouring hills covered with pine forests, and the wild environs of the Leine, which runs at its foot. This little stream, after thaws, heavy rains, and thunderstorms, is swollen into an impetuous torrent. On the brow of this solitary hill, Schiller built a small neat summer-house, containing a single room, having unobstructed views on every side. Here he studied, and this was his favourite retreat. Here, he would sometimes say, jocosely, "I enjoy myself better than Diogenes in his tub. This is my stage—here I perform the principal characters; and," he once added, pursuing the simile, "if I am ever hissed, it will be from without, not from within."

At the commencement of the French revolution, Schiller was one of its zealous champions. He hoped that it would essentially promote the happiness of mankind, the progress of the arts and sciences, and the diffusion of liberal ideas; but these hopes were soon blasted by the scenes of horror that so closely succeeded one another. "Alas!" he would often exclaim, "man can only destroy; and it is out of ruins alone that he can reconstruct!" Considering the course of this revolution, he, at different times, remarked, that the conduct of the German nation, in similar situations, would not only have been humane, but really grand and sublime; and that it would have become the greatest, the most formidable, and the most cultivated of

nations. "I was thoroughly impressed," said he, "more than once, with the horrors of the French war, when I composed 'Wallenstein's Camp,' 'The Piccolomini,' and 'Wallenstein's Death.' The sentiments, that I have put into the mouth of Max Piccolomini, and what he says to his Thekla, and his father concerning the blessings of peace, were no more than what I profoundly felt myself." When the rights of citizenship were conferred on him by the republican French, he seemed, at first, to be much gratified; but, in the sequel, he appeared to derive no pleasure from the distinction. A friend, desirous of seeing the diploma, once requested permission to look at it. "I really do not know where I have put it," replied Schiller, and abruptly broke off the conversation, which had led to the subject.

At Weimar, Schiller devoted his chief attention and activity to the theatre. On this account, he and Göthe were much together, and both personally attended most of the rehearsals. Those of new plays took place in Schiller's or Göthe's house. The former very frequently invited the actors to his table, read his new master-pieces to them with the utmost pathos and effect, and, in the most entertaining and instructive conversations, conveyed useful hints relative to their art, and their respective performances. This he did, in particular, previously to the first representation of "The Piccolomini," "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "Macbeth," "The Maid of Orleans," and "The Bride of Messina."

He had a strong aversion to the testimonies of applause, that were occasionally paid to him at the theatre. The public at Weimar were well acquainted with his sentiments on this subject, and it therefore appeared the more extraordinary, when, at the representation of his "Maid of Orleans," a very young doctor roared out lustily, "Bravo, Schiller!" The young man, observed Schiller, with a smile, "knows neither himself, nor us," nor me," and hissed as loudly as he could. The audience joined in the hiss, and the young doctor received a reprimand from the police for his unseasonable applause.

Schiller thought very highly of Lessing's plays, but less of Kotzebue's. His warmest admiration, however, was paid to Lessing, whom he frequently styled "the restorer of German literature." "Lessing," said he, "put an end to the vile aping of the French, and made us better acquainted with the grave English." It is well known that Lessing was the first German writer whose remarks urged his countrymen to the attentive study of Shakspeare, and this, of itself, was, in Schiller's opinion, an extraordinary merit.

No foreigner, perhaps, ever read Shakspeare so often, and studied him so profoundly as Schiller. Call upon him at what hour of the day you would, you were sure to find him with

a volume of Shakespeare before him! He frequently expressed his intention of adapting all his plays to the German stage, as he had done his *Macbeth*; but his early decease probably prevented the execution of this design.

Schiller was extremely scrupulous in his revision of pieces for the stage; yet, on this point, he did not perfectly harmonize with his friend Goethe. The latter erased too many passages, not only in his recent, but also in his earlier dramatic productions. There was even a time, when this practice was carried to such a length, that Schiller hesitated whether he should bring forward some of his later pieces at all; and hence they appeared on other stages, before they were represented on that of Weimar. These critical castrations must not, however, be placed entirely to Goethe's account, as he was not at liberty to exercise his own discretion, but was obliged to conform to the taste and the suggestions of a higher authority.

There was seldom a post, that did not bring Schiller letters from booksellers in all parts of Germany, containing very advantageous offers for any work, that he might have in hand. One eminent bookseller, having heard that he was engaged upon his "*Wallenstein*," travelled to Weimar, and proposed to give him twelve *carolines* (guineas) per printed sheet, for the work. Schiller was previously in negotiation with Cotta of Tübingen, for this piece; but, had that not been the case, he was much too steady in his attachments, to desert his old and respectable publisher for the sake of a higher price. "Cotta," said he, "deals honourably with me, and I with him;" and he did not even give the applicant any hope of proving more successful on a future occasion. Schiller received for most of his works six shillings, and occasionally *ten carolines* per sheet. The first edition of "*Wallenstein*" consisted of three thousand copies; and the whole was sold, before the expiration of the fair, at which it was published.

It was not the hours of day that Schiller devoted to his principal performances: they were planned and composed amid the silence of night. As soon as it was dark, and the streets became quiet, Schiller, reversing the order of nature, sat down to his literary labours. Near him usually stood a pot of strong coffee, or wine-chocolate, but more commonly a bottle of old Rhenish, or Champagne, which he found requisite to keep up his spirits; and to raise his mind above the influence of corporeal infirmities. The neighbours frequently heard him, at all times of the night, declaiming aloud; and whoever had the curiosity to observe him, which it was easy to do from the opposite houses, on account of the narrowness of the street in which he resided, might see him, absorbed by his subject, hastily pace the room; while reciting some energetic passage. He would then throw himself again

into his chair, sometimes apply his lips more frequently to the goblet placed beside him, rest his head upon his left hand, write again rise and declaim, and once more seat himself, and read. In winter, he seldom quitted his writing-table till four, or perhaps five o'clock in the morning, and in summer before three. He then retired to bed, out of which he was rarely found before nine or ten. The forenoon, he commonly passed with his family; in the afternoon, he hastily read over what he had written the preceding night, and prepared himself, as it were, for the labours of the ensuing. The rest of the day and the evening were devoted either to his extensive correspondence, or to indifferent matters, reading, the theatre, the society of his friends, the visits of numerous strangers, or the circle of his amiable family. "The Piccolomini," "Wallenstein's Death," "Mary Stuart," and the "Maid of Orleans," are the principal of Schiller's performances, that are known to be the fruit of his nocturnal vigils.

This mode of life would have been sufficient to undermine a stronger constitution than Schiller's. He had long apprehended, himself, that his lungs were affected, and, in the early part of 1805, he suffered more severely than ever from violent spasms. His strength was so much reduced, that it was impossible for him to support a long illness, when, on the 7th and 8th of May, he was seized with a spitting of blood, which the eminent physicians, who attended him, regarded as a very unfavourable symptom. In this situation, he was deeply afflicted by the tears of his children: "Take the dear creatures into another room," said he, faintly. His wife stood mournfully by his bed, with her hand clasped in his: "Take comfort," said he, solemnly: "continual change and separation are our lot upon earth." On the 9th, he was frequently delirious. "Who fired the guns?—Can you see who commands the left wing?—The cham-shot mows down whole ranks!—What a magnificent appearance the regiment makes! white and blue.—Are they in the camp?—Droll enough!" Such were the expressions, that he used during these paroxysms, as far as they could be understood. In the afternoon, he became more tranquil, and before six o'clock he expired, with a countenance as serene, as if he were composing himself to profound slumber; leaving his exemplary wife, and four infant children, to lament, with the whole German nation, over his premature grave.

Schiller died at the age of 45 years. On opening his body, an extraordinary disorganization was found to have taken place. The viscera of the right side were incapable of performing their functions, so that he had respired with the left lobe of the lungs only, and the latter was already considerably enlarged.

Schiller did not die rich. He was neither parsimonious nor prosaic enough to amass wealth. Every German reader knows

his beautiful piece, entitled, "*Die Theilung der Erde*," (The Partition of the Earth,) in which Jupiter says to the complaining poet, *The world is given away, therefore*

*If, in my heaven, thou wilt live with me,
Whenever thou com'st, it shall be open to thee.*

Though an excellent husband and father, and irreproachable in the management of his concerns, yet the state of his health, and the mode of life induced by it, occasioned a considerable increase in his expenditure. In his own person, he observed the utmost simplicity, and was a decided enemy to every kind of ostentation. It was not till four years anterior to his death, that he had a house to himself at Weimar; and it cost him a considerable sum to purchase, and fit it up with elegance. It was but for a few years also, that he had enjoyed an augmentation of his pension from the Duke; in return for which, however, he rendered essential service to the theatre, accepting nothing for such of his pieces as were first performed at Weimar, and conducting himself, upon the whole, in the most disinterested manner.

There are, of course, various collections of Schiller's works. The legitimate edition of his dramatic pieces forms five octavo volumes, and that of his poems two. His historical works occupy four volumes; his minor prose works the same number; and his romance of "*The Ghost-Seer*," one. The periodical works, which he solely conducted, and in which many of his poetical pieces, as well as fragments of his larger works, originally appeared, were—"Thalia," 4 vols. 1785-1791. "New Thalia," 4 vols. 1792-3. "Ladies Historical Calendar," annually, 1791-1793. "Die Horen," monthly, 1795-1797: and "The Almanac of the Muses," annually, 1796-1801.

SONNET.—MARIUS IN CARTHAGE.

Amid an empire's ruins, there sate one
Upon whose arm an empire's fate had hung,
With whose loud name the peopled earth had rung
From side to side in triumph; and upon
Whose lamp'd forehead, by his valour won,
The leafy crown had flourish'd—he had flung
His sword far from him, and he mused among
Those relics, like himself, of glory flown.
He marvel'd much at earthly vanities:
And gazed upon that lofty city's pride,
Bow'd to the dust, and trampled—turn'd his eyes
Upon the useless weapon cast aside,
And, with rough hand checking the tear-drops' flow,
He felt the bitter sympathy of woe.

LEARNED LADIES.

WITH reference to the duties, which we have taken upon ourselves in this journal, we confess, that we are not philosophers enough to discuss the advantages, derived by ladies from the study of chemistry, mineralogy, and a thousand other branches of natural philosophy, both *general* and *experimental*. We will farther admit, that we cannot foresee the improvements, however incalculable, which are likely to be made, by the ladies, in mathematics, metaphysics, and above all in political economy, which is now the fashionable study. As to the ancient languages, we shall briefly remark, that the Greek and Latin are eminently calculated to give a manly energy to the understandings of ladies, and to dispel the romantic illusions of too sentimental love; and that the study of Hebrew is the best expedient, to which a young female can resort, as a diversion from dangerous passions, and to convince herself, "that every thing is vanity and vexation of spirit."

We shall take the liberty, however, to express our sentiments respecting the study of the Italian language; especially, since it is now indispensably necessary for all young ladies, who ought to vie in accomplishments, with their equals and their superiors, in rank and fortune; and since it is moreover considered, that there can be no music without that language. As far as our observations extend, however, a person may think himself fortunate, if, in an Italian *arietta*, after incessant repetitions of the same words for a quarter of an hour, he can distinguish *Idolo mio* and *felicità* reiterated with so many variations, as to exhaust the breath of the young lady, who sings, and the patience of the company, invited to hear her. They, accordingly, applaud with looks expressive of mingled *ennui* and admiration. The vicious pronunciation of the singer, the hodge-podge of the Italian words, and the complicated notes of the composer, and the *gorgheggi* taught by the masters, produce, indeed, altogether an unintelligible jumble: but what people most admire in this world is precisely what they least understand. While we confess, that we can listen with delight to *Auld Robin Gray*, or *Tasso's stanzas*, set to music by Zingarelli, we are still far from wishing to quarrel with the partisans of German instrumental music, and of the *gorgheggi* of the Italian opera.

In truth, the practice of young ladies, in making a display of their voices and talents in company, is not less dangerous than the Spanish fashion, which, four or five years since, led them into the exposure of all their personal charms. They were wrong, in the first place, because English women have not such handsome feet as Spanish women; in the second, because the short aprons of the dignitaries of the church of England, are not, as some have seriously alleged, an example sufficient to justify the short

petticoats of fair ladies : and, lastly, because the effect produced is the very reverse of that, which is intended—

Her face was veil'd, but, to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined.—*Milton.*

Nor is the ostentatious display of the endowments of the mind less indecorous, than that of personal beauties : for talents, learning and science, whether real or fictitious, cause the world to talk too much of a woman. Depend upon it, that she, who is least talked of, is either the most virtuous or the most prudent, and certainly the most happy of her sex. It seems as if society was now striving to withdraw more and more the veil, which Nature has thrown over the fair sex. The flower expands with a superior brilliancy in the sun ; but the sun more speedily dries up the dew, which, while covering the flower, heightens its beauty and its fragrance.

The teachers of the English language in Italy, who are, in general, discarded servants, give their pupils Richardson's novels to read, by way of exercise. An Italian lady sets the English a laughing, when she answers—Yes, Miss—No, Miss—just in the same manner as the English ladies make those of Italy laugh, by addressing to them the vulgar compliment of *Vostra Signoria*. Indeed, the English females, who attempt to speak Italian, are much more unfortunate than their Italian sisters, who murder the King's English ; for, to say nothing of the *Germans*, the *French*, and the *Russians*, who pretend to give instruction in Italian, those, who come from Italy to pursue this profession in London, are, with very few exceptions, people of no education. In Italy a person of the lowest class has not sufficient opportunities for reading to keep on a level with the style of the day ; an Italian maid-servant, therefore, expresses herself just in the same manner as her grandfather and grandmother did before her : *è andato in villa, e tornerà presto in città* ; whereas an English girl, of the same class, will tell you in phrases of the newest polish :—"He is gone to enjoy the beauty of the country, and will soon return to the metropolis :"

Lastly, the common people I beseech—

Dear people ! if you think my verses cloyer,

Preserve with care your noble parts of speech,

And take it as a maxim to endeavour

To talk as your good mothers used to teach,

And then these lines of mine may last for ever,

And don't confound the language of the nation

With long-tail'd words in *osity* and *ation*.

There are Italian masters in England, who are not satisfied with merely making great havoc with the language, but they do the same with the authors out of which they give instruction, without themselves understanding them.

The pains, which Ariosto bestowed upon the improvement of the style of his poem, ceased only with his life; and his incessant labour in preparing the edition of 1532, induced a disorder which carried him to the grave. He has lately found correctors of another class in England. They correct, or, as they term it, *castigate* him, to make him decent, and fit to be seen in the drawing-rooms. The Jesuits, affected to purify the sensual propensities of human nature, and, at the same time, they endeavoured to stimulate or awaken them by indirect means, in order to strengthen their power over the passions and conscience of their pupils. Thus, they expunged all licentious passages from the text of the ancient classics, and at the same time printed all those passages, *en masse*, at the end of each volume, taking especial care to direct the reader where to look for the wicked things by the asterisks, which indicate the omissions. (See the editions *ad usum Delphini*.) The London *castigators* have printed two editions of Ariosto at the same time, and of the same size; one Ariosto is untouched, and the other Ariosto is castrated. We will not accuse these editors of acting Jesuitically, as they intend one Ariosto for mamma, the other for the daughter. But if their intentions are less mischievous, the effect produced is equally pernicious. If the pupils do not pay attention to the matter which they read, the book is useless to them; and if they reflect, the mutilated passages become the more dangerous. In spite of their own efforts, their imagination runs riot in picturing what is wanting; and we may apply again the well-known observation of Tacitus, *sed præfulgebant eo quod non vivebantur*. Whenever we convey a premature idea of vice to young people, we force them into a knowledge of the sentiment of shame, at the same time that we provoke their curiosity; and, by striving to render them virtuous, we only drive them out of the asylum of innocence. The wisest plan, therefore, is, neither to forbid, nor to encourage them in the perusal of any dangerous book, or rather not to allow them to become acquainted with the existence of such productions. — Michel-Angelo would not presume to restore the finger of an ancient statue. The *castigators*, on the contrary, mutilated Ariosto in order to abuse their supposed right of restoration — and since they usually interlard a little hypocrisy, we will quote the adventure of the hermit who meets Angelica in the forest:

Comincia l'Eremita à confortarla
 Con alquante ragion belle, e divote;
 E poi l'audaci man, mentre ch'è parla,
 Or per lo seno, or per l'umide gote;
 Poi più sicuro va per abbracciarla,
 Ed ella adégnoctul la percuote;
 Con una man nel petto e lo rispinge;
 E d'onesto rossor tutta si tinge;

Mr. Hoole, who professes "that every passage, which might offend delicacy, is softened in his translation, so as to give no just cause of complaint," has not thought it necessary to alter these lines, which he translates almost literally.

In pious strain, with hypocritic air,
He now began to soothe the weeping fair;
While, as he spoke, his roving fingers press'd
Her alabaster neck and heaving breast;
Till bolder grown, he clasp'd her in his arms:
But her resentment kindling all her charms,
Back with her hand the feeble wretch she threw,
While every feature glow'd with rosy hue.

This has been altered, by the poetic feeling and delicacy of the London castigator, in the following manner :

Comincia l' Eremita à confortarla
Con alquante ragion belle e divote,
" E le lagrime intanto ch' egli parla
Le bagnano, or il seno, ed or le gote.
Il sonno venne alfin ad acquetarla ;
Ma nuova altra sciagura la percuote.
Non comincia fortuna mai per poco,
Quando un mortal si piglia a scherno e gioco."

The last three lines, which have banished the delightful verse—

E d'onesto rossor tutta si tinge,

are displaced from another stanza, in which Ariosto applies these to the old hermit. The castigator found they would do as well for Angelica; but he wanted a rhyme, and by inserting 'percuote,' he has spoiled the original, which stood thus—

"Ma nuova altra sciagura anco l'ASSALTA."

The corrections of the other three lines are all due to the *castigator*, or more probably to some preceding *castigators*. Be that as it may, the phrase 'MENTRE CH' E' PARLA,' is pure and elegant; it may be found in Dante: whilst the expression 'INTANTO CH' EGLI PARLA,' introduced in its stead, is fully worthy of the castigator, who, as we conjecture, borrowed it from the vulgar grammar of Veneroni, or from some other publications of the same class, which, for more than a century, the teachers of the Italian language have disgorged upon Germany and France, and which they are now disgorging upon England.

People in England labour hard to acquire a competent knowledge of Italian literature. Their first step should be to unlearn all that they have learned, with so much trouble, from their teachers. Yet these men are necessary evils, and we hope that they are not all of the same class as the castigators. Besides, they can be rendered useful in spite of themselves, if we

deprive them of the power of playing off like quacks and impostors. We pledge our promise to suggest, in some of our succeeding numbers, a plan, which will enable any scholar to ascertain whether his Italian master is really fit for his profession; for we must now hasten to make our remarks on the advantages and inconveniences, attached to the literary pursuits of ladies.

Such as from rank, fortune, or fashion, are doomed to the obligation of making either the *great* or *little tour*, will act prudently to provide themselves with a small stock of enthusiasm for the literature and arts of other countries. This will neutralize the contempt, which Englishwomen, from possessing a superior education and more correct manners, are apt to affect for foreign customs. If affectation were to render women hateful, it would be no great matter: the misfortune is, that it makes them ridiculous.

As to the ladies, who do not travel, to them the study of foreign languages and literature is not unserviceable. They study them in general from the historians, the poets, and the novelists. History teaches the most useful of sciences, which consists in the knowledge of mankind, of facts, and of dates. Poetry assists the imagination, in colouring the dull realities of life with ideal beauties; which man loves to do, but which woman cannot live without doing. Few of them can enter into the feelings of statesmen, warriors, and merchants, and calculate what advantages are to be derived from the revolution of a neighbouring state, or from a war by sea or land, or from bankruptcies, or from dearth, which lowers the public funds, raises the price of necessaries, and places, at the mercy of the speculator, both the purse and the stomach of his fellow-citizen. Novels, on the other hand, teach the Art of loving, which many young ladies have need to learn, and improve them in the still more necessary Art of exciting love, for which Nature has given them all more or less genius, and an irresistible vocation. But though we are far from recommending the *Ars amandi*, which Ovid taught *Corinna* of old, in verses much resembling prose; neither do we admire the lessons in love, which the modern *Corinna* has given in a prose that aspires to the character of poetry, and with too much matter of speculation, to her fair contemporaries. It is true, that

'Tis a like sense, 'twill serve the turn as well.—*Cowley*.

But Shakspeare assures us, that "Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love." When too much art is discoverable, it serves only to put people on their guard: and if a *stupid* woman deserves pity, a *foolish* one never escapes contempt. For *folly* consists precisely, not in paucity of knowledge, or poverty of understanding, but in making a bad use of

both. The most miserable of creatures are those who do not avail themselves of their means for attaining the end, for which Nature has destined them. Now what other destination can a woman have, than that of becoming a wife and mother? When talents and accomplishments are well employed, they procure husbands for young ladies, and furnish them with all that is requisite for bringing up a family. In fact, young ladies, by studying the modern languages, qualify themselves for instructing their children, and especially their daughters, which will afford them the pleasure of performing the noblest and tenderest of duties, and likewise that of saving the money, which is too frequently thrown away on worthless masters. They will, moreover, be relieved from the necessity of sending to the Continent for governesses, who cannot leave behind them the habits of their respective countries, or conceal them, without assuming in England a thicker veil of prudery and hypocrisy.

Previously to marriage, during marriage, and even in old age, the accomplishments of females ought to tend to one single object—that of love: and the same instinct of loving, which makes young girls coquettes, warms even the selfish souls of grandmothers, with tender, domestic affections.

But now-a-days,

Vien la fanciulla fra la dotta schiera,
Così crucciosa in vista, e così fiera,
Che avria potuto ad Amor far paura.

BERNI, *Orlando Innamorato*.

There was a girl, among the learned squad,
So proud her port, her brow so stiff and steel'd,
Her looks had frighted Cupid from the field.

With a view to gratify young ladies of this class, we shall conclude with a string of learned quotations.—In the select, exalted, and solemn assemblies of fashionable life, there is an attraction to learned women, which surrounds every distinguished individual of the stronger sex; and he comes to participate the divine power of women, by being an object of their mutual admiration.

Ille Deum vitam accipiet, divisque videbit
Permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis,---VIRGIL.

and at the balls at Almack's, and the Argyll Rooms,

Ubi suevit illa Divæ volitare vaga cohors,---CATULLUS.

and where almost always

Pubertate ferox juvenis, viridique juvena,
Labitur oblitus studiorum,

— festam primus celebrare choream,

— primus captare susurrum

Virgineum, lepidique argutum murmur amoris,

Museum Crit. IV. 1814.

which, in plain English, means that young gentlemen leave the universities in order to flirt with young ladies. But young ladies—

Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet,---HORACE.

venture to launch out chiefly into literary discussions, and many a Grace, and many a Nymph is transformed into a Sibyl:

*Bacchatur demens aliena per antrum
Colla ferens, vittasque Dei, Phœbeaque sertis,
Erectis discussa comis. LUCAN.*

We are, nevertheless, assured that one of the ancient Sibyls exclaimed:

*Αἰ εἰ γὰρ δούλη τι γενήσομαι ἡματι τῷδε ;
Μυρία μὲν μοι φύλλα, γάμος δ' οὐδεὶς ἐμαλθῇ.
Oracula Sibyllina.*

Ah, wretched virgin! what shall be my fate?
With books in plenty---but without a mate.

When the cold wings of Time, in his silent and invisible passage, begin to weave wrinkles at the external angles of the eyes of young ladies, and to freeze the freshness of their lips, then it is that they are desirous of shewing that they have profited, by the lapse of years, to adorn their minds. Then it is that they obstinately dispute, like Amazons, the literary victory with some old pedant, who at length loses all patience, and, renouncing a gallantry, which is of no service to him, grapples with his enemy, or attacks her at a distance with a volley of epigrams, and never forgives her, till she lies prostrate at his feet. And then?

*Thy graceful form instilling soft desire,
Thy curling tresses and thy silver lyre,
Beauty and youth---in vain to these you trust,
When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust. Iliad.*

After these lines of the first poet that ever lived, by the most elegant of his interpreters, we dare not prolong our quotations, or say, what we should have done, concerning a poem, "On Blue Stocking Ladies," which has just reached us in manuscript. The writer may be a man of merit, but his work and its object are very mean. What end does it answer to satirize without flattering at the same time, and to retail *bon-mots* in bitter verses? or to point, almost with the finger, at the person, whom one's shafts are aimed at? Such a proceeding serves only to furnish food for the malignity and gossip of the beautiful and the young, without correcting the pedantry of the plain and the old. A single passage appears tolerable, and had not the author spun it out into thirty-four couplets, it would have been tolerably amusing. We will, therefore, translate it concisely into plain prose:—

"Some ladies at . . . took it into their heads to mount the horse Pegasus ; but he is a wild animal, which absolutely requires to be reined in by a masculine hand. When, therefore, the impatient steed perceived the weakness and inexperience of his female riders, away he scampered, the devil knows whither, but apparently into the thickest clouds, and such as were most impregnated with smoke. At last he shook them from his back, and down the poor creatures dropped in the middle of a ball or assembly-room, with their dresses in the utmost disorder, and of a dirty blue colour, very different from that lovely tint, which the French denominate *bleu du ciel*."

EPITAPH.

GEORGE CHARLES CANNING,
 Eldest Son of
 The Right Honourable George Canning,
 And Joan Scott, his Wife.
 Born April 25th, 1801.
 Died March 31st, 1820.

Though short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
 Which made that shorten'd span one long disease,
 Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
 For mild, redeeming virtues, Faith and Hope ;
 Meek Resignation ; pious Charity :
 And, since this world was not the world for thee,
 Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
 Strife, Glory, Gain, and Pleasure's flowery snare,
 Bade Earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
 And fix'd on Heaven thine unrevolted eye !

Oh ! mark'd from birth, and nurtur'd for the skies !
 In youth, with more than learning's wisdom, wise !
 As sainted martyrs, patient to endure !
 Simple, as unwean'd infancy, and pure !
 Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
 Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away !)
 By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
 Mount, sinless Spirit, to thy destined rest !
 While I---reversed our Nature's kinder doom,
 Pour forth a Father's sorrows on thy tomb.

WEDDED LOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

It was a lovely sight to witness, when,
 Returning from his toil or mountain sport,
 Hilarion reach'd his home. By the rude door
 Grew sycamore and limes, whose boughs hung down
 Like woman's tresses, and around whose trunks
 The honeysuckle wound its fragrant arms;
 And laurel always green, and myrtles, which
 Shook their white buds beneath the summer moon,
 Were there; and there, expecting his return
 The gentle Auria, who each happy day
 Gather'd her fairest fruits to welcome him.
 Soft was the evening's greeting;---one long kiss
 Received and given told a world of love,
 And many a question ask'd how absence pass'd
 Was answer'd tenderly, and lovely fears
 At times would fill the eyes, and ease the heart.---
 ---One child, like Auria fair, and with such looks
 As Hebe might, in early infancy,
 Have cast on Juno, when that skiey queen
 First shew'd her unto Jove smiling, was born :
 A gentle link of love, yet firmer far
 Than bonds, (tho' useful these,) or forced vows
 Was that fair child, who from each parent's heart
 Drew joy, and by communicable signs
 (More beautiful than words) and murmur'd sounds,
 Nature's imperfect utterance, told its own,
 And carried to the others' hearts delight.

Gentle and wedded Love, how fair art thou,---
 How rich, how very rich, yet freed of blame,
 How calm and how secure!---the perfect Hours
 Pass onwards to futurity with thee,
 Without a sigh or backward look of sorrow :
 Pleasantly on they pass, never delay'd
 By doubt, or vain remorse, or desperate fear.
 But, in thy train, Beauty and blooming Joy
 Pass hand in hand, and young-eyed Hope, whose glance
 (Not dimm'd, yet softened by a touch of care,)
 Looks forward still; and serious Happiness
 Lies on thy heart, a safe and shelter'd guest.

C.

THE PROOF-SHEET.

" In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men."—SHAKESPEARE.

I WAS awakened the other morning, at ten o'clock, from the charms of a soothing morning dream, succeeding a feverish night, by my servant at my door, " Sir, if you please, Mr. — has sent, for the third time, for the proof-sheet of that Essay on the Influence of Kant's Philosophy, for the *New Monthly*." — The printer's devil, and Kant's Philosophy, at such a moment! The shade of Didō was not more unwelcome to Æneas, or the apparition of Banquo to Macbeth. " Tell him, it shall be ready in two hours." — " But, Sir, he says, the press is waiting; and the compositors and overseer swore they would horsewhip him if he came back without it." — " He must be horsewhipped then, and I'll remunerate him, when the next number is out." A respite of a few hours was thus obtained. I laid myself down, re-adjusted my pillow, drew over me the comfortable *duvet*, which, notwithstanding Coleridge's abuse, I always sleep under since I passed the winter at Weimar, and again " addressed myself to sleep," or dreaming. But the charm was dissolved, the fairy tissue was destroyed, and could not be re-woven. Nothing remained but to slip on my dressing-gown, and arm myself for the encounter with the dreadful sheet, by a strong cup of Mocha coffee; and a French roll. The morning-paper, fresh with the dews of the printing-press, was on my table; a blooming Edinburgh, in blue and yellow costume, wooed me with irresistible virgin charms. The very idea, at this moment, of the proof-sheet, of the horrible corrections, the revisions, the expungings, the interlineations, which it would entail on me, gave me an indescribable *frissonnement*, a cold ague fit. Even the known accuracy of Messrs. Bentley's compositors could not re-assure me. In the mean time, while I poured out my coffee, my sage of a servant, with that sort of Mentor-like prudence and consideration, which an old servant, who knows a young master's ways, acquires, of his own accord, looked out for the dreaded object, on which he deemed it fitting that his master should be employed. " You need not poke your nose into all the table-drawers. Pshaw! there it is, tied up with red tape." — " No, Sir, if you please, that's the *print* of that there poetry book, that Lady B—— asked you to write a review on, before it was published." — " Blockhead! what is that bundle in the window?" — " Oh, that's the article prophesying that *Bony-part* would reign half as long as Louis XIV., which was to be printed in the — Review, when you know, Sir, the Duke drubbed him at Waterloo." After a *bouleversement* of sundry bundles of embryo MS. and half-finished sketches, and various

piles of Quarterlies and Blackwoods, the hateful little neat packet of the printing-office was dragged to light, from the bottom of a chaotic mountain of uncut blue-covered tomes, just fresh from the Leipsic fair. The silver ink-stand and the long pen, the paper-case and blotting-paper, speedily succeeded the Dresden coffee-cups, and breakfast service of claw china. It was now too late to recede. I was fairly taken for two hours' brain-racking correction, and final polishing of an illegible, perhaps in some instances unintelligible, MS. "Dimond, if any one calls, I am engaged," was pronounced with that firm voice of fixed resolution, with which a man endeavours to brave a disaster, from which he cannot withdraw. I fell to work vigorously, determined not to admit a thought of all the gaiety of the night before. Blue eyes, black eyes, swimming forms, and the voluptuous sounds of Rayne's quadrilles, in vain assailed me with sollicitous recollections: I was firm and invulnerable. "Tis pleasant, sure, to see oneself in print," thought I, with Lord Byron, as I surveyed myself in the ample page: doubly pleasant to see oneself clad in that bold, elegant, fashionable type, which adorns the heroes of Mr. Colburn's and Mr. Murray's windows; that dress which makes a modern author "the very rose of courtesy, and the pink of fashion," which is to the old barbarous smutty costume of Caxton or Tottill, what a young nobleman by Sir Thomas Lawrence is, compared to a Burgomaster by Albert Durer,—or a radical pantalooned beau at Almack's, compared to the black portentous figures of Roland of Triermain, or Goetz of Berlechtingen. The printer it is who consummates the author's conceptions. The mechanic puts the finishing stroke to the finest dreams of imagination. He gives to "any nothing a local habitation and a name." Without the compositor and the printer's devil, what a poor dreaming, fruitless, futile thing, is a wit. He is a soul without a body—a soldier, with "lots of courage," and no sword—a lawyer, with brass and black letter, but no briefs—a parson, brim-full of divinity, without a pulpit—a statesman, well read in Machiavel and Locke, without a voice in Downing-street. An author in MS. is a half-fledged sloven, unseemly to look upon; but, when turned out from the various hands, who conspire to dress and powder him for the public, what an Adonis he walks forth! what a typographical dandy! When the happy wight has gone through the beautifying hands of compositor, devil, printer, sewer, and boarder—those Hoby's, Stubbs, Allens, and Bicknalls of literature—then and then only does he become fit to lounge gracefully on the commode in the boudoirs of Grosvenor-square, and to meet the embrace of fair hands, who pat and admire his spruce blue or green coat, and to delight brilliant eyes with all the concentrated blaze of wit well-dressed, and satire and sentiment in the costume of Bond-

street. Pope was a driveller, when he said that criticism was the Muse's handmaid. The lines should be

"The printer then the Muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved."

The critic is the malicious and indelicate wretch, who delights to unstrip the dandy! He has no respect for hot-pressed paper, or Mr. Davison's most interesting of types. He delights to dispel the illusion of costume, and shew the poor author in naked deformity. He ill-naturedly detects all the glass eyes, ivory teeth, and elegant cork calves, of the literary Lotharios. The delight of seeing my mind reflected in the flattering mirror of a neat proof-sheet, accompanied me through the first page or two, which were tolerably flowing and correct; when, about the fourth, I began to find all the anticipated horrors thicken round me. That my friend Kant should be invariably printed *Cant* was not extraordinary, and that his Critical Categories should be metamorphosed into his *Christian Catechism*, with a humble query of the compositor, did not surprise me, when I recollected that the Christian Observer and the Churchman's Magazine issued from the same press; but presently I found such dreadful jostling and jangling between the *objective* and the *subjective*, the *quantitative* and the *qualitative*, the consequence so often produced the cause, and the end the means, that I began to think chaos was come again; and all the *lucidus ordo*, with which I fully hoped to have made the Categories very interesting light reading for young ladies, had totally evaporated in the press. "What ails the blockheads to-day? the MS. never could be thus confused," I rang the bell, and Dimond was called in to assist in collating it; and he began to read in an audible voice. Alas! I found that the compositors had not deviated from their wonted accuracy. "Metaphysicians have no business at masquerades," I thought silently to myself. After an hour's toilsome pruning and interlining, and assisted by Dimond's lungs, and with many a *stet*, *dele*, *reder*, and *reference*, I succeeded in reducing the metaphysical chaos to something like "*pure reason*," *ex fumo dare lucem*. Having thus squared all accounts with Priscian, and succeeded in making metaphysics intelligible in one part of my MS., another part, which abounded in bold and original opinions, personal anecdotes, pungent satire, and brilliant *persiflage*, gave me many a pause, many a reflective "*vivos et roderet ungues*," on widely different grounds. What a serious and weighty piece of business is this "going to press!" What an irrevocable, irremediable step! What a passing the Rubicon! The "damned spot" of ink will not out—there is no *locus penitentia*, as lawyers say. What a gulf between an *author* and a *thinker*!—between the snug

proprietor of his own ideas, and the man who is "rubrick on the walls," from having put them forth, with *malice prepense*, to amuse or instruct the public. Glaring publicity! heavy responsibility! thought I to myself, as I sat in judgment, with the despotic pen in hand, over every separate sentence. "To *print*, or not to *print*, that is the question." A man correcting a proof-sheet is on the edge of a precipice—the gulf of publicity yawns below him, and lures him, as the pellucid flood does Goethe's fisherman, to plunge headlong into the tide. Fame, hope, curiosity, beckon him forward. The publisher tempts, the printer's devil urges. What consequences often hang upon the proof-sheet! How much of good and of evil depends on this last award of the author! If Rousseau had thrown the proof-sheets of the "*Contrat Social*" into the fire, instead of returning them by the printer's devil to the press, the French revolution might never have unhinged Europe. If Wilkes had cancelled the proof of a few numbers of the "*North Briton*," the freedom of our persons and papers might not, to this day, have been secured by the declared illegality of general warrants. If Lord Byron had nipped in the bud the proof of his "*Poems of a Minor*," we should never have been delighted with the best of modern satires. But without having the vanity to see the possible germ of revolutions, or the fire-brand of political controversy, in my humble pages, how many other doubts, apprehensions, and misgivings distracted me as I weighed every sentence and line, with the scrupulous timidity of authorship. One sentence would, perhaps, rouse the fury of the Attorney-General; another might "poison the liking" of a whole *coterie* of subscribers; a smart observation, which I had chuckled at, as a *curiosa felicitas*, might turn the stomach of the saints; a hint at Buonaparte's glory, would infallibly ruin us with the clerical wits of Rivington's, and exclude us from half a score tory book-clubs; some praise of Voltaire would damn us at Weimar; and a good word to Kant and Fichte, would annihilate us at the Institute. However, I remembered the old man and his ass and his sons. An author said, I boldly must brave evil report and good report. Provided there is no sentence that can

"Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear,"

"*Tout le reste m'est égal*," it must e'en go to press "with all its imperfections on its head," and *maugre* all possible chances of broken heads, latitats, damages, attorney's bills, and anonymous letters. I thus administered a narcotic to my scruples. I let the sense of my sentences stand, *coute qui coute*, and confined myself to polishing up the dress and the style. In this I soon determined to be expeditious and decisive—not to be "bound in by saucy doubts and fears." A brilliant gleam of the wintry sun

broke in upon my papers and books, and the shining *bleached* pavement looked highly inviting, when a crabbed collocation of consonants grated on my ear;—it was nervous and expressive. Many a rough sentence, not squaring with the rules of euphony, I suffered to stand untouched—"a man may polish too much."—I like a sort of *Dryden asperity*—it is not necessary to write *ad unguem*—give me nerve, strength, the tiger-spring of the first rough idea. Lord Byron never retouches. Dimond, with his intuitive knowingness, at the first gleam of sunshine, had, of his own accord, spread the neat olive-coloured great coat on the back of a chair, and placed the smooth beaver by the side, with the kid gloves neatly laid across it. The wax-taper soon paled its feeble flame; the proof was laid in a neat half-sheet of cartridge-paper; and, as I folded up the corners, I took a last affectionate farewell of the offspring I was launching forth into the ocean of literature, beset with the shoals of criticism.

"Vix sustinuit dicere lingua Vale!"

The single decisive rap of the inexorable devil presently struck on the door. "There it is, Dimond. '*I! secundo ovine.*'" As I heard the little black Mercury tramp down stairs, and slam the door after him, I felt myself eased of an indescribable load—thank Heaven!—freedom for a full fortnight—a fortnight of literary revelling—with nothing to do but to pay visits, devour Scotch novels, and rifle the uncut volumes from Leipsic.

D. C.

THE SPARE BLANKET.

COLD was the wind, and dark the night,
 When Samuel Jenkins, call'd by some
 The Reverend, (tho' I doubt his right,)
 Reach'd Yarmouth's town, induced to come
 By ardour in the cause of Zion,
 And housed him at the Golden Lion.
 His chamber held another bed,
 But, as it was untenanted,
 Our hero, without fear or doubt,
 Undress'd, and put the candle out,
 And, Morpheus making haste to drop his
 Drowsiest soporific poppies,
 Sleep soon o'ertook the weary elf,
 Who snored like—nothing but himself.
 The night was pretty far advanced,
 When a stray smuggler, as it chanced,
 Was by the yawning Betty led
 To the aforesaid empty bed.

'Tis plain that, since his own bassoon
Did not awake him with its tune,

Sam could not hear his neighbour,
Who very leisurely undress'd,
Put out the light, retired to rest,

And, weary with his labour,
Form'd a duet with noise sonorous,
Although it sounded like a chorus.

The witching-time of night is near---

Hark! 'tis the hollow midnight bell,
Whose echoes, fraught with solemn fear,

Far o'er the land and ocean swell.

The sentry, on his lonely post,
Starts, and bethinks him of a ghost;
Lists, eager for the distant sound
Of comrades marching to the round,
And bends athwart the gloom his eye,
The glimmer of their arms to spy:---

While many a startled nymph awaking,
Counts the long chime so dull and dread,
Fancies she sees the curtains shaking,

Draws underneath the clothes her head,
Feels a cold shudder o'er her creep,
Attempts to pray, and shrinks to sleep:

Altho' our Missionary woke

Just at this moment in a shiver,
'Twas not the clock's appalling stroke

That put his limbs in such a quiver;---
The blankets on his bed were two,
So far from being thick and new,

That he could well have borne a dozen;
No wonder that, with such a store,
When his first heavy sleep was o'er,

The poor incumbent woke half frozen.

"Since Betty has forgot the clothes,"

Quoth Sam, (confound her stupid head!)

"I'll just make free to borrow those
That lie upon the empty bed;"

So up he jump'd, too cold and raw.

To be punctilious in his work,
Grasp'd the whole covering at a claw,

Offstripp'd it with a single jerk,
And was retreating with his prey,

When, to his horror and dismay,

His ears were almost split asunder

By a "Hollo!" as loud as thunder!

As Belzebub, on all occasions,

Was present in his lucubrations,

He took for granted that to-night

The rogue had come to wreak his spite,

The Spare Blanket.

And stood transfix'd, afraid to breathe,
 With trembling lips and chatt'ring teeth;
 But cry'd at last, with desperate shout,
 "Satan, avaunt!--I've found thee out."
 Meanwhile, the Smuggler, who had shouted
 At finding all the blankets gone,
 Though for a little while he doubted
 The cause of the phenomenon,
 Soon as he heard Sam's exclamation,
 Concluded, without hesitation,
 'Twas an exciseman come to seize
 His contraband commodities;
 Wherefore, within his fist collecting
 His vigour and resentment too,
 And by the voice his aim directing,
 Since every thing was hid from view,
 He launch'd a more than mortal blow
 Intended to conclude the matter,
 Which, whizzing on its work of woe,
 Fell, with a desolating clatter,
 Just where our Missionary bore his
 Two front teeth, or Incisores.
 This made the Jinkins fiercer burn
 To give his foe a due return,
 And punish him for what the brute did
 When his front teeth he had uprooted.
 Rearing, with this intent, his fist,
 Although the smuggler's face it miss'd,
 It met his ear with such a rap,
 He thought it was a thunder-clap,
 Especially as from the crash
 His eye-balls gave a sudden flash.
 Jinkins, meanwhile, with clamour dire,
 Vociferating "Thieves!" and "Fire!"
 Host, hostess, men and maids, rush'd in,
 Astounded by his fearful din,
 While many more prepared to follow
 With lights and buckets, hoop and hollo!
 His foe, who saw how matters lay,
 Slipp'd on his clothes, then slipp'd away;
 And, being somewhat waggish, thus
 Began the adventure to discuss:---
 "Sure, neither acted like a wise man
 To think the devil would fight th' exciseman,
 When both pursue the self-same ends,
 Like fellow-labourers and friends.
 Both have authority to seize
 Unlawful spirits, where they please;
 Both have a right to claim as booties
 All those, who have evaded duties;

They roam together, hour by hour,
Both seeking whom they may devour;
And since th' inseparable two
A partnership in this world form,
God grant that both may have their due,
And, in the next, be friends as warm !"

THE HARVEST-HOME.

A SKETCH FROM A PICTURE OF "TH' OLDEN TIME."

"Thus they rejoice ; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round."—THOMSON.

THE man, who would annihilate the temperate and customary hilarity of the honest rustic, after he has performed the laborious duties of the harvest-field, ill deserves to reap the benefit of his homely toil ; but that every change is innovation, and every departure from old exploded practices, is matter for regret and execration, I am decidedly disposed to contradict.

My rural pursuits commenced just soon enough for me to retain a distinct recollection of what in Norfolk is called the HARVEST-HOME, or *harvest-supper* ; and to have witnessed the gradual decline of a practice, the discontinuance of which, we are now told, originated in the "eager desire of the middling classes, to ape manners and habits inconsistent with their pursuits, inimical to their interests, and dangerous to their happiness."

Bloomfield felt what he wrote, when he composed those beautiful lines, expressive of the poor man's regret at beholding the "*change, ungracious, irksome, cold*," but his performance was got up for exhibition, and will not bear the test of scrutiny. He has painted, in vivid and glowing colours, the charms of rural life, real and imaginary, and omitted all the blemishes and defects ; nevertheless his picture is still a portrait, and the colouring may be excused. But the "Picture from Life," (a palpable misnomer by the by,) in the First Series of the N. M. Magazine, is a broad caricature, a burlesque upon reality, and an unworthy censure on the conduct of a class of men, whose hard struggles and unavailing exertions against untoward circumstances, are deserving of a better fate, and more equitable remuneration.

If a more liberal education is bestowed upon the rising generation of the English yeomanry and tenantry ; and if the farmers of the present day are more enlightened in the aggregate than they formerly were, will "the statements of our moralists and politicians" convert that circumstance into a "national grievance ?" Taken as a whole, I fearlessly assert that the yeomanry

and tenantry of Great Britain are a worthy, generous, and enlightened body of men, unequalled for assiduity, perseverance, and morality, by any people similarly circumstanced throughout the world.

I should not express myself thus decidedly, did not the remark, that "of all the evils of the present day, there is none so destructive, and so fraught with ruin in its consequences, as the obliteration of *old customs*," seem to imply, that the distresses, of which the farming part of the community now complain, are the natural consequences of their own misconduct, through a faulty and expensive mode of living; whereas the very contrary is the fact; for, independent of the additional burden, which the times have imposed upon him, the farmer of the present day is a less expensive man, and a better moral character, than the farmer of old. The latter was a plodding illiterate being, an epicure in substantial delicacies; fond of his horses, which exhibited a bulk of carcass in happy unison with the stunted body of their master; addicted to the bottle and the chase; and priding himself on the fleetness of his greyhounds, and the extensive circle of his courting acquaintances.

The pleasures of the day terminated, it is true, in what is usually denominated "good old English hospitality," *alias* gluttony and drunkenness, and their carousals were remarkable for that excess of eating and drinking (the primary object of their meetings) which distinguishes an age of free-born nature, from the temperate gratifications of more refined taste. The tables groaned under an enormous load of substantial viands, the spacious bowl afforded a fountain of intoxicating beverage, and the interposing whiff supplied many a chasm (when the sports of the day failed to afford subject for conversation) till the exhilarating nectar inspired a zest for Bacchanalian songs, and the Stentorian chorus crowned the revels of the night. Thus a habit of hard drinking was early contracted, and almost every farmer of the old school, if not decidedly a drunkard by profession, was in the constant habit of taking plentiful potations of strong ale, and occasional libations of more ardent spirits. Nor were these scenes of revelry confined exclusively to their hunting or coursing meetings; but a social tea-party, wherein the ladies sustained their part with characteristic uniformity, always afforded a similar profusion of "good cheer." I have not forgotten, indeed no one could ever forget, who had once beheld, the formidable pyramids of toast and hot bread, floating in butter, that vanished before the united efforts of a party of homely dames, and honest gaffers; to say nothing of the successful method they employed to lighten the burden of the side-table, abundantly supplied with cold ham, beef, chicken-pie, and sausage-roll. And as the axiom, that good eating requires good drinking, was

never disputed by these our goodly forefathers, the "cups, that cheer," were no sooner dismissed, than those, that inebriated, supplied their places, and continued their services, till noisy mirth

"disturb'd the midnight ear,"
Of sober Chloë, gone to bed betimes."

I now come to the more prominent portion of the picture, the HARVEST-HOME—the glory of antiquity, the pride of our forefathers; the lament of the poet, and the pretext of cavillers; who are ever ready to perpetuate old forms, and to condemn new practices, good*are evil. This motley assemblage—this indiscriminate admixture of lord and plebeian; of man and master; of noisy hinds, and knowing artizans; of brawny dames, and buxom virgins; of squalling brats, and squeaking fiddlers; in short, this heterogeneous mass of vulgar jollity, which can only be defended on the principle, "that occasional intoxication is the best reward for habitual industry,"—is really made the subject of panegyric, in the fashionable pages of polite literature, at the commencement of the nineteenth century!

It is, doubtless, a gratifying sight to behold the sound oak-table's massy frame "bending beneath a ponderous load of reeking viands—of well-fed mutton, and the huge surloin; of puddings, baked and boiled; of wholesome vegetables; and "all that made our great forefathers brave,"

"Ere the cloy'd palate countless flavours try'd,
And cooks had Nature's judgment set aside."

It is still more gratifying to contemplate the happy countenances of "rustic youths, brown with meridian toil;" of maids, whose cheeks, like full-blown roses, exhibit the picture of health in all its pristine purity; of smiling dames, and chubby children, whose delight, at seeing such unusual fare, is only surpassed by their pleasure in partaking of it. It is to them a feast whereof the bloated epicure has no conception.

If we could draw a veil over the remaining portion of the picture, then, indeed, would the language of descriptive poetry awaken in us a lively sense of the original, without the sacrifice of truth; but the sketch is still unfinished; for on the same canvass are depicted "*beauty and the beast*," asymmetry and deformity; vigour and imbecility.

After supper, (for that is invariably at the commencement of the feast) the usual beverage, strong home-brewed ale, is freely circulated amongst the jocund party, while decorous conversation,

"and the frequent song,
Unheeded, bear the midnight hours along."

This, with many an awkward attempt at dancing to the

cleaver and marrow-bone, or the no less musical efforts of the village-fiddler, beguiles the fleeting hours, till the meridian of night is numbered with the past. Tea is then introduced; and did this terminate the performance, I would still refrain from objecting to a measure, which, if I could not participate in it, I would at least forbear to condemn: but, alas! this is only an interlude, and the drop-scene is yet to be witnessed. From that time, mirth loses its character; conversation is lost in the general clamour; and merriment is no longer restricted to the bounds of propriety. The song is vociferated in compliment to the master and mistress, whose good qualities occupy an hour or two in tedious recital; and happy is the wight whose pneumatical organs allow him to be loudest in their praise. How often have I been compelled to listen to music;

"For which, alas! my destiny severe,

Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear."

"A Health to mine Host and Hostess," "The Barley Mow," &c. with appropriate songs, succeeds.

The scene of action, too disorderly and indecorous to describe, is hereafter strewed with *down-pins*, and it becomes the duty of the living to dispose of the dead—a circumstance, which gives rise to much merriment, in the ludicrous attempts to convey drunken Hodge, in the wheelbarrow, to some place of security for the remainder of the night. This is generally performed by others so ill equal to the task, that a few tumbles in the mire, if not a wallow in the horse-pand, complete the farce, and finish the performance.

It is not at all surprising, that persons possessing such good taste as our forefathers are acknowledged to have done, should avail themselves of the opportunity, which the termination of harvest afforded, for gratifying their own propensities, by providing an entertainment for their labourers, on a scale commensurate with the established notions of hospitality; and far be it from me to question their honest and honourable intentions. Such manners were coincident with the age in which they lived; but if a revolution (for the better in many respects) has since been effected, and it is demanded, "Has wealth done this?"—I answer, "No! a combination of events and causes; to wit, a diffusion of knowledge, a better government of the appetite; the introduction of science; the increase of population, and the uncontrollable power of necessity."

KENILWORTH.*

The subject of this romance is, perhaps, the most arduous of any, which its author has yet attempted. There is no period in the history of the world, to which the mind of an Englishman reverts with greater reverence and pride, than that of Elizabeth—the age, when all that can dignify or embellish life, received a mighty impulse; when philosophic wisdom escaped from its dim recesses, and was shed abroad among the people; when the useful was tinged with the romantic, and poetry became at once the sweetest and the most manly. To realize this era; to bring before our eyes, not only its manners, but its living genius; to place us amidst its various characters, from the company at a village ale-house, to its renowned queen—is an aim, from which an author of the highest reputation might shrink. In this, however, the great novelist has, in a considerable degree, succeeded. He has set before us, in all the vividness of present life, the customs, the formalities, and the pleasures of Elizabeth's court; made us partakers in the jealousies and contests of its most illustrious statesmen, and enabled us to feel every gesture, attitude, and tone, of the celebrated Queen herself, as though we had been yesterday in her presence. But he has not introduced us into the diviner assembly of the time, into the haunts of its philosophers and poets. He has, indeed, made Raleigh one of his persons; and told the incident of his throwing down his rich cloak before the Queen, to tread on, with singular vivacity; but he represents him only in the grace and bravery of his youth. Spenser and Shakspeare are just brought in, as part of a crowd, to receive a few condescending words from the Earl of Leicester, at the moment of his triumph over his rival. This is, we think, using unauthorized freedom with those illustrious names. True it is, that when the favourite of Elizabeth nods on the dramatic poet, our novelist refers to the different aspects, in which their contemporaries and posterity regard them; but the name of Shakspeare is too sacred "to point a moral or adorn a tale," even though the tale be by the author of *Waverley*. What a fine triumph would it have been for the novelist; what an eternal elevation of his art, had he called up with power the mightiest spirit of the time; imagined his choicest hours, and enabled us to listen delighted, among his convivialities, to his spontaneous poetry and wisdom!

Kenilworth opens with a very spirited scene, at "the Bonny Black Bear," an inn a few miles from Oxford. While the guests are taking their evening recreation, a stranger, who is soon dis-

* *Kenilworth; a Romance.* By the Author of "*Waverley*," "*Ivanhoe*," &c. In three vols. 8vo. Edinburgh and London, 1821.

covered to be the graceless nephew of the landlord, joins their revels. To his inquiries after one of his old acquaintances, Anthony Foster, a superstitious villain, who had brought light to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley; and had changed his religion, according to the exigences of the time, he receives answer, that the bigot lives at Cumnor-place, an old mansion in the neighbourhood, and that some beautiful girl is there in his custody. This narrative incites Michael Lambourne, the reckless adventurer, to intrude on the solitude of Foster, in the hope of profiting by a share of the mystery. Tressilian, a gentle and unobtrusive guest of the landlord, offers to join in the expedition, and they accordingly set out together, in the morning, for Cumnor-place. An admirable description of the park, and entrance to the ruined mansion, follows, which, for noble picturesque effect, is equal to any thing in the best works of the author. At the house, the adventurers obtain an interview with its fierce and ungainly master; and Tressilian discovers, that the embowered fair-one is the daughter of a Cornish gentleman, once called Amy Robsart, to whom he had given his heart in vain, and who had fled from her father's mansion. This lady proves to be the concealed bride of the Earl of Leicester, who, madly enamoured of her beauty, and fearing the jealous temper of the Queen, had fitted up apartments in the old mansion, with great sumptuousness, for her residence, until a favourable opportunity should occur for acknowledging her as his wife. There is something exceedingly delicious in the idea of these hidden pomps, and of their young, beautiful, and artless mistress. Perhaps at this point, or the stolen visit of Leicester which follows, the interest of the romance is at its height, and the reader is prepared to expect images of more pure and exquisite beauty, heightening the effect of the bustling scenes, than the tale actually discloses. Leicester, compelled to attend on the Queen, repairs to London, and there is immersed in all the perils of an intrigue, to supplant the Earl of Sussex in Elizabeth's favour. Thither Tressilian follows, in the belief that Amy has been seduced by Varnéy, an attendant on the Earl, to implore the Queen's interference, for the restoration of the lady to her father. The whole scene of the court, where the two great rivals, Sussex and Leicester, meet, is depicted in the most masterly style. Not only are all the varieties of its external appearance, in exactest costume, bright and breathing before us; but all the turns of hope, terror, ambition, and love, in the chief persons, are portrayed in their most delicate gradations. Nothing can be more happily conceived, than the demeanour of Elizabeth throughout this scene. Her masculine impetuosity, softened by female love, and the partial suppression of both these feelings by a sense of personal majesty, are represented so as to form a striking historical pic-

ture. Varney, the devoted pander to his master's will, on being asked, whether he is married to Amy? answers, boldly, "Yes," and Leicester, though mortified and indignant, dares not avow the truth. The interview closes on Leicester's triumph; but the Queen insists on the production of Amy at Kenilworth, where she prepares to visit her favourite. To prevent the discovery which obedience to this command would render inevitable, Varney engages an astrologer and alchemist to medicate the food of the sad prisoner, so as to bring on languor and sickness, which may serve as an excuse for her absence. But this plan defeats its own object; for the lady, indignant at the request of her husband, that she should sanction his minion's falsehood, and believing that her keepers design to poison her, flies from Cumnor-place, and, after a variety of adventures, rather tediously related, arrives, in disguise, at the princely castle, of which she is the rightful mistress. We have then a most magnificent description of the Queen's progress, of her reception, and all "the princely pleasures of Kenilworth Castle." While his wretched wife is exposed to various insults, Leicester, flattered almost to madness by the amatory expressions of the Queen, dares to avow respectful love for her person, and is scarcely rejected. At this crisis, the Queen meets Amy in the garden, hears her broken story, and, without comprehending the full extent of Leicester's infidelity, perceives that she has been deceived. A reconciliation, however, takes place; and Amy is sent from the castle, under pretence that she is insane. Varney, whose personal ambition incites him to risk all, to place his master with Elizabeth on the throne of England, next persuades him that his wife is faithless, and that Tressilian is the object of her unholy love. Thus inflamed by jealousy, he provokes his imagined rival to fight him, and is on the point of taking his life, when a letter from the Countess, which should have been delivered on his arrival, proves her fidelity and Tressilian's innocence. Penitent at last, he avows his marriage to the Queen, and sends to Cumnor-place, to prevent any wrong to his Countess. But his messenger is killed—the hand of vengeance is uplifted—and he just arrives himself in time to learn that, by the machinations of Varney and Foster, his wife has been precipitated through a trap-door, into a vault, and dashed into pieces!

The best parts of the work, decidedly, are the first secret luxuries of Cumnor-place, the scenes in Elizabeth's court, and the festivities and distractions of Kenilworth Castle. Almost all the scenes, however, are too long for entire extraction, and too complete and dependant to admit of a fair exhibition of fragments. We must venture, however, on giving the scene where the Queen confronts Leicester with his wife, as it is, perhaps, the most various, spirited, and characteristic in the novel.

" Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies, assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her Majesty, when the hunting-party should go forward; and their astonishment may be imagined, when, instead of seeing Elizabeth advance towards them, with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her walking so rapidly, that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont, when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, extenuated, half-dead, yet still lovely female, whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed towards her, under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill. "Where is my Lord of Leicester?" she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around—"Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven, and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveller, he could not gaze upon the smouldering chasm, which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half uttered, half intimated congratulations of the courtiers upon the favour of the Queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur, that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile, with which he disclaimed those inferences, was yet curling his cheek, the Queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and, supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead features, demanded in a voice, that sounded to the ears of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet-call, that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment-seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch, which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave, and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, knelt down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones, on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice, which trembled with passion, "could I think thou hast practised on me—on me thy Sovereign—on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception, which thy present confusion surmises—by all that is holy,

false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence; but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swoln with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers—to them I will plead, and not to a princess, who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think—defied in the Castle, we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man!—My Lord Shrewsbury, you are Marshall of England; attach him of high treason!"

"Whom does your Grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor, Dudley, Earl of Leicester!—Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody.—I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any others, replied bluntly, "And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste! I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patience!—God's life!" exclaimed the Queen, "name not the word to me—thou know'st not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended Sovereign, instantly (and, alas! how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam—he is guiltless—no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the Queen, "durst not thou, thyself, say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest. "O, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know, who has moved thee to this; or my wrath, and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire, shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace!"

As the Queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness, which would overwhelm him for ever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandoned her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the Queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honour, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his Countess, when Vaney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man altogether overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my Liege, pardon!—or, at least, let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man, whom she deemed most odious, place himself so near her, and was about to fly towards Leicester, when, checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity, which his looks had re-assumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and, uttering a faint scream, besought of her Majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the castle,—to deal with her as the worst of criminals;—"but spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the Queen, moved by a new impulse; "what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the Queen.—"My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed, and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the Queen briefly answered, "Ladies, under favour, no.—You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues—our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest. Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her."

"By our Lady!" said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, "she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own lady-birds of daughters."

So saying, he carried her off, unresisting and almost unconscious; his war-worn locks and long grey beard mingling with her light-brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The Queen followed him with her eye—she had already, with that self-command, which forms so necessary a part of a Sovereign's accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those, who had witnessed it. "My Lord of Hunsdon," she said, "is but a rough nurse for so tender a babe."

"My Lord of Hunsdon," said the Dean of St. Asaph, "I speak it not in defamation of his more noble qualities, hath a broad licence in speech, and garnishes his discourse somewhat too freely with the cruel and superstitious oaths, which savour both of profaneness and of old papestrie."

"It is the fault of his blood, Mr. Dean," said the Queen, turning sharply round upon the reverend dignitary as she spoke; "and you may blame mine for the same distemperature. The Boleyns were ever a hot and plain-spoken race, more hasty to speak their mind, than careful to choose their expressions. And by my word—I hope there is no sin in that affirmation—I question if it were much cooled by mixing with that of Tador."

"As she made this last observation, she smiled graciously, and stole her eyes almost insensibly round to seek those of the Earl of Leicester, to whom she now began to think she had spoken with hasty harshness, upon the unfounded suspicion of a moment."

In the vigorous delineation of character, this novel, if inferior to the earliest works of its author, is far richer than most of his later productions. Besides the historical portraits of the Queen and Leicester, which are executed with great skill, there are several persons, whom the reader has not recognised before, but who are now individualized in his mind for ever. We cannot forget Anthony Foster, the fire and faggot zealot, who mingles religion so strangely with his villainy—or his innocent daughter, Janet, who makes puritanism amends for the discredit brought on it by her father—or Varney, whose terrible atrocities are rendered more fearful, by his horrid smoothness and courtier-like demeanour—or Michael Lambourne, the best, perhaps, of the whole, whose easy virtue and gay vulgarity are redeemed by the spirit of joyousness and lusty life, which breathes through all his speeches and actions. Kenilworth, thus rich in characteristic delineation, is chiefly wanting in that tinge of poetry, and those pure humanities, which have so softened and elevated the effect of the author's earlier romances. There is no being of great moral or intellectual nobleness; no image of angelical loveliness, like that of Rebecca—or of stern and lowly beauty, like that of Jenny Deans; nor even any high uprisings and momentary triumphs of goodness, in the bosoms of the darker of its persons. The verisimilitude, too, of the scenes, though often complete, is produced by a number of minute touches, rather than by those bold master-strokes, which have come so often from his pencil. On the whole, the work displays almost as wonderful a power of realizing to us distant times and persons, as any of its author's romances; but it wants the best and most permanent charm of his earlier writings—that spirit of good, which, in them, was felt to be ever present, shedding a more than magical lustre on all things.

LINES FOR THE BUST OF MILTON.

IN the amphitheatre at Mount Edgcumbe, is erected a small Grecian temple, in which is placed a bust of Milton, with an inscription from "Paradise Lost," which one could almost imagine was written on this very spot, every part of the scene so well agreeing.

Over head up grew
Insurpassable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and fir, and pine and branching palm:
A sylvan scene! and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view!

Nothing appeared wanting to complete the magical effect of the whole, but an Æolian harp; and "on this hint" were written the following lines:—

And well, O Milton! is thine honour'd bust
Placed the deep twilight of these woods among;
For, though far off repose the Poet's dust,
Here lingers still the spirit of his song:
And oft, at eve, these high arcades along,
To Fancy's dreaming eye his form will glide;
While ev'n the depth of stillness finds a tongue,
And sounds unearthly float upon the tide.
Or in faint murmurs die along the dark hill-side.
Yet why, O why, in such a scene, is mute
That lyre, which scorns the touch of mortal hand—
The lyre of Heaven—the wandering Ariel's lute,
Which fairy fingers all alone have spann'd,
And the pure Zephyr's waving breath hath fann'd?
'Twere sweet to catch its tones when, still and dim,
The beauty-breathing hues of eve expand;
When day's last roses fade on ocean's brim,
And Nature wails her brow, and chants her vesper hymn.

Sweet were that sound, at night, to many a band
That beats, with printless steps, the glimmering wave;
Sweetly 'twould linger o'er the moonlight sand,
To him, who loves to tread where waters lave,
And dream of that, which spins the peaceful grave;
And sweetly would it fill the pauses deep,
When Autumn night-winds cease awhile to rave,
Or in low moanings hush themselves to sleep,
While listening woods and waves a holy concord keep.

ORIGINAL LETTERS, No. 1.

Having obtained access to a collection of highly interesting *Original Letters*, in the hand-writing of some of the most eminent men of former times; we feel great pleasure in commencing a series of extracts from these very curious volumes, which we purpose to continue occasionally, as our limits may permit, accompanying each letter by a *fac-simile* of its signature.

The value of this acquisition will, we have no doubt, be duly appreciated by our readers; whilst for ourselves we must candidly acknowledge, that we feel deeply indebted to that gentlemanly feeling, which has thus kindly admitted us to the privilege of selecting from documents, which could only have been obtained under peculiar circumstances, and by the most assiduous researches during a long period of time.

To choose from among the many mighty names before us, is, we find, a task by no means easy; for among them we discover many of our most eminent statesmen, patriots, philosophers, orators, poets, and divines. We will begin, however, with a letter from one who united, in himself, most of these characters—the amiable John Evelyn, whose memoirs, recently published, have attracted universal attention. He was a zealous royalist, and went abroad during the civil troubles in the reign of Charles I. At the restoration he returned to England, and died at Wotton in Surrey, Feb. 27, 1706. He was as remarkable for the solidity of his judgment, as for the piety and integrity of his heart.

John Evelyn to Abp. Tenison.

4th 9br. (16)80.

My Reu'd Lord,

Being now thro' the infinite clemency of a gracious God) arriv'd to the sixtieth yeare of my age; I haue (upon very serious consideration) thought it absolutely necessary, to make a more accurate discussion and search into all the passages of my whole life, to this large period; and that what I haue but hitherto don perhaps (yea, doubtlesse) too partially, and upon solemn occasions chietely, with greates infirmities, I might now do universally, and so as I would desire, to haue my last audite and accompts stated, when God shall call me to die; and haue then onely that work (which is also a very greates one) to finish. I cannot expect my time should now be long in this world. By the course of Nature (tho', blessed be God, I haue enjoy'd wonderfull health of body) I must, and do now, looke when my change shall come; and I would not be surpriz'd (as I perceive daily

most men are) with either weakenesse, paine or stupidity, which render them exceedingly indispos'd for the finishing of any thing of this nature, and altogether for beginning of it with any certaine comfort. To put this then to adventure, I haue not the courage; and do therefore endeavoure so to prepare, that I may haue nothing then to do, but resigne my selfe wholly to the mercifull Jesus. I haue now ben in this exercise some time; but find greate necessitie of your prayers, which I beg that you will send up for me in particular, that God will especialy soften my heart, pardon my greate sinnes, accept and sanctifie my purposes of so living, as I may die his servant, and behold his glorious presence with joy. And if it were not too bold an interruption, I would also humbly desire to know, about what houre to-morrow in the evening, or Saturday, I might waite upon you with least inconueniency; for I know you are full of buisinesses—but you are also full of charity; and it would be no small consolation to me at this time, to receive more particularly the seale of remission from y'r ministry, and discerning spirit, and (I am perswaded) extraordinary power with God, full of holy compassion as you are. I humbly implore your L^{ts}. prayers and blessing, and remaine

Yr L^{ts}. most dutifull Servant,

To Dr. Thomas Tenison,
Archbishop of Canterbury.



The following letters from Prior are penned in that light and easy style, which is so visible in his writings. He was, as is well known, both a poet and a courtier, having been secretary of embassy at the Hague in 1691, and at the court of France, to conclude the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697. In 1711–12 the conferences at Utrecht began: and Prior followed Lord Bolingbroke to Paris, where he continued, until the Duke of Shrewsbury came over and returned to England, when he assumed the title and style of Ambassador. In 1713, he lived in full dignity at the French Court, though he appears to have been subjected to great mortifications, in consequence of his not receiving regular remittances from his government. In August 1714, when he was recalled, he was actually unable to leave Paris, on account of the debts he had contracted there, and which were not discharged until the following March. It appears that it is to these difficulties he alludes, in several parts of the following letters.

Prior to the Earl of Halifax.

Paris, the 9th Aug. N. S. 1698.

Rt. Hon'ble S'r, and my dear Master,

I congratulate your being made one of our Lords Regents, with all the respect and duty of a good subject. I remember I wrote six Verses to you 10 years since, which had a spirit of prophecy in them; they had a literal sence then, and are verified to have had a typical meaning likewise.

Theseus still lov'd, and follow'd still his friend,

Whilst great Alcides upon earth remain'd:

But when the Hero was to Heaven receiv'd;

Most the Youth wanted him, yet least he griev'd;

Pleas'd that the friend was in the God improv'd,

He learn'd to worship what before he lov'd.

Really, Master, I am mightily satisfied to see you in the place where you are; as I should have been too, to have *bawled* out a *Montagu* in Tuttle-feilds, and to have kept my Aunt tight to your interests, who, I think, does not heartily forgive you, or *Worseley's* Manes, the breaking her windows in former days.

They say, you are to be made a Scotch Earl,—an English Duke, with all my soul!

All this time, I am fluttering about Paris in a gilt chariott, with 3 footmen in gay coats; so far it goes well: but the galloon-man, the taylour, the harness-maker, the coach-man, begin to grow very troublesome, &c. for I could write a quire upon this subject. Confess however, my dear Master, that greatness is very barren, and the glories of this world very empty, if Mr. *Montagu* in all his honours cannot help his friend *Matt* to 500 pounds on this occasion.

I have written to Lord Portland and Mr. Secretary Vernon long politic letters, of the preparations these people make, in case the King of Spain should dye; and in all probability that sickly monarch will not linger out much more than this autumn. I wish the business of *Schonenberg* were made up, and that we had any body that might speak to them at Madrid. The Imperial minister there asks all, and can gett nothing effected; whilst the French ambassad'r is seemingly modest in his demands, and engaging the counsell underhand into his interests.

Every thing here is in a profound tranquillity: the King's going from Marli to Meudon, and from Meudon to Versailles, is all one hears of—the Grand Prieur affronted the Prince of Conti, and was putt into the Bastile for so doing; he is at liberty again, and all is well.

We are to have a Hounslow heath campayne the beginning of next month: Lord Jersey will not be here, or at least will not have had his audience, so I must gett a cock-horse.—N. B. a new expense.

This place is far from affording any pleasure: every body goes four times a week to the opera, to see Belshazzar kill the Chimeron. *Sum paulo inferior*, I confess; and cannot love musick to that degree, as to hear the same thing 50 times, and especially in the oppg days.

There is some tolerable satisfaction in the company of some of their men, of learning; but those who expect most preferment from court, are a little shy of being much with me.

The women here are all practis'd jades—*tuam neguâras, omnes moras*; they are all painted, and instructed, so that they look and talk like one another. They have nothing of nature, nor passion; and the men neglect them, and make love to each other.

I do not doubt but that I shall stay here with my Lord Jersey 3 good while; so that, if I had my four pound a day settled, and could but get some thing of my arrears paid, or some money advanced, I should be out of the hands of harpies, who make me pay so very deep for ready money, and in a way of being before hand with my business, so as to get two thousand pounds before hand. I have written you a rare rapsody of a letter, pardon it, my dear Master, and write one word to me, 3 lines only, believing me to be with the greatest truth and respect.

Your most ob't and most humble serv't
To the Right Hon^{ble} Halifax.

Paris, the 28-12. Oct. 1714.
 My Lord,
 The answering my last letter is a point referable only to your own goodness. Friendship can no more be forced, than love; and those persons sometimes are the objects of both our indulgences in this kind, who may least have deserved our favour. I have, however, the satisfaction to believe, that you think me an honest man; and an English man. For my having acted as the queen's orders given me by her ministers enjoyned, my dispatches sent to the court of England, the copies of my letters here, (I may add) the testimony of the D. of Shrewsbury, and all I have had to do with, and my own *mens conscia recti*, will abundantly justify me. For the pride of my mind, pass; there may be some defects and faults in it on that side: but for the

integrity of it; and as to any underhand doings, before God, angels, and man, I shall stand cleared: and you, my Lord, may pass your word and honour upon that account. I will only add, that few men alive have more merit in this regard than myself; and as long as the 4th article, either of Ryswick or of Utrecht, remain legible, I may as well be thought a Mahometan, as a Jacobite. But as these are little reflexions raised by the underlings, who had a mind to justify some of their masters' being angry with me, so they will all fall half an hour after you are pleased to be my friend. Pray let this be within half an hour after you received this letter. And now, at the same time that I congratulate your being again first Commiss'r of the treasury, I must implore the immediate succour of your justice and humanity: I will complain as little as I can, and just as much as is absolutely necessary to let your Lordship see the present state of my affairs; and, I believe, in this the D. of Shrewsbury's goodness has prevented me. Since my first being sent to this country, I neither have had advance money, extraordinary allowance, or payment stated by privy seal, but upon a verbal power I always drew, as my occasions in the service required, upon the Ld. Treas'r, who accordingly answered Cantillon's bills drawn upon Arthur. In this state, a bill, bearing date the 15th July, for 2000pd. was accepted by my Ld. and the payment thereof was ordered; and upon what my Ld. of Oxford said upon that affair, Cantillon, as well as myself, thought it entirely satisfied; some body or other (for, by God, I know not who) wrests the staff from my Ld. of Oxford's hand, as it seems, to reign in his stead: how much any of these persons were my friends, will appear from the very first act of their power, in that they prevailed with the Queen to defer the giving out or satisfying those orders; till, a little while after, the Queen's death putt this summ, w^h I expected was paid, amongst her maj'ties debts: and I have since that time run on upon the same foot, expecting every day the D. of Shrewsburies assistance, and presuming to hear that this sum was paid, and that I might send in other bill, w^h has been contracting since June last, and w^h in its course might have the like acceptance and discharge; and w^h I must send, finding Cantillon very scrupulous since the retournment w^h this bill already sent has mett with, tho' the Ld. does not as yet refuse to supply me, w^h you may find by my being still alive; but (as I have said) I hope the D. of Shrewsbury has found remedy to this evil, as you will do by receiving this other bill, w^h I must send you, and by putting me upon such a foot as you may judge proper, as long as His Majesties commands enjoyn my stay here. Give me leave in the mean time, my Lord, to represent to you, that having been 6 weeks at Fontainebleau, the most expensive place upon earth except

Paris it self, I returned hither, 2 days since, with eleven horses, thirteen servants, &c. in a pomp of woe that putt me in mind of Patroclus' funeral, my self melancholy enough; tho' the horses did not weep; but may be, they did not reflect that their provender was not payd for. In short, this whole affair is left to the D: of Shrewsbury and your Lords'p; and, after all, my Lord, pray do your part to lett me see that I can have no better friends than you two; and that you both judged it reasonable, however the treasury was changed, that the Plenipotentiary of Engl'd. should not be left for debt in the Chatelet at Paris.

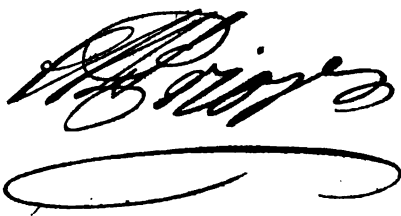
I have two other things to desire, both w^{ch}, I believe, you will think just: first, that our old fellow Collegiat, and my *Fidus Achates*, Mr. Richard Shelton, whom my Lord of Oxford, after 4 years importunity on my part, made a Com'r of the Stamp Office some months since, may, by your favour, be retained still in his employ't: second, that Mr. Drift, who has been with me these 15 year, and is now my Secretary here, with leave from his then superiors (and my Lord of Oxford in particular) for his so being, may be safe in his place of first Clerk, or under-Secretary, in the plantation-office, where he has served for 14 years past, and received from my self, as well whilst I was in, as when I had the misfortune to be putt out of that commission, all the instruction I have been able to give him in the understanding and discharge of his business: your command to Mr. Popple, upon this acc't, will be sufficient; and I will stand bound, as well for him as for 'Squire Shelton, that their acknowledgments and gratitude to your Lords'p shall be faithfull and lasting. I have troubled you with a book, rather then a letter; but you must remember, I have the silence of a great many years to attone for: and a good many things, as you see, to ask.

I am, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Lords'ps most ob't

And most humble Servant,



To the Earl of Hallifax.

THE TEMPLE.

MR. EDITOR,—WALKING down Chancery-lane, a few days ago, I could not help thinking, as I approached Fleet-street, how easily an enthusiastic mind might convert the porters, who stand at the entrance of the Inner Temple, into a guard of the Red-cross knights, keeping watch at the gates of their Preceptory. The white aprons, too, of the porters would assist the deception, for the Templars received from Pope Honorius a white mantle, without a cross, for their regular habit. It is true, that the stockings and shirts of twisted mail would be wanting; but the red cap of the Templars might, perhaps, re-appear in a scarlet night-cap. St. Bernard describes the Templars as very grave in countenance and deportment; and, I think, the same qualities may be observed in the present guardians of the Preceptory. Alas! that there should only be these men to remind us of the “*φορτικοὶ τοῦ ναοῦ*” the “*Miles Christi et Templi Solomonis*.” Small; indeed; and few are the relics of those valiant and ambitious spirits, who “freed the holy sepulchre from thrall,” and, after vanquishing the Pagan, found their destruction in the terror of Christian kings. Few, indeed, are their relics: a monument defaced, a mouldering breast-plate, and a name sacred to valorous enthusiasm and misfortune. Their spirit and their lofty hardihood dwell not in modern hearts. There is a glory round those ages when chivalry was an honour and a boast, and when the ardour of the young, and the wisdom of the old, were devoted to the holy cause with “passionate prodigality”—there is a glory round them, which one delights to remember, now that wars have ceased to be fields of chivalry; and individual prowess is worthless and unknown. One delights to recal the memory of those “impenetrable spirits,” who conquered dangers,

“*E i monti, e i mari, e 'l verno, e 'l tempeste,*”

and whose power, at last, “o'er-shot itself, and fell o' the other side.”

Alas! what a change! The ringing of armour has ceased—there is no buckling for the battle; no religious solemnities; no mustering to arms; no tilts; no tournaments; no lofty festivals, within the boundaries of the Temple.—“*Cedant arma togæ*”—Sword and lance have yielded to the gown. There are no combats, but with the pen; ink is spilt, not blood. All is peace and legal tranquillity—no hurrying step, save when in Term-time some harassed attorney casts an anxious glance on the clock of the Inner Temple Hall, as he glides along the terrace, running a race with time to the Seal-office. We hear no armed heel pacing the quiet courts; we see no lofty forms; the most dignified object, which meets the eye, is, perchance, some hungry stu-

dent, who, folding his gown around him, *attitudinizes* before the hall, waiting, with anxious stomach, until his learned meal is served up. No squire is seen bearing his knight's helmet from the armourer's; but, in his place, a dapper barber issues from beneath the cloisters, bearing in his hand a battered wig-box. "This is a shame, and ignominy indeed!"

The Templars first established themselves in England in the reign of Stephen, and their first Preceptory was in Holborn, where the remains of their church were discovered a few years ago. In the succeeding reign, they removed to the site of the present Temple. They now began to flourish, and grew extremely rich. At their dissolution, they are said to have possessed sixteen thousand manors; and so widely spread was their fame, that Alfonso, of Arragon, bequeathed his kingdom to them on his decease. Old Matthew Paris satirizes them severely for their pride and riches. Oh, that I had been a Templar in those days! At this time (being before the establishment of Coutts's bank) the rich nobles used to deposit their treasures in the Temple, trusting them, for safety, to the honour and bravery of the knights. Henry III. being informed that Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, who was a prisoner in the Tower, had considerable wealth deposited in the Temple, and conceiving that he could make a better use of it than the Earl, sent for the Master of the Temple, and desired him to deliver it up. Like a true knight, the Master refused to commit this dishonourable action; and his Majesty was compelled to send his treasurer to the Earl for an order on his faithful banker, on receiving which, the knights delivered up to the king a vast treasure of gold and silver and precious stones. Edward I. played a trick of nearly the same kind; he requested to see his mother's jewels, which had been deposited in the Temple treasury, and, when admitted, he broke open the coffers of several persons, who had deposited money there, and carried away nearly a thousand pounds.

Much of the history of the Temple rests only on tradition; for Wat Tyler and his associates having no particular love and affection for the gentlemen of the long robe, they made an onslaught on the Temple, and destroyed all the records and the law-books of the students, no doubt to the great delight of the law-book-sellers of that day. It is well they did not hang the lawyers into the bargain. "Away, away with him, he speaks Latin!" cried Jack Cade. The date, however, of the forfeiture of the possessions of the Red-cross knights is well known. Philip le Bel first set the example of persecution in France, and he followed up his design, as Dr. Prolix says, "with infinite promptitude." Nearly sixty of these valiant champions of the Christian faith were burned alive in France by the order of Philip, and several of them, at the stake, summoned the tyrant and his coadjutor,

Clement V., to appear, at a certain time, before the divine tribunal. It is said, that both those potentates died nearly at the appointed time. In England, in the year 1310, a Provincial Council was held at their Metropolitan Preceptory, at which they were accused of heresy and other heinous crimes, and at which they were condemned to perpetual penance in various monasteries, and all their possessions were forfeited to the crown. The Temple then passed, by royal grant, into the hands of a subject; but, by the treason of the owner, it again reverted to the crown. It was afterwards granted to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who let it at the annual rent of ten pounds to certain students of the law, who are supposed to have removed from Thavies Inn, in Holborn. All the buildings in the Temple have been erected since the fire of London, except the church, and there are none of them worthy of observation, but that edifice and the hall.

It is impossible to enter this venerable building without being struck with a sentiment of awe and reverence. The grace and dignified beauty of its Gothic architecture, the spaciousness of its tower, built in imitation of the church of the holy sepulchre; and, above all, the tomb of the eleven Templars, with the warriors sleeping in stone, excite our loftiest and proudest associations. With their dust beneath our feet, and their images before our eyes, we kneel at the very shrine, at which their vows were paid. We are surrounded with the magnificence of death, and the trophies of departed glory. "Man is a noble animal; splendid in ashes, and pompous in the dust, solemnizing nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery, in the infamy of his nature."* But time has here defrauded the warrior of his fame. The figure of Geoffrey de Magnaville alone has been recognized with certainty. Three of the other effigies are supposed, by Camden, to represent three Earls of Pembroke, the father and two sons; and one of the stone coffins is supposed to contain the ashes of William Plantagenet, son of Henry III.† The figures are all clothed in mail; and the hand of one of them, warlike in death, is drawing forth his dagger from its sheath. It is a revulsion of feeling to turn from these relics of chivalry to the monuments of Plowden and Selden.

But, while we mourn over the departure of the days of heroic achievements, we have moreover to regret that the customs and pastimes of later days have also fallen into disuse. The Templars of former days were a gay-looking company. They wore cut doublets and long daggers, and were so splendid in their apparel, that the society was compelled to make an order that they

* Sir Thomas Brown's *Urn-burial*.

† These tombs are engraved in Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, and an account of them may be found in Herbert's *Antiquities of the Inns of Court*.

should wear gowns of a *sad* colour; nay, they danced *galliards* and *corrantoes* to the admiration of competent *judges*! Solemn revels, and post revels, and stage-plays and masques, are all discontinued. No longer, when the last measure is dancing, does the reader at the cup-board call to one of the gentlemen at the bar, as he is walking or dancing with the rest, to give the judges a *song*. No barrister now gives out the first line of a psalm, while the rest of the company follow, and sing with him. No longer does the reader lead a competent number of utter-barristers, and as many under the bar, into the buttery, delivering to them some dainty morsels for the judges. And no longer, in stately order, does the *auncient*, with his white staff, advance before the judges, and begin to lead the measures, followed by the barristers and the gentlemen under the bar, "according to their several antiquities." And no longer do the students of the house drop solemn *curtesies* to the judges and the serjeants*. Oh, that I could see — or —, with minuet-like grace, following the steps of the master of the revels!

Those days are over. The science of saltation delighteth not the hearts of the now Templars. The customs of their ancestors find small favour in their eyes. The rule, which directed that two of the students should be supplied at dinner with meat to the value of three-pence, is now disregarded. Sometimes, indeed, in former days, a splendid feast used to adorn the tables of the Templars; as, for instance, when Charles II. paid them a visit, an account of which may be found in that most simple, prejudiced, and entertaining work, Roger North's *Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*.

But the science of feasting has not fallen into oblivion. The old hall still re-echoes, occasionally, with the sounds of mirth and merriment; and even yet the wines of Bourdeaux may now and then be seen to sparkle along the board. Peradventure *a call* rouses the latent spirit of the Templars, and "all loud alike, all learned, and all drunk," it is still

"Merry in the *hall*, when beards wag all."

But the hall, alas! is of comparatively modern date. I look with veneration on the church, for it was consecrated in 1185 by Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem. The ancient hall was built as early as the reign of Edward III., but the present edifice is of a much more modern date.

It is well known that the seal of the old Templars was a representation of two men riding on one horse; a device which, it is said, they owe to Hugh de Payens and Geoffrey de St. Aldemar, two of the earliest of this order of knights†. This, in time, was

* Origines Juridicales.

† There is a rude print of this seal in the *Historia Minor* of Matthew Paris.

changed for the device of a field *argent*, charged with a cross *gules*, and upon the nombrel thereof, a holy lamb, with its nimbus and banner. This was adopted as the seal of the Middle Temple; while the Inner Temple adhered to the former device, merely changing the two men into a pair of wings, and thus converting the steed into a Pegasus, as our readers may remark the next time they pass along Fleet-street. In the present overstocked state of the law-market, might it not be well to adopt the *sigillum* of the ancient Templars, as nothing could give a more accurate representation of the state of the unfortunate candidates for legal honours and emoluments, than a device of two men riding on one horse.

When the recollection of these ancient glories comes over me, I feel rejoiced and ashamed in the name of *Templar*. What is my paltry ambition? To draw a special plea so artificially, that, like Chaucer's *Sergeant of the Lawe*,

“Ther can no wight pinche at my writing—”

while the ambition of those (to use a legal phrase) *whose estate I have*, would have been beleaguering towns, and doing feats of chivalry. Oh, shame! the arm is wielding the pen, that should have brandished the sword; and the imagination is devising subtle schemes to entrap an unwary brother pleader, which should have been generating stratagems against the Saracen and the Crescent. The golden days of youth, which should have been passed on the arid plains of Syria, are wasted away in the dark monotony of a set of second-floor chambers. And what is the reward? It may be, after years of toil, *lucubrationes viginti annorum*—it may be, that my brows shall be shadowed with the pleasant curls of the judge's large wig—those brows, which should have been pressed with the weight of honourable steel. Nay, it may be, that one may approximate towards the ages of chivalry, and be endowed with the dignity of knighthood! But what a knight! How well suited to revive our notions of a Red-cross champion—shovel hat, brown scratch wig, court-dress coat, long black gaiters, a handsome walking-stick, and the gout! What would “the best lance of the Temple,” the valorous Bois-Guilbert, have said, could he have lived to see this transformation? Six centuries have wrought a woful difference on the south of Fleet-street.

Still, however, there are delights left to console us, though “the age of chivalry is departed for ever.” Though the combat of shaft and of sword is over, a wordy war is still left us. The Templars may still engage in the “keen encounter of their wits;” and, if they cannot now sack towns, they may yet sack the cash of their clients. Many an unfortunate mortal becomes “the captive of their bow and spear;” and though they may not in-

deed now, as formerly, seize their prisoner with strong hand, and confine him in their own dungeon, they may yet conquer him with a slip of parchment. In the lapse of time, their tactics have become more intricate, and their warfare has assumed a more scientific and regular aspect. If the red-cross warriors have extolled their profession, the black-robed gentlemen have bestowed equal commendation on theirs. "Pleading," says Lord Coke, "is so called from *placere*, because good pleading is the most pleasing of all things." And truly there is no mean delight in it. But when one thinks of the siege of Antioch, or Edessa, how villainously cheap does one hold the triumph of a special demurrer! In Ireland, indeed, they say a triumph of that kind is not without perils to enhance it, as the defeated pleader usually insists on arguing the demurrer with a pair of hair-trigger pistols; thus referring the point in question to the high tribunal of honour. I doubt whether the Templars themselves, even in the time of Hugh Paganus, ever displayed more valiantly pugnacious qualities. But in England, alas, you may demur with perfect safety.

Erasmus has written a *Morie Encomium*: why should I not write in praise of pleading, which I affirm to be the noblest science in the universe, comprising the essential qualities—*the flos et medulla*, of all other knowledge? It requires the head of the logician, the memory of the historian, the quick apprehension of the wit, the searching intellect of the mathematician, and the subtle imagination of the poet, to arrange, remember, seize, explore, and shape the thousand intricate points, which are the pleader's study. Sad and slow is his toil, but not mean his reward. "Oh! how comely it is, and how reviving," to discover a flaw in one's adversary's pleadings, and to add those delicious words to the end of one's demurrer, "and also for that the said pleas are altogether informal, insufficient, inefficient, incomplete, repugnant, ridiculous, and nonsensical." A great part of the pleasure of pleading consists in the danger of it—the circumstance, which gives such charms to war. It is true, that the merchant runs great risks, and enjoys the pleasure of excitement very fairly on a windy night, when all his *argosies* are in jeopardy; but at the worst he can only lose his vile counters; while the reputation of a pleader is staked on the goodness of his writings. It is better than gambling, because the stakes are more hazardous than with ordinary adventurers: the pleader places his reputation against a seven-and-sixpenny fee every day. But the chief pleasure of all is the perpetual exercise, in which all the faculties of his mind are kept; he cannot allow his memory to grow dormant, nor his judgment, like Scriblerus's shield, to acquire a venerable rust. He must have all his eyes about him; and if,

like Briareus, he had an hundred hands, they would not be too many to hunt a point through the Reports. If *quiet*, as Lord Byron insists, be a hell, then is he in heaven. Therefore I hold with my Lord Coke, that *benè placitare ante omnia placet*, now that the red-cross is sunk in night.

It is pleasant, too, to live in chambers; there is an independence about it, which pleases one. Surely Smollett must just have taken a set before he wrote his celebrated Ode to that Power. When that large, thick, black outer door is shut, one feels as if one could hold a siege against the whole world. The oak is strong, and the bolts are heavy, and the hinges are stout. But their chief virtue is not in excluding thieves, who seldom venture amongst the lawyers, for whom they seem to have a natural sort of antipathy: it consists in their forming an insuperable barrier against those, who would rob us of our time or our patience. If this ponderous door be closed, the chambers are presumed to be empty, and thus the lie, which is usually put in the mouth of servants, is transferred to the back of the door, which, it is presumed, cannot incur thereby any moral guilt. He must, indeed, be a Sampson of a visitor, who would offer to penetrate in spite of this refusal. There are some persons, however, so insufferably patient and obstinate, that they will wait at your door for your return; and they are more apt to do this, in proportion as their mission is disagreeable. I have frequently remarked, that these persons are generally in the habit of calling a little after Christmas, and sometimes towards the middle of the year. In this case, I have found it useful to affix a small piece of paper to the back of your door, stating that you will return in two hours: this notice, as it bears no date, in the mind of him who is reading it, always denotes two hours from that time—a vigil rather too long even for him. By this means one's meditations are not disturbed, and one gets rid of any displeasing requests, which at that season of the year might possibly be made to one.

Shakspeare has immortalized the Temple. He has made the gardens the scene of the fatal quarrel between the houses of York and Lancaster, and one can never take a walk in them without fancying one sees Richard Plantagenet and "good William de la Pole," with "Vernon and another lawyer," engaged in angry dispute. It seems, the altercation had begun in the Temple-hall, for Suffolk says,

Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

In fact, the hall at that period must have been a very common resort, or trysting-place. Thus Prince Henry says to Falstaff,

" Jack;
 Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
 At two o'clock i'the afternoon;
 There shalt thou know thy charge."—*Henry IV.*

and I believe it is even yet usual, in the condition of bonds, to make them payable in the dining-hall of the Inner Temple.

Shakspeare also makes Warwick say,

This brawl to-day,
 Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
 Shall send between the red rose and the white
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

The garden must not pass without a word or two in its praise. I prefer it to Gray's-Inn garden, because it is not so confined; and to Lincoln's-Inn, because it has more variety. You have nothing but a straight walk in Lincoln's-Inn, in the Temple there are many graceful bends; and besides, the grass is more delicately mowed and rolled in the Temple. Gray's-Inn garden, to be sure, may boast the honours of an avenue of trees planted by Lord Bacon, and the ground also is agreeably diversified by hill and dale; but, on the whole, I prefer the garden of the red and white roses.

Many great men have made the Temple the place of their habitation. The first I shall mention is Richard Plantagenet, the head of the York faction; for which fact I have the same excellent authority, which has just been quoted—Shakspeare. Mortimer says to one of his jailors,

— Tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come.
 We sent unto the *Temple* to his chamber,
 And answer was return'd that he will come.

It is reasonable, therefore, to presume that the great Plantagenet was at this time studying the noble science of special pleading—a strong proof of the great estimation, in which it has always been held.

Chaucer has generally been reputed a Templar. He was certainly a Londoner; for, in his Testament of Love, he calls himself *Londensis*, and the Magazines of the day very probably called him a cockney poet. Mr. Buckley says, he saw a record in the Inner Temple, "in which Geoffrey Chaucer was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street;" but I doubt whether St. Francis had any disciples in England at that time. Leland says, that after his travels in France, *Collegia leguleiorum frequentavit*, that is to say, he kept good company. The poet, too, must in all probability have been well acquainted with the excellence of the feasting in the Inner Temple, by the

account which he gives of the manciple or purveyor of that society.

A manciple there was of the Temple,
Of which all catours mighte taken ensample
For to been wise in buying of witaile* ;
For whether he payd or tooke by taile,
Algate he wayted so in his achate,
That he was aye before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a full faire grace,
That such a leude man's will shall pace
The wisdom of an heap of learned men ?
Of masters had he more than thrice ten,
That were of law expert and curious,
Of which there was a dozen in that house.

A Nuncio from the Pope, Innocent, in 1245 resided in the Temple, where he commanded six thousand marks to be brought to him, a measure which King Henry very wisely prohibited. That excellent monarch, King John, is also said to have honoured the Temple with a visit.

Amongst the many learned lawyers, whose names grace the annals of this society, no one should be mentioned more kindly and respectfully than the Lord-keeper Guildford. Of the characters of our other elder lawyers, but little more is known than what may be gleaned from their works, or has descended to us in the general history of their times ; but of North, the very portraiture and spirit have been transmitted to us. We see him holding his grandfather's customary courts, and entrapping the simple rustics into the payment of their fines. We see him—we see him sitting in his “moiety of a petit chamber,” and after taking his fulness of the reports on a morning, we follow him to the cloisters, where, in learned perambulation, he exercises both body and mind. We see him diffidently slinking into commons in the hall. We see him in old Serjeant Earle's carriage, hungry and patient, riding the circuit. We see him rising successfully through every rank of his profession, till he grasped sorrow, and anxiety, and the seals—a combination which broke his heart. His life is, indeed, a matchless piece of biography.

But we may reckon up some illustrious Templars in later days, amongst whom stands preeminent “that renowned, irresistible Sampson,” Samuel Johnson. He had chambers in Inner Temple-lane, ill-furnished and uncomfortable enough, even for an author by profession. Murphy relates, that Mr. Fitzherbert, a man distinguished through life for his benevolence and other amiable qualities, used to say, that he paid a morning visit to

* Witaile!! a clear proof of cockneyism!

Johnson, intending from his chambers to send a letter into the city, but, to his great surprise, he found this giant of literature without pen, ink, or paper. Here, he used to write his *Idler*, himself no bad illustration of the title of his work ; for he would frequently lie in bed until three o'clock in the afternoon, and then saturate himself with tea for two or three hours, from that tea-kettle of his "which had no time to cool." "With tea he solaced the midnight hour, and with tea welcomed the morning." Hither also he used to convey those mysterious pieces of dried orange-rind, which so intensely excited the curiosity and wonder of Boswell, and the use of which remains to this day "a marvel and a secret—be it so." Here also he used to muse over his lost *Tetty*, and pray for her, "as far as it might be lawful for him ;" and here his fits of morbid melancholy used to attack him, which rendered life wretched, and death terrible. In these chambers, Murphy communicated to him the first news of his pension, and argued with him that he did not come within his own definition of a pensioner. But the lexicographer shook his head, and made a long pause : a dinner however, at the *Mitre* the next day, overcame all his scruples, and he was pensioned accordingly. The *Mitre* was one of Johnson's favourite resorts, and many anecdotes of his visits there have been recorded by the tenacious memory of his toad-eater Boswell. Here, also, the enraged author levelled a folio at the head of Osborne the bookseller, for giving him the lie ; and here, without doubt, he has been compelled to pass many a day *impransus*.

There is another person, whose shade I sometimes fancy I see flitting through the cloisters and along Pump-court to his ancient residence—poor, innocent, vain, clever Goldy ! Goldsmith, when he first came to reside in the Temple, took chambers on the library staircase : he afterwards removed to King's Bench Walk :

Persuasion tips his tongue whene'er he talks,
And he has chambers in the King's Bench Walks.

And soon after he removed to No. 2, Brick-court ; from whence his next removal was to a colder lodging—the Temple burial-ground. I almost fancied the other day, as I was passing through Brick-court, that I saw Oliver gazing out of the window of the first-floor chamber ; but alas ! it was some retainer of the law, who had probably never heard his name. He was ugly enough, however, to be mistaken for the doctor. In these chambers, probably, he meditated that dire revenge against the editor of the *Ledger* ; and here perhaps he examined his horsewhip, to try whether it was tough and good. Here, he lived in disappointment, and died of Dr. James's powder. There is another man of genius also, who had chambers in the Temple for a short

time—the young and accomplished Richard West, Gray's Favourite; but the dry dusty study of the law suited not with a spirit fondly attached to the elegance of classical pursuits. It could not be said of West, that

—“ the smell
Of ancient parchment pleased him well.”

It did not please him, and he accordingly removed as far as he could from its influence. In one of his letters to Gray, he says, “ I lived in the Temple till I was sick of it. It is certain at least that I can study the law here (Bond-street), as well as I could there. My being in chambers did not signify to me a pinch of snuff.” Very improper all this.

If, indeed, there be any pleasure in high associations, in dwelling where the great have dwelt, and thus tracing back the steps of time to honourable antiquity—if there be any virtue in the memory of brave deeds, or any influence in the recollection of departed wisdom, then is the edifice, which contained the bravest and most learned of our ancestors, a pleasant dwelling-place; and when I leave it—hopeless to find another spot consecrated by so much valour and so much wisdom—it should be for some *angulus terra*, some wood-girt corner, which the foot of soldier or of lawyer has never yet been known to press.

E. R.

READING AND WRITING.

Accurs'd the man, whom fate ordains, in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write.

CHURCHILL'S *Author*.

SOLOMON, whom, like Burns, I resemble in every thing—his wisdom excepted, has hinted that in much reading is much weariness: if so, this would seem, judging from the activity of the press, the most *wearisome* age, that ever existed since the foundation of the world. Churchill then, as quoted above, appears to be right only half way; and that, as it respects our being taught to read—unless he was so simple as to believe it necessary that an author should *read*, as well as *write*. How it might have been in his time, I cannot pretend to say, “ *mais nous avons changé tout ça.*” *Writing* is clearly free from any objection, and is doubtless the most lively, agreeable, indolent, pleasant thing imaginable. Witness, for instance, the numbers, who, according to the epigram,

“ *Write with ease, to shew their breeding:*”—

but it is true that the next line intimates that

"Easy writing's d—— hard reading,"*

and for this reason we have, it must be confessed, frequent cause to complain of our "cruel parents."

An old writer, whose name I forget, makes this remark on a certain prodigious reader—it is in Latin, but the substance runs thus—"If I had read as much, I should have been as great a fool as he is:" and Lord Bacon's advice is "not many, but good books," which is, by the by, a very ill-considered phrase, for, if he had merely said "good books," he might have spared himself the trouble of saying "not many." This, however, is not the class, that we have to deal with; we have free souls, and are not to be cooped up in a nut-shell in this way. I speak of modern literature, belles lettres, and the groaning shelves of a fashionable repository of what are very inexpressively called *light* publications. Behold! here is a gorgeous feast for the mind—not that mind has any thing to do with its production, more than the cook has with the production of mutton or turnips. Shakspeare, who, it is well known, had a way of saying things quite unlike any other human being, observes something about men dying when their brains are out, and even expresses surprise that it was not so in the case of Banquo. A similar astonishment is described by one Niccolo Forteguerrì, in his *Ricciardetto*, when a man, who had been decapitated, takes his head up in his hand, and walks down stairs†—a circumstance, which at any rate proves that it is of no consequence whether a man's brains be under or over his shoulders, or any where at all. This dying, or "effect defective," might "come by cause," in Shakspeare's time; but it is not so now with writers, for the absence of this article does not prevent their presence, and the active use of their goose-quill; they die not for the want of it, though their works do. I have often thought what a snug revenue it would be, if I could get a grant of the postage of all letters, which people repented of writing, or which there was no sort of reason for them ever to have written; but how my income would be improved, if I could have, in addition, the value of all books, that is, (to prevent misconstructions) the value of the paper, printing, and advertising, under *similar* circumstances; as to the value of the *time* of the authors, I am not avaricious, and by no means insist upon that.

There is, I admit, some poetry of eternal verdure, which flourishes on heights inaccessible. Of such I speak not; but of that produced by those unlucky wights, who, not attending to

* The Pic-nic.

† — la recisa testa in mano piglia,
E le scale discende.

Canto xi. St. xvi.

the great master, "*Equo ne credite*," have, rashly bestriding the winged-horse, found themselves suddenly rolling at the foot of the hill. Nor do I allude to that hapless, yet, perhaps, happy mortal,

ὃς περτὰ δώματα ναίει,

who, like the gods, lives in *the upper story*; or, as the epilogue has it, sojourns

—————"high in Drury-lane,
Fann'd by soft zephyrs, thro' a broken pane:—"

but I mean those *demireps* among the Muses, who pour forth their unbidden lays, sometimes "most musical,"

"Perfect then only deem'd, when they dispense
A happy tuneful vacancy of sense,"

and always "most melancholy," sharing with the nightingale the poet's description of her song, "*miserabile carmen*."† Here, however, I must explain what I understand, or would signify, by the term *demirep*. Dr. Johnson makes these observations: "*A man of letters*, for the most part, spends, in the privacies of study, that season of life, in which the manners are to be softened into ease, and polished into elegance; and, when he has gained knowledge enough to be respected, has neglected the minuter acts, by which he might have pleased;"—but it is difficult for us, at this time of the day, to conceive what the worthy doctor is driving at. We know of no such persons. Our authors are all *petit-mâtres*, the best dressed, and the most polished ornaments of the gayest assemblies. How they get there, leads me to the etymology of a *demirep*, which I take to be, *demi*, *half*, and *rep*, an abbreviation of *reputation*; and this *half* I imagine to consist, not in the approbation or reading of his work, but in his having published, or rather printed, a book, and having consequently become *Mr. Thingumbob*, the author of *Whatdyecallum*. Οὐνομα πολλακι τερπει, says the Syracusan, *a name often charms*‡, and with many, indeed, is all in all: but the oddest thing is, that such persons, or I should perhaps say, "men of letters," are, at their introduction into these circles, called *lions*—one would really think that it did not require much wit to have hit upon a more obvious and appropriate appellation. As such have not the inward and spiritual grace of poetry, neither have they the outward and visible garb of the poet. Murphy, in one of his farces, ushers in a gentleman with a very thread-bare coat, as "a servant of the Muses," adding, "you may know him *by their livery*." But there is yet one comfort, which, amongst the blessings of

* Æn. ii. 48. Trust not the horse.

† Geo. iv. 514.

‡ Idyl. xxviii. 40.

printing, has never yet been noticed. The Romans, according to Horace, Martial, and others, were often condemned in private, and in their baths and elsewhere, to hear these birds of song "*pour their throats*," in the recitation of bad verses, till patience gave up the ghost, and died in despair. Not so with us; our ears are our own: they may print, but they can't make us read, or hear read—" *tenet occiditque legendo* * " would be indictable at sessions.

As I am speaking of those, who swell the lists of dulness, I might mention pamphleteers, and writers of moral essays, but I refrain, as I could only speak by report; for I never read either, especially the latter, which, I am told, are at every turn constantly giving one some unpleasant ugly slap. The little compendiums too (or *per saltums*, as I may call them) of experimental philosophy, chemistry, &c. for ladies, are not in my way, though their instruction was very much in the way of a *bas bleu* relation of mine, who, by the bursting of a retort (uncourteous) lost a finger, and by an experiment with fulminating powder blew off her thumb. Good, tender-hearted, unscientific people, are shocked at this, but they may spare their pity. My aunt is more proud of the honours of that day, than was ever hero of the scars of glorious war. Travellers are privileged persons. If they encounter perils by "flood and field," dauntlessly quitting Dover for Calais, and Calais for Paris, and see what nobody else does, or ever will see, it is fit that they should publish, and give the world the benefit of their ordinary and extraordinary discoveries. I have no quarrel with them. Why should they travel like their trunks, and get nothing but the jumble and the dust? No, let every traveller of every description write his tour; every one is qualified, for, as Shakspeare says, "it is as easy as lying." Modern dramatists are not fair game; they do not come within my scope, for they do not write *to be read* †; therefore why, in nine cases out of ten, they write at all, is best known to themselves.

Time, breath, pen, ink, and paper, would fail to enumerate and comment on the infinite progeny of the teeming press; and I shall but slightly touch on that great marketable article—Novels. In this line, it is true that one writer has nearly spoilt the trade—still "*scribimus docti indoctique*," men, women, and children are all natural geniuses in this way; and, what is more

* *Hor.*—Holds you by force, and reads you quite to death.

† Their works are intended for *acting*, and not, it is to be presumed, for *reading*. Melodramas, farces, and modern comedies were, in the way of reading, very like the treat, which Dangle accuses Mrs. Dangle of having had an opportunity of enjoying, "You have all the advantages of it:—mightn't you, last winter, have had the *reading* of the new *pantomime* a fortnight previous to its performance?"—*The Critic*.

surprising, there is a sort of public, that has "stomach for it all;"—it is their idol :

"——— Like Israel's fools of yore,
The calf themselves have fashion'd they adore :
But let true reason once resume her reign,
This god shall dwindle to a calf again."

Some of these readers read by stealth, shewing grace, but unable to subdue the passion; and to them, as Goldsmith said of his Muse, novels are "their pride in private, but their public shame.*" That these, however, should breed by the myriad, is not a prodigy, if what Lady M. W. Montague affirms be true, and who can read and doubt, "that every young lady, who has read two novels, can write a third?" while to examine the contents of the library of our Leadenhall-Minerva, one would swear that what she *can* do, she has done.

Thus much for the scandal of the age. Its defence, or apology, is more difficult; but it was once a speculation of mine, and I found that something could be advanced to shew that, however great the *scriblo-biblio-mania* of our day may be, it is not, in all probability, without a parallel. Two blacks, it is true, do not make one white: still it is something to be defended by numbers.

The times, in which we live, are always the most defamed: "Oh! that mine enemy had written a book!" is left for few men to say, for few, in our days, have either an enemy or friend that has not written a book. We are not so much a nation of shopkeepers as of authors. Our neighbours, the French, have been infected too; and Montaigne complains of the *escrivallerie* of his age. To go further back, and travel into Roman story, we find their noblest satirist lashing the "*scribendi cacœthes*" of his countrymen; and amongst the Greeks, *μεγα βιβλιον, μεγα κακον*, a great book is a great evil, was surely not said by Callimachus without good experience of the fact. I say nothing of the staring proof in the contents of the Alexandrian, collected by the Ptolemies, and other libraries of former years, now irretrievably lost. "This valuable repository," says the Bib. Class. speaking of the Alexandrian, "was burnt by the orders of the Caliph Omar, in the seventh century; and it is said, that during *six months*, the numerous volumes supplied fuel for the *four thousand* baths, which contributed to the health and convenience of the populous capital of Egypt." Here, then, we are apt to think that we ought to stop, and date the beginning of the annals of book-ridden people. Nothing is more distant from

* It is not uncommon, also, to find some writers of novels intimating in their prefaces, that they have no great respect for this species of composition; and others, accused of the fact, flatly denying it:—both cases seem to imply a degree of judgment and good taste, which their works would never have led one to suspect.

the truth. Our times are those of Solomon, who lived one thousand years before Christ, and Solomon's were those that had, at some period, gone before him. In his hour, there was *nothing new under the sun*; and that there were, and had been, innumerable authors, we have ample testimony. "Of making books there is no end *," and we are told that "Out of Machir came down governors, and out of Zebulum they that *handle the pen of the writer*†," — and these came to form an army! But I shall here call in the authority of Sir Thomas Bodley to my support, and quote freely, without fear of offence :

"I remember," says he ‡, "a note, which Paterculus made of the incomparable wits of the Grecians and Romans in their flourishing state, that there might be this reason of their notable downfall, in their issue, that came after; because by nature, *Quod summo studio petatum est, ascendit in summum, difficilisque in perfecto mora est*; inasmuch that men, perceiving that they could go no farther, being come to the top, they turned back again of their own accord, forsaking those studies, that are most in request, and betaking themselves to new endeavours, as if the thing, that they sought, had been by prevention surprised by others.

"So it fared, in particular, with the eloquence of that age, that when their successors found that hardly they could equal, by no means excel, their predecessors, they began to neglect the study thereof, and both to write and speak, for many hundred years, in a rustical manner; till this latter revolution (*temp. Jacob.*) brought the wheel about again, by inflaming gallant spirits to give the onset afresh; with straining and striving to climb unto the top and height of perfection, not in that gift only, but in every other skill in any part of learning.

"For I do hold it an erroneous conceit to think of every science, that as now they are professed, so they have been before in all precedent ages; though not alike in all places, nor at all times alike in one and the same place, but according to the changings and twinings of time, with a more exact and plain, or with a more rude and obscure kind of teaching.

"And if the question should be asked, what proof I have of it, I have the doctrine of Aristotle, and of the deepest clerks, of whom we have any means to take any notice, that as there is of other things, so there is of sciences *ortus et interitus*, which is also the meaning, if I should expound it, of "*nihil novum sub sole*," and is as well to be applied *ad facta*, as *ad dicta*, "*ut nihil neque dictum, neque factum, quod non est dictum, et factum*

* Ecclesiastes, x i. 12.

† Judges, v. 14.

‡ Appendix to a collection of Letters of Archbishop Usher. Let. xiv. p. 10.

prius;" i. e. to things done, as things said—that there is nothing said or done, which has not been said and done before. I have further for my warrant that famous complaint of Solomon to his son, against the infinite making of books in his time, of which, in all congruity, it must needs be understood that a great part were observations and instructions in *all kinds of literature*; and of those there is not now so much as *one petty pamphlet*, only some parts of the Bible excepted, remaining to posterity."

What a prospect for the present generation—

Of puff and party spirit all bereft,
No vestige of the worthless heap is left:
Nor poring eye, nor dusty shelf their lot,
But, like their authors, gone, and quite forgot!

"As then," continues Sir Thomas, "there was not, in like manner, any footing to be found of *millions of authors*, that were long before Solomon; and yet we must give credit to that, which he affirmed, that whatsoever was then, or had been before, it could never be truly pronounced of it, *behold this is new*."—APPENDIX.

Let us, then, hear no further outcry against this scribbling age, since it is no more obnoxious to the opprobrium, than that in which Solomon lived. Authors always were, and while vanity and folly last, always will be numerous. I say *folly*, because where on earth the perfection of wisdom divine and human resided, it was otherwise. Jesus and Socrates left no writings behind them. But what avails their number, and wherefore should we complain of their burthen, or they of our neglect, since posterity, to whom they appeal, will, as we have seen, do them justice!

The little accident at Babel, which so multiplied tongues, and scarcely more occupied, annoyed, puzzled, and confounded the workmen of those days, than they do the literary labourers of our's, may, with specious reason,* appear to be a great curse. In this opinion, however, we are ungrateful. There is not enough to do in the world, for the world in common. They, who are most ready to complain of the shortness of life, are most troubled to find it occupation. *Tedium vitæ—ennui*—blue devils, possess innumerable persons, and are with difficulty exorcised. The vanity of learning, and the employment of reading and writing, relieve numbers from their clutches, who would otherwise be devoured by them. In a word, to sum up the best praises and defence of scribbling, the infinity of books is, to many, an innocent mitigation of the horrors of time, and the cause, under

* The literary triumphs of the ancients, especially those of the Greeks, over the moderns, are by Dr. Hawkesworth ascribed, above all, to an exemption from the necessity of overloading their natural faculties with learning and languages, with which we, in these later times, are obliged to qualify ourselves for writers, if we expect to be read.

various heads, of a considerable diminution in the aggregate of the "bills of mortality."

Complaints against the "*numeri innumeri**, " or innumerable number of books, are, for another reason, unjust. There would be no toy-shops, were there no children, who delight to play with them. Production, says the political economist, is in proportion to the demand or consumption. If reform is required here, or elsewhere, it is at hand—let every one reform himself, and the business is done, and done radically. Nor will I hear such readers and writers called idle. When Diogenes was seen rolling an empty tub about, he was accused by his fellow-citizens of idleness. "Idleness!" said he, "*I idle!—I am very busy—I roll my tub!*"

THE POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

—— Chivalric,

Truth and honour, freedom and curtesie.—*Chaucer.*

THERE are certain ages, in the history of the world, on which the heart dwells with strong interest and affection; but there are none, which excite our curiosity, our admiration, and our love, more intensely than the days of chivalry. At that period, the world was enchanted, and history was a romance. The heart of man was bolder, and his arm firmer, than in these days of dull reality, while the spirit of adventurous knighthood was softened with heroic gentleness, and gallant love. The beauty of woman then was a boast and a treasure, and the "mortal mixture of earth's mould" was worshipped as a starry divinity. But "the last crowning rose of all the wreath" was the universal spirit of poetical feeling, which was awakened in the heart of the nations, and which, in its mighty consequences, tended most powerfully to refine away the ignorance and barbarity, which had been the accumulation of centuries. The fountains of purer and gentler feelings were opened, and the impetuosity of their first gushing carried away the corruptions, which had confined them in their source. The effect of this spirit, on the happiness and manners of after-times, was prodigious. It spread refinement and civilization through the world, and, by awakening the soul to a sense of its own powers, it gave the first impulse to that progress of the intellect, which ensures, in its mighty advances, the liberty and the welfare of man.

But while such beneficial effects have resulted from this early dawn, and outbreak of mental power, it was necessarily accompanied by many counterbalancing circumstances. The human mind had suffered a great convulsion, and the disordered

* Varro.

elements, in assuming a nobler and purer shape, were occasionally mingled together most heterogeneously. All the passions of the heart worked freely and unchastised. In devotion, in love, in arms, and in song, the same vehement feelings of excess displayed themselves. Even the moral boundaries, which later and wiser times have prescribed for themselves, were unseen and disregarded, and this not from any willing proneness to vice, but from an ignorance of the obligations and excellence of virtue. The laxity of morals—not of moral feeling, if such a distinction can be made—which distinguished that age, laid the foundation of that blameable levity of feeling, which is said to be inherent in the female character in France, and which still continues to exist, though the moral sense of the world has been so materially changed. In the age of chivalry, no disgrace was attached even to the public avowal of female infidelity, and that callous depravity of heart, which is invariably consequent on the loss of the esteem and respect of our fellow-creatures, then seldom ensued. In the present article, we shall attempt to give some idea of the prevailing tone of sentiment, which distinguishes the poetical works of the Provençal writers, without entering into any disquisition respecting their history or language, which our limits will not allow us to do.*

The crowning ornament of the Gay Science was the love-poems, in which it abounded, and which display the most extraordinary style of sentiment and expression. It would seem that the influence of woman, which, in the ages of classical refinement, had been slighted and disowned, was destined to be acknowledged in its most despotic shape, in the days of chivalrous enthusiasm. The sentiment was new in the world, and it was therefore excessive and unbounded. It did not bear the shape of love, affection, esteem, or reverence—but of passion, worship, and idolatry. The flood-gates of the heart were opened. In the poetry of the Troubadours, the passions seem to have been reduced to their elements, and to have been mingled together again in strange and marvellous union. Love, however, reigned, eminent and supreme over all, while the strongest emotions and passions of the mind were compelled into his despotic service. Ambition became his slave—for a smile was a guerdon, for which poets and princes contended, and the favour of a woman

* A very interesting and ingenious work has been lately published at Paris on this subject—"Choix des Poesies Originales des Troubadours, par M. Raynouard, 1817," in 3 vols; containing also a copious Grammar of the Language, and some curious Dissertations. More extensive information may be obtained by consulting *Nostradamus*, *Millot*, *Crescimbeni*, *De Sade*, *Ginguenè*, and *Sismondi*, respecting the rise, progress, and extension of the Gay Science, and its language. There are also some valuable remarks in the first volume of *Eichhorn's* "Allgemeine Geschichte der Cultur und Letteratur des neueren Europa."

could bestow more honour, than the hand of a monarch could confer ; nay, even Religion was made subservient to the power of Love, and the awful feelings of veneration, which are excited by contemplating the sanctity of Heaven, were lavished freely on an earthly idol. The sentiments of religious fear or hope, the strongest, perhaps, which can fill the human heart, were mingled with the passion of mortal love, and the terms, which are only applicable to the majesty of Heaven, were bestowed, without hesitation, on a capricious mistress, apparently without the slightest expectation of scandalizing the pious, or insulting the devout. From the works of the Troubadours innumerable instances might be pointed out of this perversion of sentiment.* But, while this extravagance of allusion and comparison may be justly censured as most improper and absurd, yet, in some of the compositions of this kind, where the expression of elevated and devotional feeling is mingled with the purity of earthly passion, their love-poetry acquires a deep and chastened tenderness, which the lighter productions of more modern days fail to display. M. Raynouard regards this as one of the distinctive characteristics of the Provençal writers, which those of no other nation, according to him, possess. This idea, however, is not correct ; for, in the poetry of Scotland, we find the same delicate mingling of the tenderness of love, and of religious enthusiasm, which exists in the poems of some of the Troubadours. The songs and love-poems of Burns contain numerous instances of this. " Like all men of genius," says Dr. Currie, " he was of the *temperament of devotion*, and the powers of memory co-operated, in this instance, with the sensibility of his heart, and the fervour of his imagination."† In the collection of Nithsdale and Galloway Songs, edited by the late Mr. Cromek, there are some verses, to which a more modern origin has been since assigned, which are strongly characteristic of this style of writing. The song is eminently tender and beautiful. The two first lines are sufficient to give an idea of the style :

I swear by my God, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand of thine.

And in another song, which has been lately published by the author, to whom the above is attributed, we have the same admixture of ideas. The simplicity of the image is complete :

* Some instances are collected by Ginguené, *Hist. Lit. D'Italie*, i. 322.—Thus one poet tells us he would, without hesitation, abandon the joys of the blest, could he be assured of the love of his mistress. And another says, that if God would only render him beloved by his lady, he would believe that Paradise was stripped of all its delights. A third argues with his mistress, that there is no inequality of rank in love—those distinctions, says he, exist not in the eye of the Deity, who judges but by the heart : and addressing the lady, he says—" O perfect image of the Divinity, why dost thou not imitate thy model?"

† Currie's Burns, vol. i. p. 312.

" In preaching time, so meek she stands,
So saintly and so bonnie O,
I cannot get one glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nannie O."

And again—

" I guess what Heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle so divinely O."

From the remains of the Troubadours, M. Raynouard has selected many passages in illustration of this subject, a few of which we have endeavoured to imitate, preserving, as nearly as possible, the tone and force of the sentiment, though we have in vain attempted to transfuse a portion of the simple beauty of the original. It must be remembered that these are, in general, merely detached passages from various poems, and that consequently they are the expression of a single sentiment. The following stanzas are from Guillaume de Cabestaing :

Thy perfect form of nobleness and grace,
Thy smile (the language of thy guileless heart),
The fairness of thy Heaven-illumined face,
The sweetnesses of which thou mistress art—

All, all are present to my every thought,
Oh ! had to God these earthly vows been given,
With all their purity and ardour fraught,
My soul had never then despair'd of Heaven.

There is, perhaps, no circumstance so well calculated to awaken the fullness of poetical feeling, as the death of those, to whom the heart has been long, and fondly attached. Not, indeed, in the first flow and bitterness of irrepressible grief, but when time and the memory of former happiness have mellowed anguish into tender regret. It was under the influence of feelings like these (feigned, or existing in their " sad reality," who shall say ?) that Lord Byron must have written his lines on Thyrsa, and that Burns composed that beautiful lament, " My Mary ! dear departed shade !" The same sentiment is contained in the following lines :

In every deed of kindness and of love,
In every word, so gentle, pure, and wise,
I need not pray that God her life approve,
And call her spirit home to Paradise.

And if I sigh, and if a silent tear
Rushes for her, and trembles in my eye,
(Passion's last token,) 'tis not that I fear
For her pure soul's divine felicity.

No! God, amid his glory, hath enshrined
 Her blest perfections.—Heaven itself could give
 No joys, if 'mid its bowers I might not find
 Her spirit.—No! I weep because I live.

In the following verses the influence of love overpowers the piety of the votary, and passion is made to mingle with prayer tenderly, but not profanely—they are imitated from Pons de Capdueil.

Yes! thou art fairest, frankest, gayest, best—
 Adding to beauty Virtue's sanctity;
 And, owning thy perfections, to be blest,
 I do but ask the power of loving thee.
 So ardent and so tender is that love,
 So deep thine image on my soul is wrought,
 That, when I pour my humble prayer above,
 Thou still art mingled with each holy thought.

At other times again we find lighter allusions to sacred things; as in the following lines, from a poem of Rambaud d'Orange.

I should be grateful, that in dreams
 Sweet thoughts will come, my heart beguiling,
 For then her bright eye on me beams,
 Her wreathed lip on me is smiling.
 No! Heaven hath not a look more sweet;
 And, when her eyes on me are bending,
 I would not turn from them, to meet
 The glance of angels, sky-descending.

Even amongst the instances, which have been selected by M. Raynouard as the most unexceptionable, we find some, which overstep the boundary of devotional propriety, and which, to modern apprehension at least, can scarcely be sheltered under the milder title, which he has bestowed upon them, of "a literary aberration, occasioned by chivalric ideas and the spirit of the time, in which we rejoice to discover the imprint of nature, and the absence of all restraint." The following sentence from Hugues de Bachelerie is given in one of the extracts: "I never recite my Pater-noster when I arrive at the *qui es in celo*, without addressing my soul and heart to thee."

Many of the love-poems of the Provençals, however, are entirely free from this incongruity of imagery, and display an un-mixed purity and tenderness of sentiment. It has, indeed, more than once been objected to these compositions, that there is a sameness and repetition about them, which render them insipid and valueless. The objection must apply to all poetry of sentiment. The truth of passion and feeling is changeless. Until we re-model the heart, the expression of its true affection will

have but little variety. This objection has been well combated by a modern critic.* "The reproach of uniformity," says he, "strikes me as being a very singular one; it is as if we should condemn the spring, or a garden for the multitude of its flowers;" and he then remarks, that we are more sensible of this defect, if it be one, from the circumstance of our being acquainted with these poems in the shape in which they exist in the libraries of the learned, gathered together in ponderous masses, and fatiguing us even with their beauties.

The poetry of sentiment, without incident to enliven or variety to surprise, can seldom keep the attention from flagging. It is to be enjoyed when the mind is in a fit mood, and then only "by stealth and morsels. It is a hard task to digest three hours reading of Petrarch's Sonnets, and yet there are times when we would not give one of them for a whole epic. It is in these moods that the love-pieces of the Troubadours should be read. The scholar, the antiquary, or the historian,† who sits down to their perusal as a portion of his daily task, will probably despise what his heart fails to comprehend, and he will pass his malediction against these poets, because he has misused them. They cannot, however, deny that in many of these poems we find the tenderness and the purity of love inimitably described. The following very imperfect version of one of the most beautiful poems, which even in the meridian of *La Gaie Science*, was ever

"Sung by a fair queen in a summer bower
With ravishing division to her lute,"

may, perhaps, give some slight and remote idea of the tenderness and plaintive simplicity, which breathes through the original. It is the complaint of the Countess de Die, who loved and was beloved by Rambaud Prince of Orange, a celebrated Troubadour and a brave knight, but who had forfeited the praises of true chivalry by his inconstancy and libertinism.‡

* Fr. Schlegel's History of Literature, vol. i. p. 303, of the Translation.

† See Dunlop's History of Fiction, ii. 184. "The Provençal Poets, or Troubadours, have been acknowledged as the masters of the early Italian poets, and have been raised to, perhaps, unmerited celebrity by the imposing panegyrics of Dante and Petrarch. Their compositions contain violent satires against the clergy, absurd didactic poems, moral songs versified from the works of Boethius, and insipid pastorals." The poets, to whom Dante and Petrarch confessed their obligations, will not suffer from censures like these—so roundly bestowed.

Another modern writer has also fulminated his anathema against them. "These were the celebrated Troubadours, whose fame depends far less on their positive excellence, than on the darkness of the preceding ages, on the temporary sensation they excited, and on their permanent influence on the state of European poetry."—Hallam, iii. 341.—That permanent influence should surely argue no slight merit.

‡ Millot, t. i. p. 170.

Poetry of the Troubadours.

Alas! alas! my song is sad;
 How should it not be so,
 When he who used to make me glad
 Now leaves me in my woe?
 With him, my love, my graciousness,
 My beauty all are vain,
 I feel as tho' some guiltiness
 Had mark'd me with its stain.
 One sweet thought still has power o'er me
 In this, my heart's great need,
 'Tis that I ne'er was false to thee,
 Dear friend! in word or deed.
 I own that nobler virtues fill
 Thy heart; love only mine:
 Yet why are all thy looks so chill
 Till they on others shine?
 O long-lov'd friend! I marvel much
 Thy heart is so severe,
 That it will yield not to the touch
 Of love, and sorrow's tear.
 No! no! it cannot be that thou
 Shouldst seek another love,
 Oh! think upon our early vow,
 And thou wilt faithful prove.
 Thy virtue's pride, thy lofty fame,
 Assure me thou art true,
 Tho' fairer ones than I may claim
 Thy hand, and deign to sue.
 But think, beloved one! that to bless
 With perfect blessing, thou
 Must seek for trusting tenderness,---
 Remember then our vow!

This little poem has excited M. Raynouard's warmest admiration, who declares that the truest and most exquisite sentiment dictated it. It is impossible, however, as he justly observes, to preserve the grace and delicacy of it in a translation; it is like those tender flowers, which breathe their perfume only when they are ungathered, but which fade and become odourless the moment they are separated from their parent stem. He has instituted a bold comparison between this elegy and the celebrated love-ode of Sappho—a comparison, which, he says, is well calculated to give us a correct idea of the distinctive peculiarities of classical and chivalric literature in compositions of this kind. The poem of Sappho, which portrays the passion of love so completely, that, according to one of our critics, "it has been seldom so well described in the course of two thousand years," in the opinion of M. Raynouard, paints a sensibility entirely

material, before the progress of civilization had rendered woman the ornament of society ; while the verse of the poetess of chivalry breathes a sensibility altogether intellectual. Tender as impassioned, she loves for pure love's sake alone.

Some of the most interesting portions of the Provençal poetry are those where we find the fierceness of the warrior and the tenderness of the lover combined in strange union. The boldest and most heroic hearts sunk into gentleness and submission before the eye of beauty, and the knight that mocked at bolts of steel, became a willing captive to silken fetters. The inborn affections of the heart are seldom extinguished ; and, from the field of slaughter and desolation, it turns gladly to the eye of compassion, and the voice of womanly pity. It is a strange truth, that an acquaintance with death and blood often leaves all the milder affections of the heart untainted. Have we then two souls, as it was supposed of old, that we can return from the fierce delight of battle to enjoy the caresses of our children, and the congratulations of our friends ? But, in the age of chivalry, the names of warrior and lover were almost synonymous, for arms and love were the employment of every gentle heart ; and to crown these accomplishments, the knight sung his own battles, and the praises of his mistress, to the sound of his own harp. There is an union of all these feelings in the stanzas which follow, and which are from Rambaud de Vaqueiras.

Compass'd with warriors, bound in brilliant arms,
Leaguering strong towns, exulting in the fight,
Mounting the imminent breach 'mid proud alarms,
Shaking the old towers from their dizzy height---
Such be the rugged tasks, which claim me now,
Calling my thoughts from thee, and sweet Love's vow.

Girt in my noble arms, my sole pursuit
Hath been the combat and the battle-strife,
And my reward---oh, vain and worthless fruit!--
Hath been the dross of gold---Alas ! my life
Is but a desert, sever'd from thy side,
And even my song hath lost its wonted pride.

It cannot be supposed, that in an age when war was a master-passion, its pleasures should not have been celebrated by poets who themselves bore arms. Accordingly, we find many high-wrought descriptions of the terrors and delights of warfare in the songs of the Troubadours. The Crusades too, the origin of which was pretty nearly contemporaneous with that of the Gay Science, were well calculated to awaken all the fiery enthusiasm of a poet's breast. In some instances, indeed, the double excitement of religious fanaticism and love proved too strong for the sanity of the poet's brain. Pierre Vidal, a renowned Trou-

badour, who loved a noble lady not wisely but too well, being banished from her presence, resolved to subdue his grief by valorous achievements in the Holy Land, and joined the crusades in which Frederic the First perished. Here, however, the few wits, which his mistress's cruelty had left him, entirely disappeared beneath the fervid skies of Syria. His head, like the knight of La Mancha's, was filled with chivalric fantasies. He believed that he had married a niece of the Emperor of the East, and the title had descended to him in her right; and even after his return to Europe his extravagance led him into considerable dangers. The examples, which M. Raynouard has selected of the warlike poetry of the Provençals, are full of the most enthusiastic spirit of war and chivalry. We have attempted an imitation of some lines, in a poem of Bertrand de Born, as a specimen of the Tyrtæan powers of the Troubadours.

Not rich viands, nor the cup
 With the red-wine sparkling up—
 Not the sweeter joys of sleep
 To eyes that painful vigils keep—
 Match the soul-born fierce delight,
 When, amid the mingled fight,
 We listen to the swelling cry
 "To the rescue! Victory!"
 While a thousand hoarse throats shout
 "Courage! Courage!" 'mid the rout.
 Oh! 'tis joy to hear the neighing
 Of loosen'd steeds, 'mid slain and slaying---
 To see the shatter'd standards wave,
 O'er the cold and bloody grave
 Of chief and soldier, side by side,
 Fallen in the battle's pride!

The *Sirventes*, or satires of the Troubadours, were compositions directed against the vices or follies of the age, or the characters of those, who had rendered themselves hateful to the poet. Many of them, indeed, contain the most personal attacks, whilst others are directed against the crimes and impositions of various classes of men. The germ of the Reformation may be traced in the violent satires, which, even at this early period, were directed against the depravity, the cupidity, and the selfishness of the monks, and which deprive the early Italian writers of the honour of having been the first and the most severe opponents of the abuses of the infallible faith. The capital of the Christian world was mentioned by them in terms of the most virulent abuse and contempt. "May the Holy Spirit, which was once incarnated, hear my prayer, and break thy beak, O Rome!" is the devout supplication of Guillaume Figuera—"for thou hast burst from those boundaries, which God has given thee, thou

hast absolved crimes for gold, and hast charged thyself with a burden too weighty for thee to bear. May the Deity destroy thee, Rome! thou faithless and immoral city!" Sometimes, also, their bold and free satires were aimed against the general corruption and tyranny of the age. Thus, Folquet de Lunel says, "The Emperor tyrannizes over the kings, the kings tyrannize over their counts, the counts over the barons, and the barons over their vassals, and their peasantry. * * * The physicians kill instead of curing, and merchants and mechanics are all of them liars and thieves." This is certainly an amiable description of the times, in which the poet lived; but we must make all due allowances for the spleen and licence of his profession. One of these *sirventes* is directed against our Henry II. In another, the poet ridicules the rouge and the cosmetics, which the ladies of that day were in the habit of using. The latter was the production of a monk, who, in his unhallowed satires, spared neither his fellow-monks, nor fair ladies, nor noble poets.

We shall say a few words of the various forms of composition which distinguish the poetry of the Troubadours. Without examining the hypothesis of Ginguené, who attributes the Provençal poetry to an Arabian origin, we may remark, that it certainly was not derived from classical models. It is equally probable, however, that they were as much indebted to the authors of antiquity, as to the eastern poets, for the form of their *tensons* or poetical disputations, which M. Ginguené seems to consider as exclusively of oriental origin, although the eclogues of Theocritus and Virgil contain many instances of these poetical contentions. The idea, however, of two poets contending for the mastery of verse, is too simple and too natural to require this traditional explanation. But the peculiar feature, which distinguishes the poetry of the Troubadours from that of the classical ages, without mentioning the vast diversity of sentiment, is the abundant employment of rhyme, and the great variety of stanza in which they indulged. The careful attention to harmony also with which their poems were constructed, is another peculiar characteristic, though at this day our means are very inadequate to judge of this excellence, since all their verses were generally written for music, and sung by the Troubadour, or his *Jongleur*, to the harp. It was by this delightful union of poetical sentiment and musical expression, that the full effect was given to these simple and natural effusions of a nation's early genius, of which after-ages must for ever remain ignorant, and which we can only imagine from the dead and spiritless relics, which the curiosity of later times has preserved in the cabinets of the learned, when the voice of the poet, which gave a soul to their beauty, is silent, and the strings of his harp, which enhanced their harmony, are mouldering in dust. To appreciate the full merit of

these compositions, it is necessary to conjure up a vision, and listen to the strains of a young and noble poet, surrounded by the high atmosphere of chivalry—the presence of Beauty and Valour. Such were the boasted delights of Owen Glendower in his youth.

For I was train'd up in the English court,
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament.

That the early Troubadours united in themselves the character of poet, composer, and musician, there can be little doubt. We have even an account of the abilities of several of these poets in MSS. yet extant: thus, Pons de Capdueil was "skilful in composition, in playing the harp, and in singing;" and Pierre Vidal "sung the best of all men, and was the first of the Troubadours in producing beautiful airs." Sometimes, indeed, the poems were only recited or declaimed, and sometimes they were sung to more ancient airs.

Of the *Tensons*, or disputes of rival poets, we have already said a few words, in addition to which we may remark, that the contending parties in these, as in graver arguments, generally remained of the same opinion, at the conclusion of the contest, as at the commencement. Sometimes, indeed, a particular arbitrator was appointed, and sometimes the disputes were referred to the decision of the Courts of Love, of which we shall presently give a slight account. The *descort*, a word which signifies discordance, was an irregular kind of stanza, which had neither a stated return of rhyme, nor an equality in the measure of the lines. Occasionally also in this composition, various idioms were employed, of which a curious specimen yet remains. It is a *descort* of Rambaud de Vaqueiras, in six stanzas. According to Crescimbeni, the first is in the Romance dialect, the second in Tuscan, the third in French, the fourth in Gascon, the fifth in Spanish, and the sixth in a *mélange* of all those idioms. It is the complaint of a lover over his desertion by his mistress. "Her heart is changed, and therefore in these discordant measures do my words, and my music, and my language flow."* There are few of those romantic tales amongst the Troubadours, which form so large a portion of the poetry of the Trouveurs: the story of the Parroquet, which is given in Dunlop's "History of Fiction," may be taken as a specimen of this species of composition. The *Albas* and the *Serenas* of the Provençal poets were the stanzas, which were sung by them at the break or close of day, in honour of their mistresses. We must be careful not to

* Eichhorn also gives this *Descort* with some variations, and omitting the last stanza entirely.

confound the *sonnets* of the Troubadours with the sonnets of their Italian pupils. The former signified any kind of stanza, which was intended to be sung to the *sound* of music; the latter was entirely of Italian origin. It would afford but little amusement to give a catalogue of the various other forms of composition, in which the Troubadours were accustomed to write—pastorals, epistles, chansons, songs, and couplets: an accurate account of these, illustrated with specimens, may be found in the valuable collections of M. Raynouard.

The account, given by M. Raynouard of those celebrated tribunals, the Courts or Parliaments of Love, is curious and amusing; though he seems to attach more importance to those institutions, than probably they ever claimed. Many authors had illustrated this subject by their researches before M. Raynouard, amongst whom Sismondi, in his *Littérature du midi de l'Europe*, and Ginguené, in his *Histoire littéraire d'Italie*, are, perhaps, the best known in this country. Our author, however, has availed himself of some sources of information, which had escaped the attention of most of his predecessors; and from a neglected volume written by André, a chaplain to the Court of France, he has obtained much interesting matter on this obscure subject.

In celebrating the charms of their respective mistresses, or in disputing the various abstruse questions with which *la gâie science* abounded, it was natural that the chivalrous rivals should wish to refer their contention to some arbitrament, to the authority of which both parties might submissively yield. The Courts of Love, where the fair judges never failed to exact and obtain the most implicit obedience, were accordingly instituted soon after the introduction of the Gay Science, and as early as the time of the Count of Poitiers, one of the first and noblest of the Troubadours. The courts were generally held under the authority of some lady distinguished by rank and beauty, who associated to herself a competent number of other judges, sometimes amounting to sixteen or twenty. André the Chaplain mentions, amongst others, the Courts of the Ladies of Gascony—of Ermengarde, Viscountess of Narbonne—of the Queen Eleanore—of the Countess of Champagne—and of the Countess of Flanders. This Queen Eleanore was married to Louis VII. of France, called the Young, and afterwards to our Henry II. Before these awful and lovely tribunals, the rival poets used to appear in person, and plead their cause; and the proceedings were, no doubt, assimilated very nearly to those of the courts of justice of that day, where all the pleadings were *ore tenus*, or conducted in open court, without the intervention of writing. These compositions were called *Tensons*, as it is supposed from the Latin *conTENSio-nem*, or *jeux-partis*; and the judgments of the court were called

les arrêts d'amour. André, the Chaplain, has given us a collection of the principal rules, by which these judicatures were guided, and which is said by him to have been revealed to a Breton knight in the following manner. The champion, wandering through a thick forest, in hopes of encountering the great Arthur, was met by a fair lady, who thus addressed him:—"I know whom you seek; but your search is vain without my aid. You have sought the love of a Breton lady, and she requires you to procure for her the celebrated faucon, which reposes on a perch in the court of Arthur. To obtain this bird, you must prove in combat the superior charms of the lady of your heart over those of the mistress of every knight in the court of Arthur." A number of romantic adventures follow. At last, the knight finds the faucon on a perch of gold: a paper is suspended to the perch by a golden chain; this paper contained the code of love, which it was necessary for the knight to promulgate, ere he might venture to bear away the falcon as a prize.

This code of erotic laws was presented to a tribunal composed of many brilliant and beautiful judges. It was adopted by them, and ordered to be observed by all the suitors of their court, under the heaviest penalties. The code contained thirty-one articles, of which we shall give a few.* They are all mentioned by André the Chaplain.

1. Marriage is no excuse against another attachment.
2. He, who knows not how to conceal, knows not how to love.
3. No one can love two persons at one time.
4. Love must always increase or diminish.
16. At the sudden appearance of his mistress, the heart of a true lover trembles.
23. A true lover must *eat and sleep sparingly*.
28. A moderate presumption is sufficient to produce suspicion in the mind of a lover.
30. The image of his mistress is present, without intermission, to the mind of the true lover.

It does not clearly appear what were the sanctions of these awful laws, or by what process the courts of love enforced obedience to their decrees; nor indeed is it very evident whether all the cases, which came within their cognizance, were not merely fictions of the imagination, for the purpose of displaying the poetical talents of the advocates, and the wit and beauty of the judges. M. Raynouard, however, seems to consider these tribunals as possessed of the power of enforcing their decrees, not

* Some of these enactments are not very unlike the laws of Chaucer's *Court of Love*, which were twenty in number, but which are more free and more humorous than any contained in this code.

indeed, by the exertion of force, but by the stronger agency of opinion—of opinion, which permitted not a knight to enjoy tranquillity in the bosom of his family, while his peers were waging war beyond the seas—of opinion, which compels the gamester to pay a debt of honour with the money, for want of which his industrious tradesman is starving—of opinion, which does not permit a man to refuse a challenge, though the law has designated it a crime—of opinion, before the influence of which even tyrants tremble.*

It is, however, very questionable, whether this powerful influence could ever be called into action in any instance; for in the questions, which were propounded for the consideration of the judges, the names of the parties do not appear to have been introduced, and, therefore, it was impossible to direct the anathemas of the court, against any particular individual. The Troubadours, who pleaded the cause, generally appeared only in the character of advocates. In the history of André, the Chaplain, whose work is written in Latin, the parties to the cause are merely designated by a *quidam*, or *quedam*. We shall give a few of the cases, with the decisions of the lady-judges, for the edification of our fair readers, especially those, who are casuistically and coquettishly inclined.

CASE. A knight betrothed to a lady had been absent a considerable time beyond the seas. She waited, in vain, for his return, and his friends, at last, began to despair of it. The lady, impatient of the delay, found a new lover. The secretary of the absent knight, indignant at the infidelity of the lady, opposed this new passion. The lady's defence was this:—"Since a widow, after two years of mourning†, may receive a new lover; much more may she, whose betrothed husband, in his absence, has sent her no token of remembrance or fidelity, though he lacked not the means of transmitting it."

This question occasioned long debates, and it was argued in the court of the Countess of Champagne. The judgment was delivered as follows:

"A lady is not justified in renouncing her lover, under the pretext of his long absence, unless she has certain proof that his fidelity has been violated, and his duty forgotten. There is, however, no legal cause of absence, but necessity, or the most honourable call. Nothing should give a woman's heart more delight than to hear, in lands far distant from the scene of his achieve-

* Raynouard, II. cxxiii.

† This was one of the laws of the court of love, "Two years' widowhood, in case of death, shall be duly observed by the survivor." The lady, who was the defendant in this cause, would not have found so easy an excuse in our law, which requires that seven years should pass after the absence of any one beyond sea, before the presumption of death can arise.

ments, the renown of her lover's name, and the reverence, in which he is held by the warlike and the noble. The circumstance of his having refrained from despatching a messenger, or a token of his love, may be explained on prudential reasons; since he may have been unwilling to trust the secret of his heart to every stranger's keeping; for though he had confided his despatches to a messenger, who might not have been able to comprehend them, yet, by the wickedness of that messenger, or by his death on the journey, the secret of his love might be revealed."

The ingenuity, displayed by the pleaders on both sides, was considerable, and the decisions of the judges, which are generally pretty diffuse, are usually luminous and conclusive. Unfortunately, for the fame of *la geste d'Amor*, there were no reporters at that day to transmit to us the authentic records of the courts of love; and we must, therefore, be satisfied with the relics which have been casually preserved of these singular proceedings. We may remark, however, that the authority of the decisions, which remain, are still unimpeached by any superior jurisdiction.

A good man's fortune may be out at heels.
SHAKESPEARE.

When a book is to be written upon the discordant opinions held by different nations, or by the same people at different periods, upon any given subject, none would present a more contradictory estimate, than the harmless recreation of dancing. For some thousand of years, in the early stages of the world, it was exclusively a religious ceremony. The dance of the Jews, established by the Levitical law to be exhibited at their solemn feasts, is, perhaps, the most ancient upon record. The dancing of David is also frequently quoted; and many commentators have thought, that every Psalm was accompanied by a distinct dance. In several of the temples, a stage was specially erected for these exercises; but, in process of time, they seem to have been practiced by secular, as well as spiritual performers. The daughters of Shiloh were thus recreating themselves in the vineyards, when they were caught by the young men of the tribe of Benjamin, who presently danced into their good graces, and carried them off for wives—a process, which is frequently imitated, even in these degenerate days. The heathens, also, could "sport a toe," in the very earliest ages. Pindar calls Apollo "the dancer;" Homer, in one of his hymns, tells us, that this deity capered to the music of his own harp; and from Callimachus we learn, that the Nereides were proficient in this elegant accomplishment, at the early age

of nine years*. For several centuries, it was confined to military movements, when a battle was a grand *Ballet of Action*, opposing armies became partners in the dance of death, and cut throats and capers with equal assiduity. Since these truculent and operatic days, it has been limited to festive and joyous occasions; but how various the estimation in which it has been held by inconsistent mortals! Socrates, a wise Grecian, took lessons in this art from Aspasia. Cicero, an enlightened Roman, urges the practice of dancing against Galbinius, as a grave and heinous offence. Of the moderns, many hold it an utter abomination to dance upon a Sunday; while others signalize the Sabbath by an increased hilarity of heel. In Germany, a band of enthusiastic damsels formerly testified their devotion to St. Vitus, by dancing round his shrine, until they contracted a malady, which still bears his name: the modern Herrnhuters, of the same district, would suffer martyrdom, rather than heathenize their legs by any similar profanation.

Our own country, at the present moment, possesses a sect of Jumpers, who, seeming to imagine that he, who leaps highest, must be nearest to Heaven, solemnize their meetings by jumping like kangaroos, and justify themselves very conclusively from Scripture, because—David danced before the Ark—the daughter of Shiloh danced in the yearly festival of the Lord—and the child John, the son of Elizabeth, leapt before it was born! The Methodists, on the other hand, maintain, in its full latitude, the doctrine of the ancient Waldenses and Albigenses, that as many paces as a man makes in dancing, so many leaps he makes towards Hell. Even the amiable Cowper, the poet, suffered his fine mind to be so darkened by bigotry, as to believe, that a great proportion of the ladies and gentlemen, whom he saw amusing themselves with dancing at Brighthelmston, must necessarily be damned†; and in a religious publication, new before me, I find it stated, that a sudden judgment overtook a person for indulging in this enormity: a large lump started up in his thigh while dancing; but upon his solemn promise not to repeat the offence, the Lord heard his prayer, and removed his complaint‡. A writer in the same work, after denouncing those who admit “dancing and other vain amusements into their schools,” concludes with an alarming belief, “that this dancing propensity has, in some places, nearly danced the Bible out of the school!”§. In conformity with these enlightened views, and in defence of the sacred writer, who expressly declares that there is a *time to dance*, the Methodists exclude from their communion all those who practise dancing, or teach it to children, while their ministers refuse to administer the

* See the *Vestriad*, a mock Epic Poem.

† Evangelical Magazine, August 1812.

‡ Hayley's Life, p. 100.

§ Ibid. June 1808.

Sacrament to all persons guilty of frequenting balls. Let us hope that the increasing good sense of these well-meaning, but misguided ascetics, will speedily get the better of such monkish austerities; that the time may come, when they may feel persuaded that our Heavenly Father can contemplate this innocent recreation of his creatures with as much benignity as a parent beholds the gambols of his children; and that the now gloomy inmates of the Tabernacle may justify the change, by adopting the beautiful sentiment of Addison—"Cheerfulness is the best Hymn to the Deity." I do not despair of seeing a whole brotherhood and sisterhood standing up in pairs for a country-dance, all anxious to make amends for lost time; while he, who is to lead off, claps his yellow gloves in ecstasy, and calls aloud to the band to play up Wesley's Fancy, or the Whitfield Reel.

I abhor that atrocious and impious doctrine, that France and England are natural enemies, as if God Almighty had made us only to cut one another's throats; and yet I must say that I hate the French, and hate them too for one of their most elegant accomplishments—their inexhaustible genius for dancing. With the fertility of their ballet-masters, I have no quarrel: let them attitudinize till they have twisted the human form into as many contortions as Fusell; let them vary figures and combinations *ad infinitum*, like the kaleidoscope; let them even appropriate distinct movements to each class of the human and super-human performers. I admit the propriety of their celebrated *pas* called the *Gargouillade*, which, as a French author informs us, is devoted to the entrée of *winds, demons, and elementary spirits*; and of whose mode of execution, he gravely proceeds to give an elaborate and scientific description. But why, Mr. Editor, why must their vagaries quit their proper arena, the Opera stage, and invade our ball-rooms and assemblies? Sir, they have kicked me out of dancing society full twenty years before my time. The first innovation, that condemned me to be a spectator, where I used to be a not undistinguished performer, was the sickening and rotatory Waltz; of which I never saw the object, unless its votaries meant to form a contrast to the lilies of the valley, "which toil not, neither do they spin." Waiving all objections upon the ground of decorum, surely the young men and women of the present age were giddy enough before, without the stimulus of these fantastical gyrations. If a fortune-hunter chooses to single out an heiress, and spin round and round with her, like a billiard-ball, merely to get into her pocket at last, there is at least a definable object in his game; but that a man should volunteer these painful circumvolutions for pleasure, really seems to be a species of saltatory suicide. I never saw the figurantes at the Opera whirling their pirouettes, like whipping-tops, without wishing to be near them with a stout thong,

that I might keep up the resemblance; and as to imitating their ungraceful roundabouts, by joining in a waltz, I would rather be a tototum at once, or one of the front wheels of Mrs. C—y's carriage. Thanks to the Goddess of fashion, fickle as she is foolish, our ball-room misses have at length ceased to be twisted and twirled in this unmerciful manner, and our spinning jennies are again pretty nearly confined to Manchester and Glasgow.

Tired as I was of sitting like a spondee, with my two long feet hanging idle on my hands, (as a noble Viscount would say) I began now to entertain hopes of again planting my exploded heel upon a chalked board. But, alas! I was doomed to experience, that there are as many disappointments between the toe and the ground, as between the cup and the lip. Frances, my old enemy, was upon the watch to export a new annoyance; the Genius of Quadrille started up from amid the roses painted on a ball-room floor, and my discomfited legs were again compelled to resume their inglorious station beneath the benches. I could not put them into a go-cart, and begin all my steps again: I could not make a toil of a pleasure, rehearse beforehand, and study my task by card and compass, merely to make an exhibition of myself at last. It was too like amateur acting; the constraint of a ballet, without its grace or skill—the exertion of dancing, without its hilarity; and it was moreover an effort, in which I was sure to be eclipsed by every boarding-school miss or master, who would literally learn that by heart, which I, in my distaste to these innovations, could only expect to learn by foot. In this melancholy and useless plight, do I wander from one ball-room to another, dancing nothing but attendance, and kicking nothing but my heels; sometimes, like a tripod that has lost a leg, leaning disconsolately against the wall, because I cannot stand up in my proper place; and sometimes beating time to the music with my foot, which is as bitter a substitute for genuine jumps, as is the coccus Indicus for real hops.

Oh, for the days that are gone!—the golden age of cocked hats; the Augustan era of country-dances; the apotheosis of minuet! How well do I remember the first night I ventured upon the latter, that genuine relic of the old French court. What an awful recollection have I of the trying moment, when, with a slow and graceful curve of my arm, I first deposited the triangular beaver upon my powdered locks, pressing it down upon my forehead, with a firm determination to look fierce and fascinating, and yet with a tender and sympathetic regard for the economy of my elaborate curls; somewhat in the style recommended by old Isaac Walton, when in instructing you to impale a worm for angling, he bids you handle him tenderly withal, and treat him like a friend. The scented pulvilio, which the untwisted hairs reproachfully effused, still seems to salute my nose,

and flutter between my eyes, and the dipping and swimming figure of my partner. With what pride, I led her to her seat; and what a bewitching bow I flattered myself I had made, when she blushed into her chair! In those happy days, the next operation was a regular and persevering set-to, at the genuine old English country-dance; and the amusements of the night were invariably wound up by the Boulanger, or Sir Roger de Coverley. One of my nieces played me those exploded tunes a few days ago, and what a flush of rosy recollections did they conjure up! Their music seemed to penetrate into the quiet caves and grottoes of memory, awakening ideas that had long slumbered undisturbed. Methought they issued from their recesses like so many embodied sprites; and, fastening their flowery wreaths to the spokes of Time's great wheel, they dragged it rapidly backward, until the days of my youth became evolved before me in all the fidelity and vividness of their first existence. Then did I again behold the rich Miss B——, the sugar-baker's daughter, whom my parents invariably urged me to engage for the supper-dances, with many a shrewd hint that a partner at a ball often became a partner for life;—nor was her corpulent mother omitted, who carried vanity so far as even to affect a slight degree of palsy, that the motion of her head might give a more dazzling lustre to the magnificent diamonds, with which it was thickly studded. I see her now, at her old place in the card-room, shaking and sparkling like an aspen-tree in the sunshine of a white frost. I behold, also, the bustling little old man her father, receiving the tickets of admission in all the pomp of office, with his snuff-coloured suit, and the powdered and pomatumed peak coming to a point in the centre of his bald head. I hear him boasting, at the same time, of his wealth and his drudgery, and declaring that, with all the hundreds he had spent upon his hot-houses and plantations at Hackney, he had never seen them except by candle-light. As for the daughter, thank Heaven, I never danced with her but once, and my mind's eye still beholds her webby feet paddling down the middle, with the floundering porpus-like fling she gave at the end, only accomplished by bearing half her weight upon her partner, and invariably out of tune. Often have I wondered at the patience of the musicians, in wasting rosin and catgut upon her timeless sprawls. She was obtuse in all her perceptions, and essentially vulgar in appearance: in the consciousness of her wealth, she sometimes strove to look haughty, but her features obstinately refused to assume any expression beyond that of inflexible stupidity. Moreover, she had thick ancles, puddingy hands with short broad nails, and in laughing she shewed her gums! She was too opulent, according to the sapient calculations of the world, to marry any but a rich man; and she succeeded, at

length, in realizing her most ambitious dreams. Her husband is a yellow little nabob, rolling in wealth, and half suffocated with bile. She has three rickety children, whom she is ashamed to produce. With no more ear than a fish, she has a box at the Opera, and gives private concerts. In short, there is no luxury she is incapable of relishing, which her fortune does not enable her to command; and no enjoyment really adapted to her taste, in which her imagined gentility does not deter her from indulging.

What a contrast was the accomplished, the fascinating Fanny ———, with her lovely features irradiated with innocent hilarity, yet tempered with sentiment, and deep feeling. She was all intelligence—spiritual—ethereal; at least, I often thought so, as her sylph-like form seemed to be treading upon air, while it responded spontaneously to every pulsation of the music, like a dancing echo. "The course of true love never did run smooth:" Fanny was portionless—I was pennyless; yet even despair did not prevent my loving her; and, though my tongue never gave utterance to the thought, I am well aware that she read it in my eyes, and gave me in return her pity. With this I was contented—in the romance of a first love, I thought it would be delightful to die for her, and I sent her the inclosed song, but she never noticed my effusion, though she never returned it. Poor Fanny! she fell a sacrifice to one of those pests of society, a dangler, a male coquet; who paid her his addresses, won her affections, changed his mind, and married another—the scoundrel! Her pride might have borne the insult, but her love could not be recalled—her heart was broken. Her fine mind began to prey upon itself—the sword wore out the scabbard—her frame gradually faded away, and a rapid decline at length released her from her uncomplaining misery. I followed her to the grave; and how often did I return to the spot to bedew it with my tears! Many a vow have I made to suppress my unavailing grief, and refrain from visiting the place of her burial; when, in the very midst of my resolutions, my feet have unconsciously carried me to it again. Most truly might I have exclaimed with Tibullus,

"Juravi quoties rediturum ad limina nunquam?
Cum bene juravi, pes tamen ipse redit."

Years have since rolled away, and I can now think of Fanny without ———. Forgive me, Mr. Editor, but a tear has fallen upon the very spot where I was about to make a boast of my stoicism. I may, however, without emotion declare, that of all the girls I ever knew, Fanny ——— Psha! another tear! I will not write a word more upon the subject.

SONG.—TO FANNY.

When morning through my lattice beams,
 And twittering birds my slumbers break,
 Then, Fanny, I recall my dreams,
 Although they bid my bosom ache,
 For still I dream of thee.

When wit, and wine, and friends are met,
 And laughter crowns the festive hour,
 In vain I struggle to forget;
 Still does my heart confess thy power,
 And fondly turn to thee.

When night is near, and friends are far,
 And, through the tree that shades my cot
 I gaze upon the evening star,
 How do I mourn my lonely lot,
 And, Fanny, sigh for thee!

I know my love is hopeless—vain,
 But, Fanny, do not strive to rob
 My heart of all that soothes its pain—
 The mournful hope, that every throbb
 Will make it break for thee!

H.

GERMANY—PAST AND PRESENT.

"*Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo
 Audiit, insculptis tremuerunt motibus Alpen.*"

VIRGIL. *Georg.*

BEFORE the wars of the French Revolution, the political and social face of Germany was marked by features, that widely distinguished it from every other country in Europe, and which the convulsions of later days have rather softened down and shaded off, than obliterated or effaced. It displayed, in grotesque and singular variety, all the peculiarities and anomalies of a constitution, in which feudality might be said to have run to seed. The Germans, in comparison with the English or the French, still appeared a people of the middle ages. They dwelt enveloped in forests, sands, baronial castles, walled and gated towns, rigid ceremonies, and impregnable barriers of rank and title. Chivalry had left behind it a rough military spirit; aristocracy produced the most inflexible separation of ranks; and superstition and legendary lore were now replaced by dreaming mysticism and wild metaphysics. The mailed knight was succeeded by the mustachioed hussar; the feudal sovereign by the count armed with parchments and pedigrees; and the maguetical doctor, and the metaphysical professor, were the legitimate descendants of an intrigue between the cabalistic monk of the 15th century, and the white nymph of the fountain

or the forest. The political constitution, and the social system, had alike become a tangled labyrinth of complicated ranks, titles, rights, privileges, prescriptions, and usages. The spirit of improvement, and the activity of talent, were fettered and cramped on every side, by the artificial mounds of despotic power or aristocratic privilege. Every thing remained stagnant and motionless, because none of the restless energies of character or mind, which give the first impulse to improvement, had room to expand themselves. The great origin of the sluggish obtuseness of this system, and the source of most German peculiarities, from the subdivided despotism of the state, down to the petty ceremonies and etiquette of the saloon, was undoubtedly the singular predicament of the body politic.

From the early periods of German history down to the French Revolution, the bane of this fine country had always originated in the subdivision, the isolation, and the conflicting animosities of its states, and its interests. With the exception of the religious wars in the 14th and 17th centuries, and some few European struggles, the history of Germany is made up of feuds and contentions, solely arising from its anomalous constitution, and the incongruous materials, of which it was composed. Eternal disputes concerning the election of emperors; the precedence and dignities of dukes and princes; the family compacts, marriages, partitions, and inheritances of the princes; the aggressions and reprisals of litigious neighbours; the privileges of nobles; and the claims of reigning cities—are the never-ending incidents of German history. Germans were eternally engaged in making war upon Germans, till the bonds of country and brotherhood were destroyed, and seeds of indelible hatred sown between Prussians and Austrians, Bavarians and Saxons, Württembergers and Hessians. The institution of the Imperial Chamber, in the 16th century, as a great national tribunal, where one prince might bring his action (as in our Court of King's Bench) against another, instead of leading his troops into his territory; and the institution of the Austregues, or arbitrators, to whom these illustrious litigations might be referred, tended much to civilize the system: often, however, the Directors of the Circles, who answered to the hum-bailiffs and tipstaves of humbler tribunals, and were charged with executing the terrors of the law, were not potent enough to enforce submission from sovereign delinquents, at the head of some thousand hussars. About the commencement of the last century, the consolidated weight and superiority of Prussia, Austria, and one or two other powers, kept the smaller reigning fry in order and awe, and generally engaged them as auxiliaries, on one side or the other, in hostilities of more important dimensions, if not of more rational object. The ascendancy of Frederic of Prussia then rebuked the genius of more diminutive heroes; and he became the great model, after

which territories were squared and carved, dragoons manufactured, and spatterdashes shaped. Madame de Staël has well observed; that, in order to understand Prussia, it is only necessary to study the character of Frédéric. That country still bears his impress, in all its institutions and characteristics. But Frédéric had very little influence on Germany at large. He was a great *man*, but not a great *German*. His genius was not indigenous—it was an exotic in Germany. He ought to have been born at Paris, and a writer in the *Encyclopædia*. He had nothing Teutonic about him; and a man will never make a lasting impression on his country, who pretends to run counter to its genius and spirit. He strove to make Prussia a sort of elegant French colony, to sneer at his fine native tongue, which he did not understand; to convert sober and religious Germans into French *salons* and smart sceptics; and he thus demoralized his capital, and gave to his people a light, vain-glorious character, which to this day distinguishes them from other Germans.

In the latter days of the empire, in the intervals between European wars, Germany was still busied with the same jarrings and conflictings of interest as formerly. The princes were pursuing long processes before the Chamber at Watzlar, and eternal appeals and discussions in the Diet at Ratisbon, to adjust their complex quarrels and alliances, their compacts of inheritance, their appanages, their territories mediate and immediate, their rights of precedence, the comparative purity of their blood, and antiquity of their houses. The hussars were not quite so often called out as formerly, but they were regularly equipped and manoeuvred; and theirs was the virtual influence, that still decided every thing. In all these collisions and convulsions, the popular voice did not raise even a whisper. Territorial arrangements, barbers, and bargains, were made among the princes exactly as private gentlemen dispose of their freehold estates. The subjects, who cultivated the soil, were turned over from one owner to another, precisely like the live stock on a farm. The majority of the people were still serfs attached to the globe. They lived in a state of feudal vassalage, such as had ceased in England for three centuries; dwelling in primitive *villages*, on the domains of the counts, the landgraves, and the barons; tilling rudely this sandy soil; resorting to the lord's petty courts for justice; and performing *corvées*, and paying tithes and taxes at his pleasure. If the people were not very generally oppressed, it was solely owing to the mild German character of some of their rulers, who wielded their absolute sceptres with a praiseworthy moderation. The inhabitants of the Rhenish provinces in the hands of the three ecclesiastical electors, enjoyed their beautiful country under a sway peculiarly mild. Their spiritual masters were *bachelors*, and had no expensive progeny of princes.

to provide for. Splendid establishments of mistresses, or of dragoons, were hardly compatible with their sacred functions. In a country, governed by about a hundred and fifty sovereigns, and containing, perhaps, twenty times that number of nobles, some of them of equal consequence with the smaller sovereigns, it is not extraordinary that a genealogical connexion, in the tenth or the hundredth degree, with some of these purpled lords of the earth, should be esteemed the highest ground of pride and distinction. Where learning and commerce were shut up in a few confined haunts, and where no shadow of a popular constitution gave consequence or scope to humble merit, birth became naturally the first and only distinction. To be a *roturier* was a badge of irremediable exclusion; to be sprung from the toms of one, was little better. It was a very awkward circumstance, if a man's great-grandfather had not written his name with a *Von*; and it was only when the purity of the stream could be established, by undoubted vouchers for four or five generations, that the fortunate baron could become a candidate for the chamberlain's key, or the marshal's baton, with the title of excellency, and a salary of £50 per annum, half in corn and half in money, at the little courts of the empire. The same qualifications were exacted, with double strictness, as passports to the substantial loaves and fishes of the land—the stalls of the cathedrals, the abbot's chairs, the fat canonries, and diplomatic and military offices. The fair sex must be prepared with similar vouchers, before they could be eligible to the honours of *dames d'atour* and maids of honour, or the substantial comforts of the chapters of noble ladies. Birth and title were thus in possession of an undisturbed monopoly of all the goods, and all the graces of life. The Germans are naturally as friendly, hospitable, and kindly a people, as any in Europe; but, when above a hundred stiff and ceremonious courts set the fashion in as many towns of the empire, is it to be wondered at if artificial ceremony and pomp often overlaid their natural plain and honest simplicity. Besides, regality, on a petty scale, naturally required to be hedged in with a double portion of splendour and etiquette, to preserve it from mere burlesque. While the Emperor Joseph used to drop in, unattended, at the *Conversations* at Vienna, the pettiest prince of his empire could not stir without half a dozen *nides-lacans* and equerries at his heels. Every sovereign of twenty thousand souls could summon a hundred, or a hundred and fifty private councillors to his cabinet; and had an army, of which the general officers were in proportion of about one-third to the privates; and to complete the magnificence of these Lupatian establishments, a Lord High Admiral, with appropriate sub-officers, commanded the navy of the Elector Palatine, consisting of three gun-boats riding at anchor in the Rhine.

In most of the German States, at some period of their history, government had been conducted on a different system. An Assembly of States existed in most of them, often reflecting, in miniature, the General Diet of the empire; but in some states these assemblies had fallen into disuse; in others, they were convoked only at wide intervals; the members had generally only a *votum consultativum*; the election was clumsy and complex, and generally entirely in the hands of the nobles and the syndics of the towns, which last were often appointed under the influence of the prince; so that, when these "states" existed in full force, instead of a popular representative body forming a counterpoise to the power of the prince, they were little more than a sort of clumsy government college, a piece of unwieldy and rusty machinery, which it was necessary to set in motion to carry into effect the commands of the executive. Like the Diet of the empire, they were obsolete and effete fabrics, of little practical utility. The constitution of Wirtemberg, praised by Mr. Fox as the most perfect in Europe, is a well-known exception; and it is a striking proof of the torpid apathy of the German public in former days, that this model of a free government should have existed for centuries in the heart of the empire, without exciting any active aspirations after similar liberties.

Commerce and learning, those great engines of political and moral advancement, both existed to a great extent, but without exercising the influence, which properly belongs to them. Commerce was confined within the walls of a few free cities, separated, according to the pervading vice of the German constitution, from the neighbouring states. Learning, in a similar manner, instead of shedding its fertilizing rays throughout society, was almost hermetically sealed within the walls of the university. A few isolated colonies of professors and students monopolized all the erudition of the empire. With nothing to attract them in the external world, they naturally buried themselves in the depths of metaphysical speculation and verbal criticism; and enjoyed the sulky satisfaction of despising the unlettered frivolity reigning without the university. Talents were driven into the clouds, from want of any occupation on earth. Public affairs were treated as matters of mere technical routine; and as the professors seldom descended from their favourite region of the ideal, the ministers and diplomatists never soared above the dry routines of the college or bureau. Every interest in the empire was thus jarring and unconnected with all others: the votaries of commerce formed one community; those of learning and genius another; the upper noblesse a third; the lower noblesse a fourth. Each was a petty *imperium in imperio*, wrapped up in itself and its own interests, and jealous of every movement of its neighbours. This produced the most marked originalities of charac-

ter and genius, the most daring flights of imagination, the most unchecked licence of speculation. There were no collisions of different ranks and various talents to show persons their weaknesses, and to hold up the mirror to their peculiarities. This gave a multifarious, a checkered character to society, which had something truly romantic in it. Human manners were thus exhibited, not polished down to a uniform standard by the authority of one great capital, or by the fear of ridicule, and the supremacy of fashion. This is what materially helps to give so strange, so wild, so exaggerated a genius to German dramas. The *drum-tis persone*, therefore, form such violent contrasts; the passions and sentiments are so desperate; the author, shut up in the stove-heated solitude of his study, gives himself up so unreservedly, and with such glorious defiance of the ridiculous, to every heated suggestion of his fancy. Philosophy and religion took the same bold and unbridled characteristics. But, in regard to politics, nothing could be so hostile to all movement or amelioration, as this separation and collision of interests and classes. The interchange of sentiments, the communication of thought, the co-operation of talents, which are necessary to produce political movements, were unknown. The people had no political existence; no national feeling existed; the public voice never raised a whisper. The talents of the empire were employed in discussing "pure æsthetic" and the "transcendental" categories of Kant. Where the press was free, as in Saxony, it seemed only with theosophical mysticism, learned research, and romantic poetry and dramas. The disputes in some states, the struggles of the people and the crown in Wirtemberg, the bickering of the states in Saxony, and the opposition of the powerful nobles in Mecklenberg to their prince, had little or no influence beyond the frontiers of these principalities. There was no metropolis for the common mind of Germany, no concentration of opinion, no spirited journals, no union of plan or of object. As one nation, Germany did not exist.

This system of antiquated abuse, and slumbering monotony, without any stirring principles of life within itself, appeared to stand in need of some violent external shock, to give a chance of change or improvement. This shock it received in the French Revolution, and the wars that sprung from it. The rottenness of the political fabric was soon made manifest. The venerable, but decayed edifice of the empire soon crumbled to pieces; dragging with it, in its ruin, some little good, but much more of what was useless, obsolete, and decayed.

Germany was conquered because it was "divided against itself." The tangled knot of its complicated institutions, which ages had twisted, was cut by the shears of military Jacobinism without difficulty or remorse. One lawless blow swept away much of the

accumulated rubbish of centuries, and, contrary to its own intentions, broke down many of the barriers, and loosened many of the fetters, which cramped the liberties of Germany. Oppressive privileges, and prescriptive abuses, were laid low; feudal severities annihilated; petty sovereignties abolished; the claims of birth confounded with those of merit: the sovereigns were taught the lesson of adversity; the people acquired energy and consciousness of strength; the barriers of rank were broken down, and the jarring citizens of the different states were, for the first time, united into one nation of Germans—one common interest: "*externus timor maximum concordia vinculum*," for the first time united all. Energies, which had slumbered for centuries, were now put forth in one great national cause—a great triumph was prepared for the people. The advance in the condition of Germany is not to be estimated alone by the positive gain which the people have as yet acquired, though that is far from inconsiderable. They have been generally relieved from *corvées* and personal servitude; laws are simplified; torture abolished; many petty patrimonial administrations of justice done away. Germany, on this side the Rhine, possesses trial by jury. Tolls and customs on the rivers and roads are thinned; non-nobles are relieved from many oppressive exclusions; many offices and honours are thrown open to persons without birth. So much may be accounted clear and palpable gain: other changes are of more doubtful effect. The streams of privilege and prerogative have, in many instances, only shifted their channels, without being thrown open or abolished. Princes have been mediatized only to aggrandize despots of a little larger dimensions. Abbays have been secularized, bishoprics dissolved, chapters plundered, in general only to round the territories, and swell the coffers, of a few fortunate princes. Many despotic princes have consolidated their power, and acquired military strength; and odious transfers and exchanges have placed thousands of Germans under governments, which they detest. But a rapid, an important advance, is to be seen in the attitude, which the German people now hold in the political world, compared to their situation thirty years ago. They have made a sudden and determined start into political life—a powerful stride in moral and intellectual consequence. If they have not broken, or entirely thrown off, their chains, they have learnt to feel and to execrate them. If they have, as yet, gained few constitutional rights, they have learnt to appreciate and to strive after them. Germany is no longer that torpid, old-fashioned, motionless, and cloudy region, in which a palsied and supine state of the human mind, chilled and benumbed every active faculty, and every stirring principle. The stagnant lake has been agitated in all its depths, and the weeds and scum can never close over it again. The great secret of their strength,

and of their community of interest, has been taught to the people from one end of the empire to the other; and, by a singular felicity, the first efforts of their emancipated strength achieved at once the triumph of liberty and of loyalty. With one gigantic effort, they expelled a foreign spoiler, seated their prostrate princes securely on their thrones, and obtained the solemn recognitions of their own rights and freedom—recognitions which no artifice or delay can do away, however they may be evaded or trifled with. Thus, from the condition of serfs attached to the soil, the German people rose at once to the proud elevation of liberators of their country, and generous benefactors of their own tyrants. The union of spirit brought about by this universal struggle, can never be again dissolved. They now see that their wants, their grievances, their objects, and their enemies, are the same. The public voice has acquired depth of tone and consistency of purpose. The people of all states have learnt to address and petition, and the universities have set the example of popular assemblies. Literature and talents are roused from metaphysical dreams: one of their best poets and dramatists proved one of their most energetic heroes, and fell on the field, pouring forth the strains of martial heroism. The press, which was one of the most powerful instruments in delivering the Germans from foreign domination, is now struggling and undaunted in the cause of internal freedom. The speculative philosopher has now turned into a bold political journalist; almost all the mind and talents of the nation are arrayed on the side of moderate freedom and representative constitutions. Not all the censors, and police-officers, and hussars of despotism, can keep down the spirit, which is abroad. A popular professor is, in vain, banished from an university! The students follow him, and take refuge in some other seat of science. If an energetic journal is suppressed in one state, it starts up with redoubled activity in another, that is more liberal. The rising generation are fed with the boldest doctrines of freedom. The studies, the associations, the manners, the dress of the universities, all tend to the same object; and the gymnastic games and songs, taught in every free-school, instil an abhorrence of slavery into the minds of children. Thus, a rapid and sure change is working in the character of the German public. The political and social systems are gradually assuming a new aspect. The old nobles are now often found in opposition to despotic princes; and even mediatised princes, finding that the sceptre and the purple were no safeguards against a jacobinical despotism, now see the necessity of constitutional barriers, and side with the people in demanding them. Other distinctions than the quarters of the shield, or the glitter of military orders, are every day more and more esteemed. A nobility of merit (as it has been called by an able German writer) has sprung up from

the ranks of the citizens. The first offices of the army are often filled by generals, who have risen from the ranks; and the helm of state, in the dangers of the storm, was often confided to a plebeian pilot. Thus the absurd barriers of rank are every day broken down. The vigorous seeds of a mixed and middling class are every day taking root in the soil—a class of important, independent, reasoning Germans, endowed with no arbitrary privileges, no prescriptive rights, no interests hostile to the national welfare. The nation of barons is daily imbibing more of the spirit of "the nation of shopkeepers."

The degree of celerity, which may mark the progress of the Germans towards constitutional freedom, is indeed doubtful, and the prospect, at present, appears somewhat overcast;—all the usual delays and artifices of despotic power have been resorted to, in order to delude or divert the public feeling. At Paris, the popular claims were lost, in the din of premature triumph. At Vienna, partition and exchange of territory were the sole orders of the day. The Diet at Frankfort, and the Act of Confederation, were then appealed to; but when it was found that this august assembly was occupied with interminable preliminaries and abstract definitions, and that their first practical achievements restored certain tolls which oppressed commerce, the people perceived they had little to expect from that quarter. They then saw through the delusive face of the patch-work Confederation. They saw that, while they were united in interest and spirit, they were still, in fact, divided in political government; and that no course remained but, with firmness and unanimity, to make their demands to their separate sovereigns. These claims have been made with a persevering and a powerful voice. Hitherto they have, with a few exceptions, been met only by renewed promises, temporary delays, pitiful evasions, the cant of liberal professions, and plausible projects. Plans and sketches of constitutions exist in the portfolios of ministers;—in some States, they have been offered to the public; but they have generally been ill-suited to the present condition of the people, or under the influence of the prince in their practical execution. Disappointment and disgust have, in consequence, taken hold of the people, almost from one end of the nation to the other. These have produced irritation and indignant remonstrance—re-actions have ensued—changes of ministers and measures—new projects and fresh experiments. In the ferment thus excited, a few ardent writers and high-spirited youths have been goaded into expressions and acts, which only injure the cause they advocate. These have been gladly retorted by the governments on the people, and made the pretext of the harshest measures. According to the common tactics of despotism, the ultra-loyalist part of the nation have been appealed to, and the timid alarmed. A single

act of mad atrocity, which inflicted lawless revenge on the most venal and unprincipled writer in Europe, and another similar attempt prevented, were blazoned forth as the evidence of a wide and ramified conspiracy of all the middling and the learned orders against all Government. Military police was established; the ordinary laws suspended; a prevoial tribunal erected at Mayence, which has not tried a single culprit; search-warrants executed by dragoons; *escurtoires* ransacked; domestic security violated; professors, and men of genius, imprisoned and banished; journals suppressed; and Germany thrown into agitation and ferment, and taught to believe, that every student was a Sandt, and every professor, or author, a conspirator against legitimate rule. A new Congress was assembled; all the little freedom of the press annihilated; and a sort of round-robin signed by Princes, for suppressing every nascent sound of freedom, and keeping the universities and the people in awe, by increased military establishments. One by one, the professors, and others confined on accusation, have been discharged from prison, without trial and without process. The "black association" charged on the patriots has been proved to exist only in the imagination of monarchs and ministers. Not a trace of the much-noised conspiracy has been detected. A temporary, perhaps a delusive calm, has succeeded—"ignis suppositos cineri doloso." The period of concession, on the part of the monarchs, may be retarded; but, sooner or later, it must arrive. In some of the States, a steady perseverance has already led to the attainment of certain constitutional objects. The Grand Duke of Hesse has voluntarily presented his subjects with a constitution, which they so freely canvassed, and so warmly opposed, that they have wrested from him another of a more liberal character. The Grand Duke of Baden has been compelled to establish a representative constitution, in many respects formed in imitation of our own, and which succeeds well in its practical operation. In Bavaria, a constitution is in force, which, if not essentially popular, is considerably removed from monarchical severity. In Electoral Hesse, antiquated abuses are petrified into the system of government; and the death of the old, superannuated Elector will, probably, be the signal for many changes. Prussia, the most enlightened and distinguished State of Germany, is enthralled by the most active and vigilant despotism, which exists in the nation;—an overgrown and haughty military establishment, and a complicated and widely ramified system of civil administration, keep nearly half of the subjects of the country in the pay of the Crown;—an enormous pension-list supplies a large portion of persons, not employed, with what is called *warten-gelt* (waiting-money), till an appointment can be provided for them;—to supply these immense expenses, the taxes are necessarily exorbitant, and the popular

classes generally discontented. The Rhenish Provinces of Prussia, formerly part of the French empire, and before of the Ecclesiastical Electorates, are oppressed by the most tyrannical exactions, and are in a temper, which the slightest circumstance might kindle into revolt. The ordinary laws have been repeatedly suspended, and violated by the arbitrary measures of the government. The privileges of the king's new university, at Bonn, have been invaded, and some of the most independent and distinguished professors driven away. Arndt has been arrested, the Welchers have been persecuted, and Schlegel has more than once threatened to retire in disgust. Goerres, one of the most distinguished political writers of Germany, has been obliged to take refuge at Strasburg. Prussia is, in all respects, the state which influences, in the greatest degree, the rest of Germany; and the fate of Prussia may probably decide that of the rest of the nation. How long the freedom of the Germans may be retarded, depends much on the people, much on the princes. This, at least, is certain—that the nation not only can never retrograde to what it has been, but that it can never remain stationary where it is. Its present state is provisional, not permanent; progressive, not stagnant. The staid and moderate character of the people, and the virtual liberality of some of the princes, will, perhaps, render the change more slow, silent, and gradual, than in other countries; but that a people so learned, so universally educated and enlightened, so generous in sentiment, and so determined in character, should long remain subject to narrow-minded despotisms, military police, an enslaved press, and arbitrary laws, is a paradox which, we think, cannot be of long duration.

THOUGHTS ON THINKING.

"THERE is no employment," says Montaigne, "more weak, or more strong, than that of entertaining a man's own thoughts." But how many men are there in the world that do think? To possess perception and sensation merely, cannot be called the exercise of thought; and the crude, undigested ideas, which generally seem to be flitting through people's minds, can scarcely deserve the same high appellation. It is certainly a very difficult task to form any judgment of what is passing through the minds of other people: it can only be done to a certain degree, and then we must rest principally on conjecture; but I think I know pretty well what sort of thoughts used to pass through old Montaigne's mind, and what kind of speculations usually fill my own; so that here, at least, I have a double means of forming a judgment. *Thinking* is a very difficult thing; that is to say, thinking to any purpose. The mind is naturally an idler, and will not turn to work without compulsion and strong coercion. "*Medit-*

tation is a powerful, and full study, to such as can effectually employ themselves." But we do not willingly speculate on difficult points. We must be either driven or cheated to the labour. Thus books, which allure us by their information or amusement, afford at the same time an exercise of the intellect. "The principal use of reading to me," says the same frank philosopher, from whom I have just quoted, "is, that by various objects it rouses my reason and employs my judgment." How correct this is! For my own part, I seldom do think, that is to say, I never exercise my judgment, but when I am reading or writing. At other times, in disengaged leisure hours, when I am resting on a sofa or taking a walk, not a single idea enters my mind, which is of the slightest value. It may, perhaps, be different with other people, but such is the case with me. I have frequently walked from the City to Oxford-street, and I have then endeavoured to recollect any idea that had entered my mind during the walk, but, in general, it was impossible to find one worth preserving. My thoughts, on such occasions, are of the vainest and most useless kind—castle-building—a dinner—the polish of my boot—a sonnet—a smile, or a song, are often floating on the top of one's mind; and one plays with them so pleasantly, that deeper thoughts are disagreeable. Godwin, in one of his books, draws a parallel between, I believe, the thoughts of a scholar and of a man of the world, as they perambulate the streets of London; but I very much question whether there would be much to choose between them. A scholar's meditations are generally left with his book, on the shelf; and it is as well they should be, if he undertakes to thread the mazes of Cheapside. This levity of thought very frequently does not desert men, on occasions where all the passions and stronger feelings of our nature are called forth. Montaigne shall again be my example. He is speaking of his feelings, when he contemplated his own approaching dissolution:—"Finding myself in this condition, I considered by how many light causes and objects imagination nourished in me the regret of life, and of what atoms the weight and difficulty of this dislodging was composed in my soul, and to how many idle and frivolous thoughts we give way in so great an affair. A dog, a horse, a book, a glass, and what not, were considered in my loss." It is strange how the mind can dwell on frivolities and follies in situations like this; but it was, perhaps, mercifully intended, to dull the edge of anguish. It is the habit of the mind, powerful in pain and death:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead,
And, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

The actual pain and misery, which grief and misfortunes inflict are, after all, probably overrated. The spirit naturally turns from gloomy and disagreeable meditations to those, which produce feel-

ings of cheerfulness and contentment. It is only when the sweet of grief is mixed with the bitter, that the mind retains for a long period the recollections of misfortunes. But it is amongst the proudest prerogatives of Time, that he vanquishes grief itself. "Darkness and light divide the course of time; and oblivion shares with memory, a great part even of our living beings. We slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction have but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us, or themselves. To weep into stones are fables." Is not the masterly pen of Sir Thomas Browne visible in these words? I could never think on melancholy themes long together; sometimes, in depression or in ill-humour, I have doggedly set myself to chew the cud of bitter fancies; but even in spite of the most obstinate determination, my thoughts have run into pleasanter channels. It is curious, at such times, to observe, by what ingenious associations the mind cheats itself into better temper; and how it will snatch at any opportunity of getting rid of reflections, which are painful. I have more than once blamed myself for the facility, with which I have cast off grief.

But if, on the one hand, the mind abhors the continual contemplation of evil, yet there are some feelings, which will cross it, even in its most cheerful moods, blasting, with the recollection or anticipation of evil, every sentiment of present happiness.

"There are thoughts thou canst not banish,
There are shades that will not vanish,"

which haunt us like the spectre in Macbeth, when we are at the feast, invisible to every eye but our own—

"Some fatal remembrance, some vision that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes;"

and which comes uncalled and unlooked-for, and over which we have no more controul, than the maniac over his disjointed phantasies. This sentiment is well described by the author of *Kenilworth*. "You have lived in the world twice as long as I have," says Tressilian to mine host of the black bear; "and you must know there are thoughts, which will haunt us in spite of ourselves; and to which it is in vain to say, begone, and let me be merry."

There are few people whose fears, or whose crimes, have not occasionally raised these ghosts of the soul. In some instances, perhaps, such sensations are the effects of constitutional infirmity, of weak and tremulous nerves. In Johnson, there was a feeling of this kind, which embittered his whole existence; and death was a blessing to him, because it relieved him from the dread of dying. The very mention of it shook his nerves "from

their propriety," and his terror made him ferocious with those who spoke of it in his presence. It is easy to despise this pusillanimity; but there are, perhaps, very few persons, who have not felt a chill round the heart, when, in the breathless stillness of night, the strong conviction and feeling of mortality have flashed across their minds. I have felt the sensation powerfully, and it requires a determined resolution to shake off the feeling. It is only in moments like these, that we can judge of the extent of Johnson's sufferings.

As to the periods and times when the mind employs itself most actively in thinking, perhaps, much is not to be said. People have but seldom occasion for thought, and they never perplex themselves with it, but when it is absolutely necessary. There are few *quibus vivere est cogitare*. Aristotle says, thinking is the business of the gods; from which, both their happiness and ours proceed. I know very few people, however, who enjoy this beatitude, or who would wish to do so. A tithe of men think for the rest, who indulge in a sort of vegetable existence, without adding a single new idea to the stores, which have been heir-looms in the human mind for ages. A man generally goes through life, as a horse does along a road, which he is accustomed to travel; he knows round which corners to turn, and arrives in safety at his journey's end. Perhaps an equal degree of thought is called into action in both cases; and what need is there of it to one

" Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'm'd with distressful bread?"

Some situations are naturally favourable to thought. Montaigne could not think unless he was in motion. "My thoughts sleep if I sit still; my fancy does not go by itself as when my legs move it." But I question whether this is a general feeling; for my own part, I can think the best while I lie awake in bed, and if a good thought ever strikes me, it is sure to be on a sleepless night. In darkness and silence, I can handle my thoughts, sift and examine them to the bottom; and many a fallacy, which had escaped me in open day-light, has been detected and fore-sworn in the night. One does not, however, get to sleep very easily after these cogitations. The pleasantest thing in the world to me is, to find my thoughts wandering, after I have lain in bed an hour or two, and just to be able to perceive the incongruity of my ideas, for then I know sleep is not far distant. It is a grievous thing for a man to lie awake all night, when

" I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno,"

and to think of every subject, which used to give him pleasure, while his mind turns with an equal loathing from all. Like the body, the mind, at times, becomes perfectly sick. I have some-

times imagined there was not a pleasant thought left in the universe ; and I have conjured up, in vain, every image, which used formerly to give me delight. There are times, too, when one has, in good truth, no thoughts at all.

“ Laugh, ye who boast your more mercurial powers,
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one ; I am conscious, and confess,
Fearless, a soul that does not always think.
• • • • •

’Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps, and is refresh’d. Meanwhile, the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were task’d to his full strength, absorb’d and lost.”

This is a fine morsel of truth of Cowper’s, and explains many of the grave and judicious physiognomies we often see. I have been sometimes puzzled to reconcile the wisdom of a man’s face with the folly of his actions ; but the fact, I have no doubt, is, that the more deliberative and solemn he looks, the fewer thoughts are passing through his head. I have been asked by people, what I was thinking of, as I looked so grave, when my thoughts have been more worthless than a summer weed ; but by avoiding a direct answer in these cases, one may gain the reputation of a deep-thinker at a small expense ; and as people cannot read your thoughts, if you have only the discretion to hold your tongue, neither yourself, nor any one else, will be the wiser.

What is obscure is generally considered sublime ; and what is hid from view is always, very unaccountably, thought worth seeing. If we do not know what is passing in the minds of others, especially if they be high in station, we give them credit for deep and profound meditation. We tremble on the threshold of a monarch’s confidence :

“ The thoughts of kings are like religious groves,
The walks of muffled Gods ; sacred retreats,
Where none, but whom they please t’ admit, approach.”

This is, to be sure, very prudent and proper : it is a rash deed to tear away the veil from a religious shrine. What a deadly disclosure it would be, should an emperor’s thoughts be discovered to centre in the hinge of a snuff-box !

Aristotle says, that when a man is thinking of the past, he casts his eyes on the ground ; and when he thinks of the future, he raises them to the heavens. To this it might be added, that when he thinks of nothing, he looks in the fire (provided there be one in the room). After I have finished all my labours at a night, it is to me a very high luxury to sit with my feet on the bars,

when every thing is silent, and to watch "the dying embers through the room," casting a dimmer and a dimmer light—

"Not undelightful is an hour to me,
Spent in such parlour twilight."

Little by little, one's thoughts gradually subside, till the mind becomes as calm, and still, and waveless, as the bosom of a lake on a sunny summer's evening; and till, at last, dull Judgment goes entirely to sleep, and Fancy only is left waking, to conjure up visions of things, which can never be our's, or to paint an old friend's face in the *chiaro-scuro* of the cinders. It is Cowper that has so beautifully described all these sensations, and all his visions of "houses, towers, trees, churches, and strange visages."

As for Aristotle's notion of gazing on the skies, I must confess, when I do so, they sometimes look loweringly upon me. I had rather, any day, think of what has been, than what is to be. We cannot tell whether the future has any store of happiness; but we certainly know that the past has had its pleasures. Time and chance may cheat us of future enjoyments; but it is out of their power to destroy the memory of what we have possessed:

"The joys I have possess'd are ever mine,
Out of thy reach, behind eternity,
Hid in the sacred treasure of the past;
But blest remembrance brings them hourly back."

I remember a Cumberland ballad, which began, "Of all things that be, I think *thought* is most queer." I think so too; for I have thought till all my thoughts are fled. I may exclaim with Shakspeare, my "worse thoughts Heaven mend!"—for my better, as the reader sees, are nothing to boast of. Yet I have searched for them, as a diver does in the Indian seas, with much expense of labour and pain; and such as they are, I dismiss them without a *l'Envoy*.

PHANTASMATA; WITH A NEW THEORY OF APPARITIONS.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear;
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.

BURTON.

WE foresee, we shall occasionally be very serious in the course of our subject, though our object will, of course, be rather to amuse than to alarm our readers; unless, "like children of a smaller growth," we *begin* by endeavouring to entertain one an-

other, and *leave off* with being frightened at the stories, which our own recollection or imaginations have conjured up.

As it would be useless and cruel to think of establishing our essay towards a theory of apparitions, on our own personal experience and that of our friends, we propose to have recourse to old Cardan, Burton, and Dr. Johnson, whenever we feel ourselves at a loss for individuals to fill our specimens of the various species and genera of ghosts. Indeed, we wonder that Darwin never undertook the task, as a supplement to his *Zoonomia*; it would have afforded a famous field for *Σκιομαχία*, in the veteran gentlemen of the faculty, during the last century. *Centauros, gorgonos, Harpyiasque* — we should really have beheld a phantasmagorian controversy, in which Dr. Johnson would have shone, as to the nature and *substances* of *spirits*. The friends of the Doctor were almost tempted to believe he knew something more than he ought to do about such matters, as he affected considerable mystery, and observed, “that the belief in apparitions would become universal only by its truth, and that those, who deny it with their tongues, confess it with their fears.” However far we may be obliged to look forward into futurity for the *general acceptance* of the Doctor’s ghostly advice, or feel inclined to place it at the side of optimism or the millenium, we would not, on the other hand, be supposed to agree with those “wicked wits,” who, presuming to laugh at every thing they do not readily understand, can make no allowances for difference of opinion, on a point, which cannot be decided by a Q. E. D.—who not only laugh to scorn the exploded doctrine of sliding-pannels, trap-doors, back-stairs, tapestry, and wax-work figures, with the other instruments of the ancient romance; but wilfully and maliciously refuse to give credit to, and be tender with the consciences of such as profess a belief in supernatural visitations, shewing little sympathy with those, who labour under nervous or spectral delusions, or, indeed, under any other species of delusions or sufferings whatsoever. We should despair of making these “giants of the earth, with hearts of iron, and with ribs of steel, who never felt variation in the weather,” converts to our theory. It, perhaps, is not too much to say, that they would leave an hypochondriac, with the utmost carelessness and cold-bloodedness, under a burning sun in the open fields, without offering him an arm; or to sail on the water, in the glare of a patent-lamp; or leave him by himself in his library, in the

“Darkness of chaos and old night,”

towards evening, “rightly prepared to see ghosts, while seated comfortably by his library-fire, as much as if he were amidst broken tombs, nodding ruins, and awe-inspiring ivy.”

But it will be preferable to give our numerous readers a little advice out of poor Burton’s “*Anatomy of Melancholy*,” in order

that they may avoid a *visionary* taste, than thus insist upon a comparison, which might produce a controversy between the partizans of the nervous and the bracing systems; which last, our cold-blooded wits are very apt to recommend.

We suppose most authors, in their atrabilious moods, must have paid their respects, more or less, to Democritus the younger: whether we should recommend our readers to do so, we are somewhat in doubt. If you should dip into him, you will dive: with the old English "thews and sinews," he has all the grace and proportions of our language, and is the only pedant, full of quotations, that we did not find disagreeable in company, after the cloth was removed. In truth, he has a very pleasing way of saying sad things; and for an hypochondriac, his croak is very inviting, and may be said rather to resemble the American (which is much more harmonious than an English) frog. Though his divisions are somewhat of the quaintest, and his distinctions occasionally without a difference, yet his notes are altogether of that pitch, which musicians would pronounce harmonious, inasmuch as they combine some breaks of discord in the croak. "Peace be to thy ashes," old Burton! Sterne is but thy shadow: he never was half so melancholy, nor so humourous, as thou. His very archness, his indulgence of playful metaphor, and fine digressive stories, make us in love with him; perhaps, because we think he was not so very logical, and only desired to instruct and entertain. His style has the feeling of familiar conversation, and his air is that of a courtier, though always rather downcast, as if he were perpetually out of office. This, we believe, was the case with our younger Democritus's bile, which never properly secreted itself, to which, he tells us, we are indebted for his book. Notwithstanding his formidable collections, Burton wrote some excellent poetry, whose *only* fault was that for which we have reproached but one poet of our day besides—that there was really too little of it. But let us hear his account of the feelings of persons before they see ghosts; that is, we mean, of melancholy people:—

"Most pleasant it is, at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days, and keep their chambers; to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most; *amabilis insaniam*, and *mentis gratissimus error*: a most incomparable delight it is, so to melancholize and build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted and done.—So delightful these toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years, alone in such contemplations and fantastical meditations, which are like unto dreams, and they will hardly be drawn from them, or willingly interrupted; so pleasant their vain conceits are, that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary business, they cannot address themselves to them, or almost to any study and employment. These fantastical and

bewitching thoughts, so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set upon them, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them; they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off, or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melancholizing, and carried along, as he (they say) that is led round about a heath with a *Puck* in the night, they run earnestly out in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well, or willingly, refrain, or easily leave off, winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until, at last, the scene is turned upon a sudden, by some bad object, (query, a ghost!) and they being now habituated to such vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else, continually suspecting. No sooner are their eyes open, than this infernal plague, or melancholy, seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds, which now by no means, no labour, no persuasions, they can avoid :"

" Hæret lateri lethalis arundo."

We may easily perceive, that the patient of Democritus is in a fair way, if he should not seek society, to be very soon in worse company than his own. Ambitious of possessing an ideal world, in which his imagination may have free scope to build in, or to destroy, he never suspects, that in this fairy-land of his own, there are more fears and sorrows lying in wait for him, than he would probably have met with in the more dull material world: add to which our theory of apparitions, lurking in the distance, just ready to seize the incautious wanderer in moments of illusive feeling, or dejection. When Dr. Johnson found himself in the latter predicament, he used to call out loudly for Port wine; and many, he declares, were the solitary bottles, which he had thus been under the necessity of drinking, without his friends. We have little doubt but this was to strengthen himself against the fear of ghosts, which long survives our belief in them, and, added to the doctor's modicum of faith, must occasionally have made him feel very uncomfortable. When we consider what we have suffered in our childhood, we shrewdly suspect that a man is still in the predicament of the officer, who had passed much of his early life in shifts and reverses, and, when he afterwards stepped into a large fortune, could never entirely conquer his fears of bailiffs, at the approach of whom he instinctively fled. Were we to endeavour to prove the appearance of apparitions by the universality of the creed, not excepting the "*odi profanum vulgus*," we think, by a shew of hands, it would be decided in its favour. Why do we, otherwise, listen with such surpassing interest to a well-authenticated and respectable ghost-story, following Priestley, or Southey,

" — thro' many a bout
Of linked stories, well made out,"

as they trace old Jeffrey, old Wesley's boarder, through the windings and crannies of the house and floors. Respecting such stories, Dr. Ferriar observes :

" I cannot help feeling some degree of complacency, in offering to the makers and readers of such stories, a view of the subject, which may extend their enjoyment far beyond its former limits. It has given me pain to see the most fearful and ghostly commencements of a tale of horror reduced to mere common events, at the winding up of the book. So hackneyed, so exhausted, had all artificial methods of terror become, that one original genius was compelled to convert a mail-coach, with its lighted lamps, into an apparition. Now, I freely offer, to the manufacturers of ghosts, the privilege of raising them, in as great numbers, and in as horrible a guise, as they may think fit, without offending against true philosophy ; and even without violating probability. The highest flights of imagination may now be indulged, on this subject, although no loop-hole should be left for mortifying explanations, and for those modifications of terror, which completely balk the reader's curiosity, and disgust him with a second reading."

According to this novel method, both for inventing and accounting for, the appearance of ghosts, we are informed, that it is only necessary to have a peculiar affection of the brain, when waking, in the same manner as when asleep, to enjoy the company of whatever beings we please. In this we are allowed more latitude of choice than in real life ; but we observe, that, when the Doctor comes to the *onus probandi*, and treats us with a few instances, these ærial friends of his come in whatever dress and at whatever hour they choose, without consulting us for a moment.

Before we proceed to an *analysis of cases*, we must mention one argument for the existence of ghosts, which resembles that of a famous old judge, who declared, that " there must formerly have been such a crime as witchcraft, because divers statutes had been made against it." Thus, it is very well known, that spirits of various shapes and colours have been seen—legions of black, white, blue, and grey ; and that medicines have been administered, by High German Doctors of other times, for the purpose of expelling devils out of human bodies, into which it was supposed they had entered, by covertly mixing themselves with the patients' food. This is curious ; but as to seeing and hearing demons speak, it is so very notorious, that we shall not stop to mention it. The voice, which Doctor Johnson heard, was, probably, one of these ; but which he half mistook for that of his mother, calling, in a loud voice, " Sam ! Sam !" Far from ridiculing, or appearing to doubt the truth of our theory, Doctor Ferriar expressly says :—

" I have been forced to listen, *with much gravity*, to a man only partially insane, who assured me that the devil was lodged in his side ; and

that I should perceive him thumping and fluttering there, in a manner which would perfectly convince me of his presence. Another actually declared, that he had swallowed the devil. From the most generous motives, he resisted, we are told, the calls of nature during several days, lest he should set the foul fiend at liberty."

Nothing, indeed, can be added to the diligence of Remigius, says Doctor Ferriar, with respect to the forms of demons. He was a commissioner for the trial of witches, in Lorrain; and as he informs us, in the course of fifteen years, he condemned nine hundred criminals to the stake. The monstrous absurdities, which his book contains, are supported by juridical proofs, most of which evidently proceeded from spectral impressions, when they were not extorted by torture.

In the case of the young woman who was incessantly attended by her own apparition, she may safely be declared to have been *beside herself*. But how are we to reconcile the story of Ben Jonson to our new theory?—"he being in the country, at Sir Robert Cotton's house, with old Camden, saw, in a vision, his eldest son; and shortly after there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague." He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth, he thinks, he shall be at the resurrection. Perhaps, the best way of seeking a solution for this mysterious coincidence is in the poetical imagination of old Jonson, who confessed that "he had spent a whole night in looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight very savagely, in his imagination."

"Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer's eve, by haunted stream."

The visions of Beaumont are given in a volume of 400 octavo pages. Among these, like the person mentioned by Aubrey, he had two particular spirits with names, which constantly attended him, besides others without names. They waited upon him, by night and day, for above three months together; called each other by their names, while several other spirits would knock at his chamber-door, and ask whether such spirits lived there, calling them by their names, and they would answer, they did. One of these spirits, in women's dress, lay down upon the bed by him every night; and told him, if he slept, the spirits would kill him, which kept him waking for three nights together.

When we reflect upon the fine genius of Tasso, we must regret that so few particulars are preserved respecting the visions, which appeared to him in his cell. At stated periods, he fancied he held unearthly dialogues with a celestial visitant, and pointed to it in the presence of spectators, conversing in a most respectful and serious manner, like Hamlet with his father. This appears to have been one of the few instances, in which the hallucination was

rather gratifying than distressing to a prisoner, a lover, and a poet, forsaken and oppressed. We wish we could exchange some hundred pages of Beaumont's reveries for a few accredited visions of Torquato Tasso.

We must refer all incredulous readers to Comenius, for the visions of Kotter and Dabricius, aided by very ghostly engravings, which cannot fail to impress the subject upon their minds. The work is entitled "*Lux è Tenebris*," which, as an Irishman would observe, has rather a *spectral sound*.

"I have shewn," says Dr. F. "that a morbid disposition of the brain is capable of producing spectral impressions, without any external prototypes. The religion of the ancients, which peopled all parts of nature with deities of different ranks, exposed them, in a peculiar manner, to delusions of the imagination; and I have had occasion, in another essay, to mention the influence, which the doctrines of Plato have exerted in this respect, even since the establishment of Christianity. From recalling images by an art of memory, the transition is direct to beholding spectral objects, which have been floating in the imagination. Yet, even in the most frantic assemblage of this nature, no novelty appears. The spectre may be larger or smaller; it may be compounded of the parts of different animals; but it is always framed from the recollection of familiar, though discordant images. The simple renewal of the impressions of form or voice, in the case of particular friends, is the most obvious, and most forcible of these recollections. Of this kind seems to have been the celebrated apparition of Ficinus to Michael Mercato, mentioned by Baronius."

On the same principles, he observes, we must explain the apparitions recorded by Vincentius, in the "*Speculum Historiæ*," and extracted from him by Wolfius, in his *Lectiones Memorabiles et Reconditæ*, particularly the appearance of Pope Benedict to the Bishop of Capua:

"Alas!" exclaimed the Bishop, "art thou not Pope Benedict, whom once I knew alive?"—"I am, indeed," he returned, "I am that wretch." "How is it then with you, father? speak!"—"O, I am grievously tormented; yet not so as to despair of the mercy of God, if help were stretched forth towards me, where I do indeed require it."—"Then I beseech you to rise, and seek my brother John, who now fills the apostolic seat: tell him that, on my part, he distribute, as soon as possible, to the poor, the treasure which lies hoarded in such a chest. O that I were well rid of all I have extorted by rapine and injustice!"

The Bishop immediately set off for Rome, repeated his words to the Pope, and, delivering up his bishoprick, died a *simple monk*."

My observations, on this subject, may be strengthened by observing the great prevalence of spectral delusions, during the interregnum, in this country, after the civil war, in 1649. The melancholic tendency of the rigid puritans of that period; their occupancy of old family seats, formerly the residence of hospitality and good cheer, which in their hands became desolate and gloomy;

and the dismal stories propagated by the discarded retainers to the ancient establishments, ecclesiastical and civil, contributed altogether to produce a national horror, unknown in other periods of our history. A curious example of this disposition is afforded by the trial of Dr. Pordage, which was published under the frightful title of "*Demonium Meridianum*, or Satan at Noon-day." Among many charges brought against him, Dr. Pordage was accused of demoniacal visions, and of frequent apparitions in his house; one of which consisted in the representation of a coach and six, on a brick chimney, in which the carriage and horses continued in constant motion for many weeks. It was said, "that a great dragon came into his chamber, with a tail of eight yards long, four great teeth, and did spit fire at him; that his own angel stood by him, in his own shape and fashion, the same shape, band and cuffs, and that he supported him in his combat with the dragon; that Mrs. Pordage and Mrs. Flavel had their angels standing by them also; and that the spirits often came into the chamber, and drew the curtains when they were in bed." We are not told the result of these singular charges, in which Dr. P. was considered equally guilty in keeping company with angels or with dragons. Indeed, we cannot help thinking it somewhat unjust, that, added to the fright, a man should be prosecuted for living in a haunted house.

Among the less pleasing transformations, with which Dr. F. presents us, is an instance of the lycanthropia, in which the patient imagines himself to have become a wolf—a supposition, we are told, most likely produced by narcotic potions of *hyoscyamus* and *datura stramonium*, (query, wolf's-bane?) After this, we are followed by a series of spectres, whose claims to our regard are of a more doubtful nature. We shall still venture to mention one of them, which appeared to M. Bezuel, as it is extremely curious. He had entered into a compact, when young, with M. Desfontaines, engaging that, whichever died first, he should visit the survivor. About two years after, the agreement was fulfilled by M. Desfontaines, who had been drowned near Caen, and appeared on the day following to his friend. M. Bezuel was amusing himself at the time in hay-making at M. de Sortoville's, when he was suddenly seized with a fainting fit, succeeded by a sleepless night. He had a second fit on the following day, and in the same meadow. But on the third day, while he was on the hay-stack, he had a still more violent attack (they had written the compact in their blood), and this last ushered in the ghost.

"I fell into a swoon," says M. Bezuel: "one of the footmen perceived it, and called out for help. They recovered me a little, but my mind was more disordered than it had been before. I was told that they asked me, what ailed me? and that I answered, 'I have seen what I thought I should never see.' But I neither remember the question, nor the answer. However it agrees with what I remember I saw then,

a naked man, in half-length, but I knew him not. They helped me to go down the ladder; but, because I saw Desfontaines at the bottom: I had a fainting fit: my head got between two steps, and I again lost my senses. They let me down, and set me upon a large beam, which served for a seat in the great *Place de Capucins*. I sat upon it, and then no longer saw M. de Sortoville, nor his servants, though they were present. And perceiving Desfontaines near the foot of the ladder, who made me a sign to come to him, I went back upon my seat, as it were, to make room for him; and those who saw me, and whom I did not see, though my eyes were open, observed that motion."

The apparition then seized him by the arm, led him into a by-lane, and conversed with him for above three quarters of an hour, informing him of all the particulars of his death. This species of conversation was frequently repeated, while his spiritual companion was invisible to every one, but himself. Dr. F. attributing the whole to spectral illusion, assures us that the approach of syncope is often thus accompanied with watching, and the gradual concoction of a ghost. The appearance of poor Desfontaines, however, was only a half-length, as this mode of halving themselves was very common among ghosts, about that period. We are informed of two old ladies, who were inhabitants of ancient castles, comparing notes respecting their different residences, one of them averring her's to be haunted by the upper part of a human figure, which explained to the other why her mansion was visited only by the lower half. There is, in addition to the variety of spectres and semi-goblins, which Dr. F. has served up, a species of intrusive ghosts, pushing themselves into company, without a meaning or a shadow of excuse. A modern poet, not in the least subject to superstition, though he possess a pretty powerful command over the world of spirits, accompanied by a friend, went to regale one evening at an oyster-house in Edinburgh. They were shewn into a small room, by themselves, and sat down to table. A stranger then walked in, whom neither of them knew; and, from his manners, they suspected nothing of the truth, as he neither swallowed the oyster-shells, nor frightened the waiter out of his wits. In a moment he disappeared, more rapidly than they well knew how—but far from the waiter complaining he had been bilked, on going into the next room to inquire after their strange guest, they were assured that they had remained alone during the whole time they were within, and no one had passed through that room, which afforded the only access to their own.

A young man, a writer in India, was surprised by the apparition of his mother, whom he had left in England, bathed in tears. He supposes this to be an intimation of his father's death; communicates what he had seen to a friend, who, thinking to give him a lesson against credulity, desires him to make an entry of the circumstances in his pocket-book. His good intentions are disap-

pointed by the verification of the vision. As we think this last must set the question at rest for ever, we shall haunt our readers no more at present, observing, that we think many suffer from these imaginary visitants, who are ashamed to confess it to the world.

ON THE LESS CELEBRATED PRODUCTIONS OF THE AUTHOR OF
DON QUIXOTE.

NO. III.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS SCULLION.—A NOVEL.

THE novels of Cervantes are twelve in number, but are comprised in one collection. They are entitled *exemplary* (*Novelas Exemplares*), because each is designed to exemplify a precept. Some of them contain real incidents in the author's life, and most of them descriptions of places and manners, which he had opportunities of seeing, and observing in his travels. When these are drawn from actual observation, they are delineated with spirit, and, doubtless, with accuracy. Such are his descriptions of Naples, Milan, Toledo, Seville, and his portraiture of Turkish captivity. But he is not always satisfied with describing what he has seen. His sketch of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, and of the manners of our ancestors, in the "English-Spanish Lady," is whimsically deficient in truth. Yet the historical fact, on which he founded his tale*, might have enabled him to form a better judgment. The English remained long enough at Cadiz to afford means for observation. Essex was himself a complete model of an English

* It is the story of a female infant, secreted and carried off from Cadiz by a Captain in the English fleet under Lord Effingham, which landed the Earl of Essex and his troops there in July 1596. The Earl sacked the city, and remained in possession of it twenty-four days. Cervantes was then at Seville, whither a certain Captain Becerro came to raise recruits to oppose the invasion. His pompous armament and tardy succour provoked the satire of Cervantes in a Sonnet, preserved by Pellicer, of which the following doggerel version is nearly literal:

"We saw another holy week in July,
By certain confraternities attested,
Called companies, with terrors all invested,
Frightening the vulgar—not the English, truly.
So many wings of plumes were spread out newly,
That pigmies and Goliaths only rested
From flight a fortnight, nor the towers contested,
Which in one ruin open to the view lie.
In rank and file the levies are ranged duly,
Becerro shouts—earth thunders—heaven looks dark,
Threatening a sad destruction to the sinner.
At last in Cadiz marches slow and coolly
(Giving the Earl just leisure to embark)
Triumphant, the great Duke, surnamed Medina.

gentleman ; and he was accompanied by Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Vere, Sir George Carew, and Sir Conius Clifford, the very flower of British chivalry. Cervantes, too, was no idle spectator of passing events ; and this one, we know, he did observe. Nevertheless, Ricaredo, the hero of his "Spanish-English Lady," bears as little similitude in manners, as in name, to the heroes we have enumerated.

The "Novelas Exemplares" have never been very popular, not even in Spain, so justly proud of the author of Don Quixote. The only translations, that we have seen, are one in French, and the English one, by Shelton. A reprint of the latter, dated 1742, is now before us. The title-page states, that it was "revised and compared with the original by a gentleman well versed in the Spanish language." This gentleman's qualifications were thrown away upon the production of Shelton, which is absolutely barbarous. Yet these novels are not undeserving of a new translation. The particular one, which we have selected, will hardly serve as a specimen, for it is greatly condensed in the following pages, except where the passages are marked as quotations. It is entitled "The illustrious Scullion," (*La illustre Fregona*) and is not to be found in the edition just referred to.

There dwelt in Burgos two rich gentlemen, who were near neighbours and friends. Their names were Don Diego de Carriazo, and Don John de Avendano. Each had a son : Don Diego's was named after himself, and Don John's was christened Thomas. Thomas Carriazo had hardly attained the age of thirteen, before he began to shew symptoms of a roving disposition, and soon afterwards privately left his father's house. He visited different cities in Spain, and managed to live by his wits ; but finally fixed his head-quarters at a place on the Mediterranean coast, celebrated for a tunny-fishery, and called the *Almadrabas of Zahara*. This, says our author, is in "the *finibus terræ* of rogue's domain ;" and here he took his degree as Master of all Arts, and as Knave complete. After three years had elapsed, feeling a strong desire to revisit his native place, he bade adieu to his associates, promising to return the following summer. His arrival at his father's house was hailed with joy by his friends and relations. He told a fictitious tale of his travels, and all was forgotten. Amongst those who received him with open arms, not the least delighted was young Avendano, with whom he soon contracted so strict a friendship, that he confided to him the whole story of his adventures, and painted, in such glowing colours, the *Almadrabas of Zahara*, that his young friend besought him to concert measures that they might escape thither together. This was not very difficult to effect. They pretended a strong inclination to enter as students at Salamanca, and were provided by their kind parents with ample means, and dispatched on the road to the seat of learning

under the care of a tutor, accompanied by two servants: To both tutor and servants they gave the slip, when they reached Valladolid, leaving a short epistle behind them, wherein they stated, in a few words, that they had resolved to abandon letters, and follow the profession of arms; they added, that it was their intention to embark for Flanders. On arriving at Madrid, they sold their mules, disguised themselves in plain apparel, and proceeded on towards Toledo. As they entered the town of Yllescas, they overheard two muleteers discoursing, one of whom was extolling the charms of a fair scullion, at an inn in Toledo, called the Sevillian. So extravagant were his praises of her beauty, that they excited the curiosity of Avendano; accordingly, on reaching Toledo, the first object of his search was the sign of the Sevillian, which they soon found, and were admitted as lodgers, notwithstanding the meanness of their dress, pretending that they had been sent forward to await the arrival of their masters, who, they said, were two cavaliers of Burgos, travelling to Seville. When Constantia, for that was the name of the fair scullion, first made her appearance, Thomas Avendano was so bewitched, that he could not utter a word; and suddenly formed the resolution of remaining for a time at the inn. His companion, not liking to proceed on the journey alone, and willing to humour his caprice, proposed that he should fill the place of the hostler, who had just quitted, and offered to hire himself as water-carrier to the inn, under the name of Lope the Asturian. They easily persuaded the host to accept of their services, until the arrival of their pretended masters, which, they said, might be some time retarded. Carriazo, however, soon got into trouble, and afterwards into prison. On being released, the first question he asked of his friend Thomas, was respecting the progress he had made in gaining the affections of the fair scullion.

"Scullion, do you call Constantia, brother Lope?" replied Thomas; "God forgive you, and bring you to a true sense of your error." "Is she not a scullion then?" rejoined the Asturian. "I have yet to see her scour the first dish." "Never mind," said Lope, "if you have not yet seen her scour the first dish, provided you have seen her scour the second, or even the hundredth." "I tell you, brother," answered Thomas, "that she does not scour: she attends only to her duty, which is to take care of the plate, for there is a good deal in this house." "Why then," said Lope, "do they nickname her, throughout the city, the illustrious scullion, if her office is not to scour the dishes? But, doubtless, it must be because she scours plate, and not earthenware, that they give her that epithet of illustrious. Setting that aside, however, tell me, Thomas, how stand your hopes?"

Thomas declared that he was almost in despair, for that Constantia only replied to his protestations by casting her eyes on the ground. He still, however, continued his addresses; and, not content with making love, made verses also in her praise, which he

inscribed in the book used for keeping the account of the corn, and then, tearing out the leaves, amused himself, at his leisure moments, with reading his compositions; but one unlucky morning, being suddenly called away whilst penning some stanzas, the host entered the stable in his absence, and, happening to cast his eyes on the book, which lay open by the lost, read as follows:

“ Whom is it that Love blesses ?

Who ne'er confesses.

Who triumphs o'er his pains ?

Who ne'er complains.

Who finds his joys complete ?

Who scorns retreat.

Thus may I hope at length to gain

All that my soul would fain obtain,

If, 'till the lovely prize be won,

I tell not, faint not---love still on.

“ How is Love nourished ?

With smiles 'tis fed.

What keeps its ardour down ?

An unkind frown.

Will it from frowns arise ?

O no ! it dies.

Then clearly is reserved for me

Of love an immortality,

Since she, who causes all my pain,

Shows neither favour nor disdain.

“ What can despair supply ?

One hope---to die.

What death can cure such ills ?

That which---half kills.

Is it then best to die ?

No, still to try ;

For truly does the proverb say,

That when the storm has pass'd away,

A milder, calmer sky appears :

So smiles, Love's sunshine ! follow tears.

“ Shall I my love declare ?

When hope looks fair.

Will hope look fairer still ?

O yes, it will.

Death yet meanwhile may come ?

So let it come ;

For, gazing on Constantia's eyes,

Though all my hopes should find a tomb,

'Tis luxury to breathe even sighs.

Shocked at the heinousness of this offence, the host ran with the book to his wife. They consulted together, and at length questioned Constantia, who denied that Thomas, the hostler, had

ever made love to her. The host was for turning him out of doors at once, but his wife over-ruled this, and, by her advice, he replaced the book where he had found it, determined to watch Thomas's conduct very narrowly for the future. Thomas returned to the stable, and, finding his verses where he had left them, tore them out of the book, little suspecting into whose hands they had fallen. Until this time Constantia and he had never exchanged a word; but, shortly after, she came to him, and complaining much of the tooth-ache, asked if he could tell her a remedy. He said he would give her a prayer, which, if gotten by heart, would effect a thorough cure. Retiring to his room, he brought from thence a paper, and put it into her hands. Constantia went into the house, and opening the paper, read as follows:

" Mistress of my soul; I am a gentleman, born at Burgos, and, if I should chance to survive my father, heir to an estate of two thousand ducats a year. Having heard the report of your beauty, which is rumoured far and wide, I left my country, disguised myself, and, in the dress, in which you now see me, came to throw myself at your feet. If you will be mine, on the only terms consistent with your virtue, revolve in your mind what proofs you would require me to give you that all which I say is true; and, when you are convinced of that, if my offer meets your approval, I will marry you; and, in obtaining you for my wife, I shall consider myself the happiest man in the world. All that I entreat of you at present is, not wholly to cast off affection so ardent and so pure as mine; for if your master should hear of my passion, and not believe its sincerity, he will banish me your presence, which will be the same as condemning me to death. Let me live in your sight, until you have the means of convincing yourself of the truth of what I tell you, considering, that he who has committed no other fault than that of adoring you with his eyes, does not merit so severe a punishment. You may reply to this without awakening the suspicions of those, who are continually gazing on you, for your looks are to me so expressive, that, whilst an angry one would kill me, a kind one would revive me."

Whilst Constantia was reading the paper, Thomas's heart was agitated, between the fear of a sentence of death, and the hope of a restoration to life. She soon re-entered, and whether or not the perturbation, excited by meeting with what she so little expected, added fresh lustre to her beauty, certainly never appeared so lovely. She had torn the paper, and, holding the pieces in her hand, she said to Thomas, who could hardly stand the while on his legs:

" Friend Thomas, this prayer of your's has more the appearance of witchcraft and deception, than of a pious supplication: so I will put no faith in it, nor make any use of it; and I have therefore torn it, that it may not be seen by any one more credulous than myself: learn prayers of another sort, for such as this will do you no good."

So speaking, she returned into the house, leaving Thomas in great perplexity, but somewhat comforted by the reflection that she now knew his secret, and that, as she had not acquainted his master with it, he should not be turned out of doors.

Lope, the Asturian, had, in the mean time, gone to purchase an ass, in order to commence his new trade. Whilst he was bargaining with a gypsy, a lad, who was passing by, offered to sell him one at a cheaper rate. He followed the lad to a spot where several water-carriers were standing, and was shewn an ass, which was highly extolled by all present. The bargain was struck, and Lope paid down sixteen ducats to the owner of the animal, who said he wanted the purchase-money to pay his expenses to his own country, where he had engaged to marry a distant relation.

"Whilst this was passing, four other water-carriers were playing a game at cards, stretched at their ease on the ground, which served them instead of a table, their cloaks being substitutes for a green-cloth. The Asturian stopped to observe them, and remarked that they played more like archdeacons than water-carriers, for each had for his stock more than an hundred rials in silver and copper. At length one hand lost all, and, if another had not gone partners with him, he would have become bankrupt. The two partners continued to lose in company, till, all their money being gone, they desisted and arose. The ass-vender, seeing this, said, if a fourth could be found, he should like to play, but that he disliked a three-handed game. The Asturian, who was like sugar, which never spoils porridge, as they say in Italy, offered to make a fourth. They immediately took their seats, commenced the game with spirit, and, as they preferred playing for money rather than time, Lope very shortly found himself six crowns minus; and, feeling his pockets empty, offered to play for his ass. They accepted the offer, and began by staking a fourth part of the value of the ass, proposing to play for a quarter of it at a time. Lope's ill-luck still continuing, he lost four games successively, and with them the four quarters of his beast, the person of whom he had purchased it being the gainer; who, rising to take possession of his winnings, was stopped by the Asturian, and reminded that he had only won the four quarters of the ass and not the tail, which he (Lope) demanded to have restored to him that he might go his way. This demand of the tail excited great merriment amongst the company, and some, learned in the law, were of opinion that it was an unfair demand, observing, that when a sheep or other animal is sold, the tail is not separated from the carcass, but given in with one of the hind quarters. To this Lope replied, that the butchers in Barbary usually divide the animal into five parts, whereof the tail constitutes the fifth portion; and, when the said butchers cut up the beast, they account the tail of equal value with either of the quarters: and as to giving the tail into the bargain, he granted that such was the custom, when the animal was sold alive and not quartered; but he objected, that his ass was not sold but played for, and affirmed that it never was his intention to stake the tail: therefore, he insisted that it should be restored to him on the instant,

with all theremto appertaining, commencing from the brain, and including the back-bone; even to the last hair at the end. He maintained this demand in such a resolute tone, clapping his hand all the while on the hilt of his dagger, that the water-carriers stood in suspense, and were at a loss what to do: until, at length, one of them proposed that they should play another game, and that he should stake the tail against one of the other quarters. This was agreed to, and Lope gained the game; his antagonist was piqued—staked a second quarter, which Lope likewise won—a third, and then a fourth, with the same success, till Lope gained the whole of his ass back again. His adversary then offered to play for money, which Lope at first refused; but being pressed, consented, and that likewise he won, leaving the intended bridegroom without a single maravedi to pursue his journey. The poor fellow, in despair, cast himself on the ground, but Lope liberally returned him all his money, and even the price of the ass, for which generosity he was loudly applauded by the by-standers, who followed him in a crowd to his home."

The affair getting wind, became generally talked of, and caused so much mirth and astonishment; that two days had scarcely elapsed, when, as he was going about selling water, he saw himself pointed at with the following exclamation: "That is the water-carrier, who owned the ass's tail."

"The boys, laying down their ears at this, learned the whole story, and Lope no sooner shewed his face in the streets, than they cried from all quarters: 'Asturian, give up the tail; give up the tail, Asturian.' Lope, beholding himself assailed so loudly by so many tongues at once, spoke not a word, hoping by his silence to stop this torrent of impertinence; but the more silent he remained, the more did the boys continue to cry out, till, at length, his patience was converted into rage, so, alighting from his ass, he laboured about him with his stick; which was like bruising powder and then setting fire to it, or cutting off a serpent's head, for as fast as he knocked one boy down, not seven only, but seven hundred arose in his stead, who, with still greater frequency and importunity, cried out to him to give up the tail. At last he was fain to betake himself to his lodgings, till the evil planet should pass over his head, and that provoking demand of the tail should be effaced from the boys' memories."

He soon, however, repaired to his friend Thomas, who counselled him not to go about the streets on his ass, or at least to choose those that were the least frequented, and if that were of no avail, as a last resource, to give up the trade of water-carrier.

Shortly after this occurrence, the corregidor came suddenly to the inn, and desired to speak with the host in private. After making enquiry about his household, he at length came to the subject of his visit.

"Tell me, host," said the corregidor, "where is the young girl, who, report says, is a servant in this house, and who is so beautiful, that

throughout all the city she is known by the name of the Illustrious Scullion? Nay, they tell me that my son Don Pemiquito, is in love with her, and that scarcely a night passes without his serenading her." "Sir," replied the host, "it is true that the damsel, who is called the illustrious scullion, dwells in my house; but she is not my servant, though she has not quitted my service." "I don't understand what you mean, host—she is, and yet she is not your servant!" "I have spoken truly," rejoined the host; "and if your worship will grant me permission, I will tell you the whole story, which I have never before communicated to any person." "Before I hear another word, I will see this scullion; call her hither," said the corregidor. When Constantia made her appearance, the corregidor was much struck with her beauty, and, paying her a compliment, added: "I say, damsel, that not only you may and ought to be styled illustrious, but most illustrious; this title, nevertheless, should not be attached to the office of scullion, but to the dignity of a duchess." "She is not a scullion, Sir," said the host: "her only office in this house is to carry the keys of the plate; for, God be praised! I have a little plate to set before creditable travellers, who alight at my inn."

The host then desired his wife and Constantia to retire from the room, and communicated to the corregidor his promised relation. He said, that about fifteen years ago, a lady arrived at his inn with a splendid equipage, attended by four male and three female servants. The attendants told him, that their mistress was on a pilgrimage to our Lady of Guadalupe; but, feeling herself greatly indisposed, she determined to rest awhile at the inn, and sent for the principal physician in the place. The doctor, after a private consultation, ordered her to be removed to a remote apartment, and kept quiet. This was accordingly done, and no one, except her own female servants, was suffered to approach her. At last, however, she sent for the host and hostess, and confessed to them that she was near her confinement. She added, that her male servants were ignorant of her situation, and, presenting the hostess with a purse, containing two hundred crowns of gold, enjoined them both to secrecy. The same night she was delivered of a female infant. The lady was soon sufficiently recovered to continue her journey, and, after directing the host to send the babe to nurse at a village two leagues distant, and have her baptized Constantia, she gave him a gold chain, first separating six links from it, which she retained in her possession, saying, that the person, who would hereafter appear to claim the child, would bring those with him as a token.

"She likewise cut a piece of parchment into two parts, but in a tircular and wavy form, just as when the hands are so clasped together that an inscription written on the fingers can be read whilst the hands continue clasped, but when these are separated, it discovers no sense, the letters being divided, which, on re-clasping the fingers, are

seen again united, and correspond in such a manner that they may be read in succession."

The lady charged the host to bring up her daughter as a peasant's child; and, after shedding tears over the babe, and taking an affectionate leave of the hostess, she departed, leaving behind four hundred crowns in addition to her former present. Constantia remained two years at nurse in the village, and was then taken home to the inn. The host concluded by stating, that fifteen years, one month, and four days, had now elapsed since the day of the lady's departure; and although, in that interval, many persons of quality had visited the inn, none had appeared to be at all connected with the circumstance, nor had the maiden yet been claimed. He then fetched the chain and parchment, and shewed them to the corregidor. On the parchment were inscribed the letters E T E L S N V D D R, each letter having a space left betwixt it and the following one, the intermediate letters having been removed, in the manner before described. The corregidor, marvelling greatly at this singular story, returned home, resolving in his own mind to place Constantia in a convent; but, for the present, he charged the host, that if any person should make his appearance with the tokens to claim her, he should give him timely notice, previously to exhibiting the counter-tokens.

Thomas, who understood that the host was closetted with the corregidor about Constantia, remained all the while in deep suspense; but, neither to him, nor to his wife, nor to Constantia, did the host communicate what had passed. The following day, two aged cavaliers, apparently of rank, arrived at the inn, accompanied by four servants on horseback and two foot-boys. Constantia appearing to receive them, one said to the other: "I think, Don John, we have found what we are in search of." Thomas, who went to take charge of the horses, immediately recognized in the four attendants two of his father's servants, and two belonging to the household of Carriazo's father; and guessing that these were the old cavaliers, it immediately entered his head that they had traced his friend and himself to that city, and were come to surprise them; so, covering his face with his hand, he passed by the servants unnoticed, and went to seek Constantia. To her he said in an agitated tone of voice:

"Constantia, one of these old gentlemen who have just arrived is my father; it is the one whom you have heard called Don Juan de Avendano; enquire of his servants whether he has a son named Don Thomas de Avendano; I am that person, and you may thus satisfy yourself that I have told you the truth with respect to my rank, and that the offer I have made you will also be fulfilled. Adieu for the present, for, till they depart, I shall not re-enter these doors."

Constantia replied not a word; neither did Thomas wait for a

reply, but leaving the house, with the same secrecy as he had entered, he went in search of his friend Carriazo, to warn him that their fathers were at the inn. One of the cavaliers, in the mean time, after making some enquiries of the other female servant about Constantia, took the host aside, and spoke as follows: "I am come, Mr. host, to claim of you a pledge, belonging to me, which you have had some years in your possession; and I bring you a thousand crowns of gold in exchange for it, together with these links of a chain and this parchment:" and, so saying, he took the tokens out of his pocket. The host evaded a direct answer, and took the opportunity of leaving the room and sending for the corregidor, who hastened to the inn, and immediately recognized, in the stranger, an old friend and relative. After mutual salutations, Don John introduced his travelling companion to the corregidor by the name of Don Diego de Carriazo, and began to relate the business which had brought them to Toledo. He was interrupted by the host, who told him that the corregidor was acquainted with all the previous circumstances, and had the parchment in his possession, which being produced, the host at the same time taking the chain from his pocket, the links brought by Don Diego filled up the gap in the latter, and the two pieces of parchment, on being united, were found perfectly to accord: between the letters, in the moiety left in the host's custody, which, as before stated, were E T E L S N V D D R, the intermediate letters appeared to be S A S A E A L E R A E A, which, on being joined together, composed the sentence: *Esta es la Senal verdadera*—this is the true token. The corregidor then became extremely curious to know the meaning of all this, and enquired of Don Diego, who was the father of the beautiful pledge. "I am her father," said Don Diego; "her mother is no more; suffice it to say, that she was of so high a rank that I might well have been her servant." He then related the story of this unfortunate amour, attaching all the blame to himself; and stated, that, after a separation of many years from the lady, and after hearing that she was dead, only twenty days ago, he received a message, entreating him to visit the steward of the deceased, then likewise at the point of death. At his interview, with that person, he was apprised of the circumstances, which had been detailed by the host to the corregidor, and learned, moreover, from the steward, that when the lady was upon her death-bed, she confided to his care the chain and parchment, together with the sum of 3000 crowns, which she designed as a dowry for her daughter; but, stimulated by avarice, this faithless servant had kept the money, until, feeling the pangs of remorse torment him, he had, in his last moments resolved to send for Don Diego, as the person whom it most imported to know the circumstances. Don Diego continued that, immediately on receiving the testimonials, he consulted with his

friend Don John, and it was determined that they should both set out for Toledo in search of the lost treasure. He had just concluded his story, when a noise was heard in the street, and a voice exclaimed: "Tell Thomas Pedro, the hostler, that his friend the Asturian is a prisoner, and they are conveying him to gaol." On hearing the words "prisoner" and "gaol," the corregidor sent to desire the alguazil would bring the offender before him. The Asturian made his appearance, with the blood flowing from his mouth, and sadly bruised: on entering, he recognized at once his father and Don Diego, and concealed his face with his handkerchief, under pretence of staunching the blood. The alguazil, on being asked by the corregidor what offence the prisoner had committed, and how he came in so woful a plight, replied: "Please your worship, this lad is a water-carrier, whom the boys run after, and cry: Asturian, give up the tail; give up the tail, Asturian;" and then he told the story of the ass's tail, which made the whole company not a little merry. He further stated, that as the water-carrier was crossing the bridge of Alcantara, the boys followed after, and called to him, as usual, to give up the tail; when, alighting from his ass and pursuing his tormentors, he at length caught one of them, whom he so belaboured that he left the boy almost lifeless; and the police coming up to take him into custody, he made a stout resistance, which was the reason why he had been used so roughly. The corregidor ordered him to shew his face, on which the alguazil removing the handkerchief, a full discovery ensued. Carriazo threw himself on his knees before his father, who embraced him with tears in his eyes; and when the agitation of the moment had subsided, Don Diego enquired of the truant what had become of his companion, Thomas Avendano, and learning that he and Thomas the hostler were the same person, sent the host to look for him, who soon dragged him from his hiding-place, and brought him into his father's presence. After the young men had made a full confession, and received their pardon, Constantia was introduced to Don Diego, and, being informed that he was her father, threw herself at his feet, and, seizing both his hands, kissed them and bathed them with tears. We will not attempt to describe the scene which followed: in conclusion, however, the corregidor insisted upon taking the whole party home with him. Avendano took an early opportunity of communicating to his father his love for Constantia, declaring that he would gladly have made her his wife, even in her humble situation at the inn. His father approved of his choice, and obtained the consent of Don Diego to their nuptials. Don Diego de Carriazo, the water-carrier, also solicited the hand of the corregidor's daughter; and the corregidor's son, finding that Constantia was disposed of, begged to be admitted to pay his addresses to the daughter of Don Juan de Avendano.

"Thus all parties remained contented. The news of the several espousals, and of the good fortune, that had befallen the illustrious scullion, soon made a noise in the city: multitudes assembled to behold Constantia in her new attire, in which she shewed herself a perfect lady. They likewise saw the hostler, Thomas Pedro, metamorphosed into Don Thomas de Avendano, and dressed like a gentleman; they remarked that Lope, the Asturian, was a very genteel young man, now that he had cast off his old suit of clothes, abandoned his ass, and laid down his water-carrier's yokes. Nevertheless, there were not wanting some, who, as he passed through the streets, in the midst of all his splendour, called after him for the tail. They all remained a month at Toledo, at the expiration of which period, Don Diego de Carriazo, with his wife and her father, repaired to Burgos, accompanied by Constantia and her husband: the corregidor's son also went to be introduced to his relation and affianced bride. The Sevillian was enriched with 1000 crowns, and with many valuable jewels, which Constantia gave her mistress, for so she always called the hostler, who had brought her up. The story of the illustrious scullion gave occasion to the poets of the golden Tago, to exercise their pens, in celebrating and extolling the matchless beauty of Constantia, who, as well as her husband, the worthy hostler, is still living. Carriazo, too, is in being, and has three sons, who neither following their father's example, nor dreaming that there are places like the tunny-fishery of Zahara in the world, are all students at Salamanca: he himself never beholds a water-carrier's ass, without thinking of the occurrences at Toledo, and dreading lest, when he is least aware of it, a satire should make its appearance with the words: "Give up the tail, Asturian; Asturian, give up the tail."

THE SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

This science was little attended to until comparatively a late date; it was indeed so wholly neglected, as not to have been formed into any thing deserving the name of a system; until Dr. Adam Smith produced his immortal work. This was followed by several others, both in this country and in France; but its progress was exceedingly slow. The truth of the principles, contained in Dr. Smith's work, was indeed contested by few; but several writers here, and in France a whole sect, many of whom were very learned and enlightened men, employed themselves in shewing that some of its principles were paramount in the consideration they claimed, on account of their importance; and long disputes were entered into, for the purpose of proving that the land paid all or none of the taxes. Others, again, were occupied with the question of supply and demand, all of them drawing inferences more or less erroneous; and these erroneous conclusions were almost every where,

and by every body, admitted as facts, until they were corrected by Mr. Ricardo, in 1817.*

Several distinguished writers had, however, taken up the subject; and observation and experience, since the time of Dr. Smith, had enabled them to correct some of the errors, which might naturally be expected would be found in so large a work, embracing the whole of a subject so very extensive, and in many parts altogether new.

Considerable light was thrown upon the subject, and the attention of many thinking men was drawn to this very important science, by the "*Traité d'Economie*"† of Mons. Say. He was the first person in France, who brought this, as it had hitherto been called, abstruse science before his countrymen as a whole; and if we may be allowed to judge from the rapid sale of his second and third editions, we may, perhaps, be warranted in concluding, that at length it has become tolerably familiar to the more enlightened portion of Frenchmen. In Germany, and in Italy, its progress has kept pace with France; while, in this country, Mr. Ricardo has drawn the attention of a very large number of his countrymen to a serious consideration of its principles.

This too-long-neglected science has now many able expounders, who are all, as they ought to be, well attended to; and it may not be unreasonable to expect, that the time is at no great distance, when not to be familiar with its principles will be considered disgraceful in a public man.

"The produce of the earth," says Mr. Ricardo, "all that is derived from its surface, by the united application of labour, machinery, and capital, is divided among three classes of the community; namely, the proprietor of the land, the owner of the stock or capital necessary for its cultivation, and the labourers by whose industry it is cultivated.

"To determine the laws, which regulate this distribution, is the principal problem in political economy; much as the science has been improved by the writings of Burget, Stuart, Smith, Say, Sismondi, and others.

"It will be seen, from this clear and precise statement, that it embraces a vast field, and includes all the operations of the society and of the government, in producing and distributing every thing that is produced and distributed.

"Undoubtedly, the first point to be ascertained, is the operation of those laws which govern production, and of which it may be asserted, that they cannot be controlled without injury to the community, and are, therefore, properly called "*principles*."

* See "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation;" the chapter, "On the Influence of Demand and Supply on Prices."

† In 2 vols. octavo.

The next point of importance, in this enquiry, is the result of the attempts made to controul these laws, and make them bend to the purposes of government; or to those of particular classes of men, who think they have a permanent interest in the arrangement they from time to time suggest, or cause to be made.

The third and last point is that of distribution; this, on the face of it, will not seem of less importance than either of the other two, nor is it; but it must be by a due understanding of the whole, and by proper attention being paid to them, that nations can be made happy, and when made so, kept so.

Of the importance of the science of political economy, as it is here explained, no man will doubt. It may safely be asserted, that it is by far the most important of all the sciences, if not indeed of more real importance to the well-being of mankind, than all other sciences in the aggregate. It is the true and only sure foundation for all wise and just legislation. He who does not understand its principles; (including the principle of population) is but ill qualified for the office of a legislator.

He may be learned in the law of the land, and in the law of nations; he may be active, diligent, and humane; eagerly desirous to promote the well-being of his fellow-citizens, and of all mankind; still if he do not understand the principles of *Political Economy*, he will want the most important of all things necessary to a profound legislator; and he will be unable to do more than has hitherto been done, *legislate on expedients, instead of principles*. He will often find an accumulation of evil, when he least expects it, and he will be utterly unable to discover the true causes: he will neither find them in the "perversity of human nature," nor in the "dislike which men have to submit to controul;" and he will least of all be willing to ascribe them to his own laws. Being unable to account for the causes of the evils, he is compelled to witness, and to acknowledge, he will be equally at a loss for a remedy. He may make new laws to punish the crimes, which his old laws have been unable to suppress, or have produced, but he will never accomplish his purpose, and never be satisfied with the results he has assisted to produce. The greater part of his civil legislation will inevitably be injurious to the community; while his criminal jurisprudence will be employed, not to correct, as in a truly wise system it ought to do, but to punish aggressors. This has but too generally been the course pursued in most nations; and this will continue to be the course pursued, until the PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY are generally understood.

The attention of the reader is, on the present occasion, more particularly desired to so much of the subject as relates to the Corn Laws, to Rent, Profit, and Wages.

It is not intended, in the following essay, to attempt to shew every minute ramification of the principles treated of. But it is intended,

and it is hoped, too, that the intention has been accomplished, to treat of those principles in a logical and argumentative manner, which may clearly explain them to the mind of an attentive reader.

To the passage before quoted from the work of Mr. Ricardo, that gentleman adds, that the writings of the eminent men, he has named, "afford very little satisfactory information, respecting the nature of RENT, PROFIT, and WAGES."

Mr. Ricardo then very candidly states, that "in 1815 Mr. Malthus, in his 'Enquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent,' and a Fellow of University College, Cambridge, in his 'Essay on the Application of Capital to Land,' presented to the world, nearly at the same moment, the true doctrine of Rent; without a knowledge of which it is impossible to understand the effects of the progress of wealth on profit and wages, or to trace, satisfactorily, the influence of taxation on different classes of the community, particularly when the commodities taxed are the productions immediately derived from the surface of the earth. Adam Smith, and other able writers, to whom I have alluded, *not* having viewed correctly the principle of rent, have, it appears to me, overlooked many important truths, which can only be discovered, after the subject of rent is thoroughly understood."

These observations are of great importance, are clearly and correctly stated, and deserve to be borne in mind throughout the enquiry.

Mr. Ricardo, with the modesty, which belongs to his character, "trusts it will not be deemed presumptuous in him to state his opinions, after the valuable experience, which a few late years, abounding in facts, have yielded." Nobody, it may be presumed, will condemn any ardent enquirer after truth, who pursues his enquiry unostentatiously, and evidently with a view to promote the well-being of others.

In this enquiry, much room yet remains for elucidation; and more familiar modes of explanation, than those which have yet appeared, seem necessary. This has been here attempted; the attempt is made, too, at a time when the serious attention of every man in the community is likely to be forcibly drawn to a consideration of the subject. At such a time, if at any time, the writer may hope for an increase of readers, and may expect increased desire on the part of those readers to make themselves sufficiently acquainted with a subject, which comes home to the pocket of every one of them: this, then, appears to be the time when the following exposition may reasonably be expected to produce the greatest effect; and these are the reasons why it is, just now, laid before the public.

CORN LAWS.

"Restrictions on exportations," says the able writer in the Supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," article "Corn Laws

and Trade," "without being in the least advantageous to the consumers of raw produce, are eminently hurtful to agriculturists. While they exist, no market can be found for that excess of produce, which an agricultural country generally has to dispose of in favourable seasons. Farmers are not, therefore, stimulated to exertion, because, in a country thus situated, a luxuriant crop, by its causing a great fall of price, is nearly as prejudicial to them as a scarcity; which indeed, by lessening the quantity sown next year, it seldom fails to produce." Yet this was at times, and for long periods, the course pursued in this country. About the middle of the last century, to this unwise proceeding was added another, which has continued ever since, namely, that of prohibiting importation, until the price of corn in our own markets had attained a certain price fixed by act of parliament; and the price, at which corn has been prohibited, has been rapidly rising ever since.

By preventing exportation, the sale of any surplus produce to the foreigner was prevented, until the price had fallen so low as to do considerable mischief to the consumer, by causing the price of corn to fluctuate between two very injurious extremes, without the power of adjustment. By the present system, which has been maintained, on the ground that it had a tendency to equalize the price, the extremes of the fluctuation have been considerably enlarged; and, within a very few years, the price of wheat has been, at one time, upwards of 100*s.* per quarter, and at another time nearly as low as 50*s.* per quarter. Such are the inevitable consequences of tampering with the corn trade.

Another consequence of the laws, prohibiting import, may be mentioned here, the impossibility of exportation. At the present time, for instance, it is admitted on all sides, that the price will not remunerate the farmer, profit being entirely out of the question, and yet the price is so high that no foreign nation will purchase. By what steps this state of things has been produced, will be made apparent.

Two attempts have lately been made to raise the import price of corn, by what has been emphatically called a CORN LAW, to 97*s.* the quarter; that is, to prohibit all importation (wheat) until the price in our markets has risen to 97*s.* instead of 80*s.*, which is the present import price fixed by act of parliament.

The first of these attempts was made early in the session of 1819, but it was immediately crushed by a declaration on the part of ministers, of their determination to oppose it.

The second attempt was made during the last session. Petitions from the land-owners and farmers were presented to Parliament from various parts of the kingdom, praying for what the petitioners called relief; and a committee on the subject of these petitions was, after a debate in the House of Commons, voted. Ministers, however, found means to induce the house to postpone the appointment of the committee to the next day, when, instead of

a committee to consider the subject of the petitions, a committee to examine the mode of taking the averages in the twelve maritime districts, was appointed. Thus the proposal for a new restrictive law was set aside. But the business, as might have been expected, will not be allowed to rest; meetings have again been held in many counties, and Parliament is again to be applied to for relief. The applications are, it seems, to consist of no less than four propositions, one or more of which those interested hope to carry. The first proposition is, to raise the import price to 97s. the quarter.*

The second proposition is, to allow, as they say, the free import at all times of foreign corn; only a tax is to be levied on foreign corn, so as to raise its price to the consumer, as high as is contemplated by the first proposition. Thus if, for instance, foreign wheat could be imported at 50s. the quarter, a tax of 47s. would raise its price here to the consumer to 97s.

The third proposition is, to give a bounty, to enable the growers of corn to export it; and, by thus diminishing the quantity, to raise the price at home to about 90s. the quarter. The present price of wheat may be taken at 57s. the quarter, the price on the Continent is about 45s. the quarter. To enable the English corn-growers to sell in foreign countries, he must receive a bounty, equal, at the least, to the difference between the prices, and to the expenses of freight, insurance, and all other charges; and this can scarcely be less than 17s. the quarter, and it may be much higher.

The fourth proposition is from the county of Mayo, in Ireland. Here the land-owners, having assembled, declared, at once, that it would be necessary for the Legislature totally to exclude the importation of all foreign corn.

It is not intended to examine these propositions minutely, but rather, having pointed them out, to leave them for the reader's consideration, and to go on with an exposition of the principles of RENT, PROFIT, and WAGES, which will be found to contain nearly all the general reasonings, respecting the demand for, and the supply of, subsistence. It will be seen that, in every attempt to regulate the growth, the sale, or the export of corn, the Legislature has been governed by no fixed principle, and that vague opinions have alone formed the ground of its enactments.

* At the time, when the last law, prohibiting the importation of wheat, until the price in our own markets averaged 80s. the quarter, the price of standard gold, in bank-notes, was 105s. the ounce. It is now 78s. in bank-notes. Bank-notes were at that time depreciated 34 per cent. It was in this depreciated currency that the calculation was made, by the supporters of the bill, that 80s. was a remunerating price to the farmer for a quarter of wheat. Bank-notes being now at par with gold, 60s. is about an equivalent for 80s. of the same currency in 1815. Were wheat now to be sold at 80s. the quarter, the actual price estimated in the currency of 1815 would be equal to 107s. the quarter.

To expose the mischiefs, which those errors in legislation produce, is the first step towards preventing their increase. The second step is the repeal of the injurious laws; and if it should be made plain to the understanding of all men, that nothing but evil has arisen, or can arise, from them, it is not too much to hope, that the time will come, when they may be safely repealed by common consent.

ON THE PREVAILING TASTE FOR ISOLATED COLUMNS
AS PUBLIC MONUMENTS.

THE prevailing taste for isolated columns, as public monuments,* is partly the effect of unmerited encomiums bestowed upon the columns of Trajan and Antonine, raised by the Romans in degenerate times, when the arts were declining, from a vain emulation to vie in height with the Egyptian obelisks, that had been previously transported to Rome, and is partly an erroneous result of our admiration of the column as a member of architecture. Hence, the isolated column unfairly forestalls approbation, and at first view evades fair criticism, which would not fail to reform the public prejudice, if we reflected, that the proper office of the column being to support an incumbent weight of a proportionable magnitude and form, it does not admit of being detached from its proper entablature, or of being raised to a height exceeding the uses and purposes of architecture. For "as it is the entablature that gives to the several orders their respective characters, to which their several ornaments are suited with consummate taste," an isolated column, not having any entablature to support, is divested of the expression of its proper character, and is therefore an imperfect structure, and an improper design. The grandeur of buildings consists in the expression of character, and not in the quantity of material or labour employed in constructing them. Unity of design is essential to that expression, but cannot belong to an isolated column, because it is an incomplete structure. Even if the isolated column possessed unity, and were also highly decorated, it could not excite emotion, or engage a lasting interest. Its beauties are too monotonous and circumscribed. They soon satisfy the mind, and are forgotten. To-day they may be admired, and to-morrow, and for ever, passed with indifference.

An isolated column, of stupendous height, rivaling a lofty pinnacle, is an exaggerated misuse of the columnar office; for the end and purpose of a public monument is to express and record to late posterity, the glory and gratitude of a nation, or commu-

* Isolated Columns have been lately erected at Shrewsbury, Norwich, Anglesea, Dublin, Paris, and several other places.

nity, for the genius, achievements, or worth of some pre-eminent individual. It is that, in order to identify the monument with the person or persons to whom it is consecrated, the statuary should be so appropriate, and form so integral a part of the design, as to make every other part of it appear to be auxiliary. But an isolated column does not afford any position suitable for statuary, and, strictly speaking, not even meagre compartments for sculpture. A column, bearing upon its capital a statue of a warrior or man of genius, is so far an unnatural design, as it places the object of our admiration in a place where we should not naturally expect to see him, and in which it was impossible for him to have performed any achievement. Moreover, as a statue with its accessories, when raised so high above the natural point or focus of vision, would lose all distinctness of expression, and all similitude to their prototypes, unless they are colossal, and overcharged with expression beyond nature, even to caricature—these circumstances point out to us, that the height of such a column, if it was an admissible design, should be limited to the elevation that would shew distinctly a surmounting statue not much exceeding the natural size of man, for which purpose a column of a height within the limits of architecture would be sufficient. It is, therefore, evident, that columnar monuments of excessive height must have a bad effect upon the noble art of statuary, similar to that, which theatres of excessive size have had upon the drama. In respect of compartments for sculpture, upon an isolated column, it will scarcely be contended that a barbarous sub-base can obviate the deficiency of them; and as little need I argue against the impropriety of the spiral sculpture upon the Trajan column, though it has been imitated upon the copy of that column, lately raised by Bonaparte in Paris.

The device of concealing within an isolated column a spiral staircase, to make it a round tower in masquerade, and to which mechanism it is said that modern tower columns owe even their short existence, does not in the least avert the foregoing objections from the column, though the staircase gives access to the surmounting statue, which, like a Pagod, would attract the multitude below by its deformity. For near approach would only render the elevated monster more hideous, and expose the grossness of its exaggeration, by contrast with the real man at the same elevation. And as a column, so constructed of courses of small stones, appears to the eye weak and unfit to support an incumbent weight, which is the original columnar office, a *built* column is, therefore, a gross and offensive incongruity. For these reasons, it is evidently impracticable to unite, in such a design, its integral object in true beauty and elegance, with that spurious species of grandeur attributed to mere height.

We must, also, be conscious that a column, or any other design, that would expose to constant and familiar view, the statue and attributes of a patriot, hero, or genius, whose fame it commemorates, is directly opposed to the principles which require that the mind of a spectator should be in a free and fit state to receive the impressions, that objects of veneration, sublimity, and beauty, would excite.

If, as I imagine, the purest species of the sublime arises from whatever *enlarges* and awes our conceptions, whether it be an intellectual or a visible cause, as the sublime of matter excites the sublime of mind, and as the true sublime, like the *beau idéal*, transcends the exciting cause or object, it is erroneous to suppose, that a sublime effect can be produced by the mere height of an enormous, or be it a stupendous column, the monster of ungoverned fancy, and of misapplied art and labour. That emotion may be directly traced to the far nobler source, to which it is here, perhaps for the first time, properly attributed. For Longinus, though "he was himself the great sublime he drew," did not dare to define the sublime, and has been excused for that omission, because his treatise is a comment upon, or a deduction from, a work which has not descended to us; and the profound and luminous Edmund Burke has degraded the sublime, by supposing it to consist in the terrible, as if the emotions, which elevate and expand the mind, and those, which depress and confine it, could be identified. Vast height, depth, or extent, darkness, or the display of great power, with which Burke associated the sublime, are but secondary causes of sublimity. The moral world, with all its pure emotions, is, for the most part, beyond the influence of those secondary causes. Those emotions, which arise from the sublime and beautiful in buildings and statuary, are moral sensations, produced by the pure and permanent expression of physical analogies, which "lead up to sublime and noble axioms," by embodying intellectual conception in visible expression. It is evident, however, that stupendous height, or magnitude, in buildings, is not essential to the production of those emotions.

But, as the isolated column has pre-engaged the applause of large portions of the British and French nations, it may be shewn, by reference to the remarkable column commonly, but erroneously, called Pompey's Pillar, that the effect of that species of design is entirely derived from the associations with which it may happen to be connected. A spectator must feel and confess that even this ever-during column, it being *monolithos*, and not extravagantly high, exclusive of a superfluous cube or sub-base, is indebted, for all its supposed grandeur and effect, to the solemnity of the scene that surrounds the rising ground on which it stands, in the silent desert, between the remains of the celebrated City of Alexandria, which commerce, policy, and science, valour, genius,

religion, were emulous to aggrandize, and the vast and gloomy Lake Mareotis, where the solitary gliding sail rarely appears, and on whose barren shores the sun rises and sets in sadness, never inspiring joy or serenity, as when he plays aslant upon fertile and inhabited lands. There, in that dreary region, unblest by life or verdure, where the human voice, which we hear in society with indifference and impatience, would be found to breathe touching and exquisite melody, and where jealous and vindictive rivals, subdued to amity by a sense of the weakness and mutual dependence of mankind, would gladly meet in friendship—there, that time-defying column stands amidst desolation, emblem of fortitude in adversity, contrasting its stability with the parched and drifting sands of the desert, the ashes as it were of a consumed creation, whilst battles, sieges, inundations, and a thousand other recollections, on which history and poetry dwell, are united with the solemn scene. Overpowered by these awful impressions, the mind of the spectator is penetrated by a deep sense of the visionary nature of human pursuits; he turns, with a sweet and mournful feeling, to this relic of antiquity, as to the altar of “the spirits of the just made perfect,” whose splendid actions, and exalted thoughts, it will, through time, commemorate; it seems, to him, to stand upon “the bank and shoal of time,” connecting the eternity of the past, with that which is coming; and inspires him, through the influence of those grand and solemn associations, with a veneration that has, I firmly believe, preserved this column from the savage and the fanatic, through a long succession of ages! But, without those awful impressions, created by the solemnity and association of the solitary scene, the column itself would not inspire any awe, and but little admiration, or at all enlarge our conceptions.

We may, therefore, conclude, that all the sensations, which can be excited by an isolated column, surmounted by a statue or emblem, and, either with or without sculpture, standing in a crowded city, must be not merely less sublimated, but the very reverse of the high and pure emotions of a secluded spectator of the enshrined representative of a hero, patriot, or genius, whom we wish to make triumph over time.

J. M.

THE FRIARS OF DIJON. A TALE.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

WHEN honest men confess'd their sins,
And paid the church genteelly—
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemn'd to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form, and fallow,
Would scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit, he tipp'd like a fish,
Though not the same potation;
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arriv'd,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that liv'd
About a league from Dijon—

Whose supper-pot was set to boil,
On faggots briskly crackling :
The friars enter'd, with a smile
To Jacquez and to Jacqueline.

They bow'd, and bless'd the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her,
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

The Friars of Dijon. A Tale.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those months that even on Lent days
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, "That were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty;
And if ye supp'd on crusts, I fear,
You'd go to bed but crusty."

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine fit to feast Silenus,
And viands, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two hyænas.

Alternately, the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon-guager,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons convey'd
With æronautic martyrs;
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipt her garters.

And if their hearers gaped, I guess,
With jaws three inch asunder,
'Twas partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the Frères
Went on to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last, they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and tame bear,
If Jacquez had not drunk Good night,
And shewn them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host's was nigh—
Had wife or he suspicion,
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two Confessors would come,
Their holy ears out-reaching
To conversations as hum-drum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you, Friars of orders gray,
That peeping knelt, and wriggling,
And when ye should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed:
And hark! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look black with consternation.

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the Frères,
The fat one, and the lean one.

To-morrow, by the break of day,
He orders too, salt-petre,
And pickling-tubs; but, reader, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Gave pigs the name of friars;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they'd trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

The Friars of Dijon. A Tale.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
God curse him and his lardners!
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he salt-petres Friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly;—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that, for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadillos.

Yet midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of Saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bonze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty ;
The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down
Ass-ass-ass-assination !

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
Popp'd out from every casement ;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads ;
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurra'd,
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—

Who, charging him before police,
Demands of Dominick surly,
What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
Made all this hurly-burly ?

Ass—quoth the priest—ass-assins, Sir,
Are (hence a league, or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre,
And barrel up a friar.

The Friars of Dijon. A Tale.

Soon, at the magistrate's command,
 A troop from the gens-d'armes house
 Of twenty men rode sword in hand,
 To storm the bloody farm's-house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
 Comes Jacquez to the swineyard,
 But started when a great round face
 Cried, Rascal, hold thy whinyard.

'Twas Boniface, as mad 's King Lear,
 Playing antics in the piggery :—
 "And what the devil brought you here,
 You mountain of a friar, eh?"

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
 And blubber'd with the vapours,
 That frantic Capuchin began
 To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, Help, hollo, the bellows blow,
 The pot is on to stew me;
 I am a pretty pig, but, no!
 They shall not barbacue me,

Nor was this raving fit a sham;
 In truth, he was hysterical,
 Until they brought him out a dram,
 And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horsemen halted near,
 Crying, Murderer, stop, ohoy, oh!
 Jacquez was comforting the frère
 With a good glass of noyveau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
 A row; but, waxing mellow,
 Squeez'd Jacquez' hand, and with a hiccup
 Said, You 're a damn'd good fellow.

Explaining lost but little breath :—
 Here ended all the matter;
 So God save Queen Elizabeth,
 And long live Henry Quatre!

The gens-d'armes at the story broke
Into horse-fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known the joke,
Their horses neigh'd thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody ;
So may my readers too perhaps,
And thus I wish 'em Good day.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

January, 1821.

MY shade, O Hermes ! shall punctually obey thy decree. It shall transmit to thee, from London, a monthly narrative of whatever takes place worthy of notice in that forest of chimneys. To whom, indeed, could such communication be half so properly addressed ? As patron of travellers, thou wilt listen with complacency to the memoranda of invalid gentlemen from Florence, Brussels, or Paris : as god of thieves and pickpockets, thou wilt wink at my appropriating to myself the good things of the ancients, and the bad ones of the moderns ; the gold of Parnassus and the tinsel of Paternoster-row : and, as conductor of the dead into the infernal regions, thou canst not reject my critical analysis of new plays. Born on Mount-Cyrene in Arcadia, thou wilt be brisk as the bees of Hymettus, when I convey to thee an Ode on the Serpentine River, or a Sonnet to Primrose-hill, from the pen of a disciple of the new school of poetry. Neither will he, who deemed it no degradation of his divine dignity to steal the oxen of Admetus, the quiver of Apollo, the trident of Neptune, and the girdle of Venus, visit my burglarious intrusions with an indictment in the court of Rhadamanthus, if my shade should, now and then, steal into the boudoir of a countess, the garret of a poet, the green-room of a theatre, or the sanctum sanctorum of a patriotic parish-meeting. Not intended to see the light above, my lucubrations, in the shades below, will be treated with the indulgence usually bestowed upon posthumous productions. If it should prove otherwise, the remedy is obvious : the waters of Lethe and the fires of Tartarus are at hand.

Yet why, O son of Maia, confine my terrestrial year's rule to the narrow boundaries of London Wall ? Why reject with indignation, my petition to revisit Paris ? Thy answer, " Paris is a greater volcano than Vesuvius," must have been delivered in irony. To one, " condemned to fast in fires " below, what could it matter whether that hot-bed of anarchy, the Palais Royal, be,

or be not, converted into a crater of real lava? Or, grant it to be as asserted, is *London*, at this present writing, so perfectly free from volcanic phenomena? Are her artizans all quiet and industrious? her Mayors content, as heretofore, with dutiful dulness; and her Common Councilmen as loyally leaden as in the days of the friend of my friend Voltaire, when

“All from Paul's to Aldgate ate and slept”?

But hold! I prove too much. In my zeal to shew that London is as combustible as Paris, I may induce thee to prohibit my visit to either capital.

It is now upward of sixty years since the Abbé Raynal resigned to me, in the polished capital of France, the Herculean task of acquainting the sovereigns of Germany with the failure of new plays; the squabbles of the Academy; the freaks of actresses; the revolt of dancers; and the revolutionary movement of royal concubines.* During thirty-five years, I toiled at that laborious oar, till the storms of the Revolution drove me into Germany. With thee, O Mercury! I have sojourned fourteen years. At first, how glad were we to associate together! with what good-nature didst thou listen whilst I bantered defunct Parisians! Nivelle de la Chaussée, thou mayest remember, sent a challenge, even in the Elysian fields, to Hugh Kelly, the humblest of English dramatists, because I hailed the latter father of weeping comedy. The Abbé Prevost, for the same cause, squabbled with the voluminous Richardson; merely because he had translated him badly. I pass over Rousseau's ebullition to the shade of David Hume; the man was always mad, dead or alive: but I cannot help reminding thee of his compliment to Mozart, “I admire, Sir, your music in *Il don Giovanni* very much; some passages nearly equal *Le Devin du Village*.” In process of years, however, O Hermes, thou and I have waxed less harmonious. Fellow voyagers, a long calm has made us heartily sick of each other's society: thou hast told all thy good things; I have told all mine: and now, like an industrious bee, I fly upward to the realms of day, to store thy infernal hive with a fresh assortment of honey.

Auto-biography is rarely to be depended upon. Rousseau's vanity consisted in painting himself too ugly; Richard Cumberland, Mrs. Robinson, and Mrs. Bellamy, have painted themselves much too handsome; Gibbon's features are not unlike, but the attitude is too stately. No man, according to Samuel Johnson, sits down to depreciate himself, even in writing a letter; how, then, can we expect any man to gibbet himself in immortal type? The following paper, entitled, “The Bachelor's Ther-

* See *Memoires et Correspondance du Baron de Grimm*, avec le Duc de Saxe-Gotha, depuis 1753, jusqu'en 1790, 7 vols. 8vo.

mometer," was evidently never intended to see the light. It may, therefore, be viewed as probably the most *sincere* self-memoir that ever was penned :—

Ætatis 30. Looked back, through a vista of ten years. Remembered that, at twenty, I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle age to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again; and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it's too late now." Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "a fool at forty is a fool indeed:" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom.

31. Read in the Morning Chronicle, that a watchmaker in Paris, aged thirty-one, had shot himself for love. More fool the watchmaker! Agreed that nobody fell in love after twenty. Quoted Sterne, "The expression *fall* in love, evidently shews love to be *beneath* a man." Went to Drury-lane: saw Miss Crotch in Rosetta, and fell in love with her. Received her ultimatum: none but matrimonians need apply. Was three months making up my mind (a long time for making up such a little parcel), when Kitty Crotch eloped with Lord Buskin. Pretended to be very glad. Took three turns up and down library, and looked in glass. Getting rather fat and florid. Met a friend in Gray's Inn, who said, I was evidently in *rude* health. Thought the compliment ruder than the health.

82. Passion for dancing rather on the decline. Voted sitting out play and farce one of the impossibilities. Still in stage-box three nights per week. Sympathized with the public in vexation, occasioned by non-attendance the other three: can't please every body. Began to wonder at the pleasure of kicking one's heels on a chalked floor till four in the morning. Sold bay mare, who reared at three carriages, and shook me out of the saddle. Thought saddle-making rather worse than formerly. Hair growing thin. Bought a bottle of Tricosian fluid. Mem. "a flattering unction."

33. Hair thinner. Serious thoughts of a wig. Met Colonel Buckhorse, who wears one. Devil in a bush. Serious thoughts of letting it alone. Met a fellow Etonian in the Green Park, who told me I *wore* well: wondered what he could mean. Gave up cricket club, on account of the bad air about Paddington: could not run in it, without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat. Tailor proposed fresh measure, hinting something about bulk. Old measure too short; parchment shrinks. Shortened my morning ride to Hampstead and Highgate, and wondered what people could see at Hendon. Determined not to marry: means expensive, end dubious.

Counted eighteen bald heads in the pit at the Opera. So much the better ; the more the merrier.

35. Tried on an old great coat, and found it an old little one : cloth shrinks as well as parchment. Red face in putting on shoes. Bought a shoe-horn. Remember quizzing my uncle George for using one : then young and foolish. Brother Charles's wife lay-in of her eighth child. Served him right for marrying at twenty-one : age of discretion too ! Hunting-belts for gentlemen hung up in glover's windows. Longed to buy one, but two women in shop cheapening mittens. Three gray hairs in left eye-brow.

36. Several gray hairs in whiskers : all owing to carelessness in manufactory of shaving-soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty-six. Settled the point ! Men grew old sooner in former days. Laid blame upon flapped waistcoats and tie-wigs. Skated on the Serpentine. Gout. Very foolish exercise, only fit for boys. Gave skaits to Charles's eldest son.

37. Fell in love again. Rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion. Emma only nineteen. What then ? women require protectors ; day settled ; devilishly frightened ; too late to get off. Luckily jilted. Emma married George Parker one day before me. Again determined never to marry. Turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond-street. Some of those fellows make a man look ten years younger. Not that that was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner-parties. Gave up country-dancing. Money-musk certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick. Quadrilles stealing hither over the channel. Thought of adding to number of *grave* gentlemen who learn to dance. Dick Dapper dubbed me one of the *over-growns*. Very impertinent, and utterly untrue.

39. Quadrilles rising. Wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner-parties increasing. Found myself gradually *Tontine-ing* it towards top of table. Dreaded *Ultima Thule* of hostesses elbow. Good places for cutting turkies ; bad for cutting jokes. Wondered why *I* was always desired to walk up. Met two school-fellows at Pimlico ; both fat and red-faced. Used to say at school that they were both of my age ; what lies boys tell !

40. Look back ten years. Remember, at thirty, thinking forty a middle-aged man. Must have meant fifty. Fifty certainly, the age of wisdom. Determined to be wise in ten years. Wished to learn music and Italian. Tried *Logier*. 'Twould not do. No defect of capacity, but those things should be learned in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers. Looked in new glass : one chin too much. Looked in other new glass : chin still double.

Art of glass-making on the decline. Sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped. What were legs made for?

42. Gout again: that disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly. Caught myself at a rubber of whist, and blushed. Tried my hand at original composition, and found a hankering after epigram and satire. Wondered I could ever write love-sonnets. Imitated Horace's ode "Ne sit ancilla." Did not mean any thing serious, though Susan certainly civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting-belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Intestines not to be trifled with: threw it aside. Young men, now-a-days, much too small in the waist. Read in *Morning Post* an advertisement "Pills to prevent Corpulency:" bought a box. Never the slimmer, though much the sicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapleton, now Mrs. Meadows, at Bullock's Museum. Twenty-five years ago wanted to marry her. "What an escape! Women certainly age much sooner than men. Charles's eldest boy began to think himself a man. Starched cravat and a cane. What presumption! At his age I was a child.

45. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly called crow's feet. Must have caught cold. Began to talk politics, and shirk the drawing-room. Eulogized Garrick: saw nothing in Kean. Talked of Lord North. Wondered at the licentiousness of the modern press. Why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilkes, in the good old times?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome, and interesting. Growing dislike to the company of young men: all of them talk too much or too little. Began to call chambermaids at Inns "My dear." Thought the money expended upon Waterloo Bridge might have been better employed. Listened to a howl from Capt. Querulous, about family expenses, price of bread and butcher's meat. Did not care a jot, if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf. Hugged myself in "single blessedness," and wished him a good morning.

47. Top of head quite bald. Pleaded Lord Grey in justification. Shook it, on reflecting that I was but three years removed from the "Age of Wisdom." Teeth sound, but not so white as heretofore. Something the matter with the dentifrice. Began to be cautious in chronology. Bad thing to remember too far back. Had serious thoughts of not remembering Miss Farren.

48. Quite settled not to remember Miss Farren. Told Laura Willis that Palmer, who died when I was nineteen, certainly did not *look* forty-eight.

49. Resolved never to marry for any thing but money or rank.

50. Age of wisdom. Married my cook!

POETICAL WORKS OF MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

IN our last number* we commemorated the high individual character of the lately deceased Mrs. John Hunter, and paid a tribute to her poetical memory. Her poems have been for eighteen years before the public. From being published a long time after they were written, they were less attractive to the curiosity of the times than they might have been if they had appeared earlier; but their elegant language, and chastely interesting tone of sentiment, rendered them favourites with not a few good judges of literature. In the opinion of the first of living poetesses, Mrs. Hunter's *Miscellaneous Poems* evince that she possessed the feeling and imagination of genius. The little piece, entitled *La Douce Chimère*, has great sweetness and felicity. Her lines entitled "To my Daughter on being separated from her on her Marriage," struck us as most touchingly pleasing. When we conceive a mother of sensibility addressing her child on such an occasion, poetry seems to perform a hallowed office; and unpretending as this little strain is to the character of originality, it still affects us with the truth and pathos of maternal feeling.

Dear to my heart as life's warm stream
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day;
And thus beguile the present pain
With hopes that we shall meet again.
Yet will it be, as when the past
Twined every joy and care and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast
Of kind affections finely wrought?
Ah, no: the groundless hope were vain;
For so we ne'er can meet again.
May he who claims thy tender heart
Deserve its love, as I have done;
For kind and gentle as thou art,
If so beloved, thou'rt fairly won.
Bright may the sacred torch remain,
And cheer thee till we meet again!

Mrs. Hunter gave our language some of its most popular songs, among which we omitted to mention, in our former notice of her compositions, "The Mermaid's Song," and the delicious little piece "My Mother bids me bind my hair." We have happened by accident to meet with the following lines of her writing, which have never been before published.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

ADDRESSED TO LADY C. WITH AN EOLIAN HARP,
1813.

In early youth, in riper age,
Joy, Hope, or Love the Muse engage;
But brief the gay delusions last.
In after-time, when cares and grief
Come with the falling of the leaf,
She dwells, how fondly! on the past.
O Memory! if to thee she clings,
How small the store thy bounty brings
To aid declining Fancy's power!
Alas! the vital spark is flown—
The colour and the scent are gone—
What then remains?—a faded flower.
Sad were indeed our wintry years,
When life's gay landscape disappears,
Did not the heart its warmth retain:
Affection's undiminish'd glow,
Friendship, the balm of human woe,
Save us the sorrow, to complain.
Lull'd in the lap of quiet, here
I watch the changes of the year,
From Spring, to Autumn's chilling breath:
When all the blooming sweets are fled,
The evergreen shall cheerful spread
Fresh verdant boughs, to deck the earth.
When Nature sinks in deathlike sleep,
And birds a solemn silence keep,
Then robin tunes his lonely lay;
And, perch'd some lowly cottage near,
He chaunts the requiem of the year,
On mossy stone or leafless spray.
Then shall the winds, with viewless wings,
Sweep o'er the harp's harmonious strings,
And call attention to the strain;
Swell the full chord, or dying fall,
Then pause—while busy thoughts recall
Those who can ne'er return again!
The humid drops, which then shall rise
And dim the moist unconscious eyes,
Will fall, and give the heart relief:
Blow then, ye winds; again return,
Ye airy minstrels; softly mourn
The falling of the wither'd leaf.

Titnest Cottage,
Berks.

A. H.

ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTIVITY OF ALEXANDER SCOTT, AMONG
THE WANDERING ARABS OF THE GREAT AFRICAN DESERT,
FOR A PERIOD OF NEARLY SIX YEARS.

With Geographical Observations on his Routes, and Remarks on the Currents of the
Ocean on the North-Western Coast of Africa,

By MAJOR RENNELL, F.R.S. &c.

It appears, in the preamble to this paper, that it is drawn up by Dr. Trail and Mr. Wm. Lawson: the former intended to make a separate volume of it for the benefit of the traveller's friends, but the publishers deemed it too short to produce any emolument to them: it is, therefore, communicated to the public through the pages of the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal," published 1st January last. The traveller, we are told, was frequently examined by the editors, Dr. Trail and Mr. W. Lawson; and from the regulations adopted in drawing from him a narrative of his adventures, and from the observations made by these gentlemen, there appears every reason to suppose that the narrative is faithful and true, as far as it goes. The manuscript, it seems, has been submitted to our celebrated geographer, Major Rennell, to whom it appeared so important, that he has supplied the narrative with a map, shewing Alexander Scott's route across the Desert to Sudan: and that gentleman purposes annexing two dissertations to the narrative, which, coming from so celebrated a man, will necessarily throw fresh light on African geography.

As our acquaintance with Africa proceeds and enlarges, travellers multiply. The moving sand-hills of the solitary Desert, and the stunted shrubs of the *sahell*, or plains of those parched Deserts, become thus more familiar to us, and form a link in the chain of discovery. These elucidations, however, would add but little to our imperfect knowledge of the interior of that vast, unknown, but interesting continent, did they not proceed beyond the limits of these arid plains and mountains of rock and sand, and thereby throw light on the map of Africa, confirming the accounts of former travellers, who, however entitled to credit by a discriminating public, have reported things so incredible as to excite the suspicions of the learned respecting their truth; so true it is, that "*Le plus part des hommes mesurant leur foi par leur connoissance acquise croient à fort peu de choses.*" Riley and Adams have given to the British public narratives of their adventures and observations in these Deserts; several Frenchmen have also added to this stock of information, and have each respectively, in his way, depicted the face of this wild and solitary district, which separates two immense and populous countries on the same continent from one another, as the ocean divides the two continents of South America and Africa. Thus Barbary and Bled el jerreed is divided from Sudan by an immense sea of sand (*a Bahar billa má*) or sea

without water, as the Sahuruwans express it; and the commerce carried on between these distant countries is not by means of ships on an ocean of waters, but by the camel (the ship of the Desert) through an ocean of sand, where water and provisions are almost as difficult to be procured as in (*Bahar máláh*) the salt sea.

"Alexander Scott, a native of Liverpool, at the age of sixteen years sailed as an apprentice in the ship *Montezuma*, Capt. Knubley, belonging to Messrs. J. T. Koster, of Liverpool. This vessel sailed 26th October 1810 for Brasil, but was wrecked 23d November, at 3 o'clock in the morning, on the African coast, between Capes Noon and Bojador. In the course of the first day, the crew, who had reached the shore, were visited by two persons, (one of whom was a Negro) belonging to the Arab tribe Toborlet. They had with them a camel. Scott, the cook, and a Portuguese boy named Antonio, were desired by Captain Knubley to accompany these men to their habitations. The natives, finding that Antonio had a knife and some copper coin, took his knife and cut away the pocket containing the money; in consequence of which the Portuguese refused to go farther, and returned to the coast. Scott and the cook proceeded chiefly on foot, but occasionally riding on the camel for eight or nine hours, when they arrived at a valley called *Zerrohak*, on the sides of which about 100 small tents were scattered. These tents were low, and formed of a coarse mat-like stuff, manufactured by the Arabs of the hair of goats and camels, intermixed with wool. There might be about six or seven persons inhabiting each tent. Their complexions were very brown; both men and women were bony and slender. Scott and his companion were consigned by their guides to the care of some women.

"Next day the Captain and the rest of the crew arrived; but on the following day Scott was carried by the same two men (who had been his guides) to other tents about two miles off. He remained three weeks at those two places, during which period all the people were scattered about. But Scott and Antonio remained together; they had skins to sleep on, and a thick porridge of barley-meal* for food. Scott had remarked that two pigs, saved from the wreck, had been killed by the Arabs, but their flesh was either left on the beach†, or thrown into the sea.

"The Arabs now began to break up their tents, and sold Scott to an old man named *Sidi El Hartomi*, who had with him three camels. He carried Scott away, and they fell in, on the evening of the same day, with another Arab, who had purchased the remainder of the crew, with the exception of the captain, a passenger, and two seamen."

After marching about in different directions, Scott was carried due south, having occasionally a sight of the sea. The country through which he passed consisted of a soft sand: a part of the

* This is the Hassua described by Jackson in his "Travels in Africa," annexed to Shabeeny's "Account of Timbuctoo and Housa," page 442.

† Because the Arabs being of the Muhamedan faith, and claiming descent from the patriarch Abraham, execrate hog's flesh.

road lay through a valley watered by a salt river, and containing a deep thicket or wood, in which our traveller observed trees* resembling firs, and some from which whitish gum exuded. This last had sharp spines, the stem thicker than a man's body, not very high, but growing compactly together. After travelling seventeen days in a southerly direction, they came to an encampment of thirty-three tents, in a district which, Scott says, is called El Ghiblah, and is bounded on the west by the sea.

In this district, Scott saw plenty of wild fowl, occasionally foxes, wolves, deer, or animals like deer, with a red back, white belly, tapering black horns, with prominent rings and tips bent forward; eyes black and large.†

After remaining several months at El Ghiblah, Scott was told the tribe would go a long journey to *Hex el Hezsh* ‡, and that he must go with them, and there change his religion §, or die.

The old man, his master, his three sons and three daughters, with many others of the tribe, composed a caravan of twenty families.

The party mustered between 500 and 600 camels, of which fifty-seven were the property of *Sidi El Hartoni*; each family was provided with a tent, which, with provisions, water, and all other effects, were carried by the male camels, while the young camels, and those that gave milk, had no load whatever. The number of sheep belonging to the caravan was above 1000, and their goats nearly as many.

Here follows an interesting description of the mode of travelling in the Sahara, too circumstantial for our limits. Scott describes a shrub in the Sahara, about three feet high, called by the Arabs *El Myrrh*. This is undoubtedly the myrrh plant, it being so called in Arabia. Our traveller describes the root of this shrub to be sweet like liquorice, and a running root; but the liquorice shrub might have been mixed with the myrrh, and one mistaken for the other. The liquorice root abounds so in Lower Susa, that it is called the root of Susa. Bustards also are seen all over Barbary, and is probably the bird mistaken by Scott for the wild peacock.

* These trees, resembling firs, were probably the wild juniper, with which South and West Barbary and Bled el Jered abound. The gum-trees, from this description, can be no other than the *aurivar*-tree, which resembles the tree here described in every particular, and produces a white gum, called *alk suda*. It is the same gum that the London druggists call Turkey gum-arabic.

† This animal resembles, in every character, the animal called El Horreh. It is the animal whose skin is used by the great for prostration and prayer. It produces the Bizoar stone. Mr. Jackson describes the animal in the zoological chapter in his "Account of Marocco," &c.

‡ *Hex el Hezsh* is an Arabic term, signifying the pilgrimage of pilgrimages, undoubtedly the mausoleum of some celebrated Muhamedan Murab't or saint.

§ To Muselmism, no doubt.

Mines of salt and of sulphur our traveller discovered in his road through Sahara.

All writings, that throw light upon the unexplored paths of Africa, are valuable, as forming steps towards the discovery of that unknown continent. Scott's account is so far interesting, and it is drawn up with precision and ability ; but as our object is not to rob the narrative of its information, but to excite the curiosity of the public, (or at least that part of it that is interested in the discovery of Africa,) to the perusal of this interesting narrative, we shall proceed to offer a few critical observations, in order to elucidate the errors committed from an ignorance of the language of the Arabs, and so conclude our observations, recommending our readers to the perusal of the work itself, which, it is announced, will be completed in the next number of the "Edinburgh Philosophical Journal."

Our traveller arrives at what is denominated by the Arabs the Sanctuary of Sanctuaries—the tomb of Sidi Muhamed, on the south of the Lake, called Bahar Dehebbie, the Dibble of Park.

Our traveller relates that he was employed to grind or bruise barley between two flat stones : this is the portable and domestic corn-mill that is used in all families throughout Western Africa, and in the countries of Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, &c.

In crossing the Bahar Dehebbie, Scott remarkably confirms* Mr. Jackson's account of the navigation of these waters, which has been doubted. He says,

"A large boat was hired to convey them across the lake. This boat was very long ; was built of a red wood, something like mahogany ; appeared to have no iron about her, and even her rudder was fastened by ropes† of straw or grass. Between seventy and eighty of their party embarked in this boat, among whom was Scott. The boat was commanded by an Arab of a darker complexion than those with whom Scott had travelled, and was manned by six blacks ; was rowed with six oars, until a little before sun-set, at the rate of two miles an hour. The oars were very short and clumsy ; the blacks sat two on the same seat, with their faces to the stern, rowing with quick and short strokes, and raising

* These boats are described to be about forty cubits in length, and eight in breadth, having the planks fastened together by shreet, or bass rope, and carry 150 or 200 men, and forty tons of goods. They have no sails ; but when the wind is favourable, two oars are set up perpendicularly on each side of the boat, to which is fastened a large hayk, or spreading garment, which serves as a substitute for a sail. These boats are rowed by sixteen oars ; at night they come to anchor by throwing a large stone overboard, tied to a rope or cable, as before mentioned, which serves as an anchor.—*Note.* Seven cubits make four English yards. *Vide* Jackson's "Account of Marocco," enlarged edition, page 310.

† Ropes of grass, called shreet, made of the fan-palm, or small rushes.—"Sir Joseph Banks will be obliged to Mr. Jackson if he can inform him of the meaning of the word shreet. In an account of *Timkitoon*, lately come to hand, which Sir Joseph supposes to be *Tombuctoo*, the natives are said to have small boats made of reeds attached with shreet.—*Jan. 10, 1796.*"

the body at each stroke, not sitting steady and making a long pull, as English sailors do. They rested half a dozen times through the day, for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at a time. A little before sun-set a large stone, which served as an anchor, was let down with about twenty fathom of cable, and the boat remained stationary all night. They weighed anchor again at sun-rise, proceeded as before till sun-set, and then again cast anchor. Soon after day-break, on the third day, they again got under weigh, and proceeded until about two o'clock in the afternoon, when they arrived at the opposite shore. Their course was straight for two mountains, visible on the shore where they embarked; and they landed at their foot, in a country called *El Hezsh*."

"The lake is named *Bahar Tieb. Judging by the position of the rising sun, Scott thinks that the greatest extent of this Bahar is from N.E. to S.W.† When on it, he could not perceive any boundary in those directions, and he was told that it extended very far in both. Its breadth he could not state, except as far as an inference may be drawn from the time they took to cross it, at this, which seemed its narrowest part. The water, during their passage, was smooth."

Scott says, there were many boats on the *Bahar* fishing, and capable of carrying 200 people: the ends of the boat were both alike, rising up like those‡ of a canoe, very sharp decked for about three yards at each end, with *several seats* for the rowers across it. The boat was very flat-bottomed, was ceiled in the bottom and up the sides; had no mast, but there was a step for one in the keel, and a hole in the seat over it. The cable was formed of a rushy grass, which he was told is taken when green, is flattened by beating it when wet, and then twisted into ropes, which become afterwards yellow. The boat, in the language of the Arabs, is called *Zourgos*, but by the natives *El Sharrag* and *El Hezsh Flook*.§

Scott gives further interesting particulars respecting this lake, the costume of the boatmen, which resembles that of the boatmen in West and South Barbary, (on the Atlantic.) This narrative appears to us to contain more valuable information, in a very limited space, than is contained in the ponderous quartos of other travel-

* Scott calls it Bahar Tieb, which really signifies the smooth sea or lake, or the calm sea. There can be no question as to this interpretation of these Arabic words. Scott, therefore, could not have understood Arabic if he understood Bahar to be a water on which boats go, and Tieb, fresh. It appears, indeed, immediately afterwards in this narrative, that the water actually was calm or smooth when he crossed it; a further proof of which is, that they made no use of the sail, but the oar only, rowing precisely as they do on the Barbary coast.

† See the map of the track across the Sahara, in Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo: the lake is westward of Timbuctoo, and near Jinnie.

‡ This is an exact description of the form or fashion of the boats used on the coast of Barbary, on the Atlantic, for shipping and landing goods.

§ We doubt *Zourgos* being an Arabic word, the Arabic for a boat or vessel of this description is *Karb* sing, *Kuab* plur. *Flook* is a Portuguese, or rather a *Lingua franca* word, used throughout Western Africa, to designate a boat:—*el Hezsh flook*, a boat of Hezsh.

lers in the Sahara, as Riley, Adams, &c.; and we shall conclude our observations with a few reflections on the language.

Speaking of the boatmen, Scott says, these people spoke the *Arab language*, and also another called *Schlech**; and speaking of the sea which washes the coast of Guinea, he says, they call it *Bahar el Kabeer*; and this is the name by which the Arabs of the present day designate the Atlantic ocean, formerly called by the Arabian geographers *Bahar Addolem*, i. e. the Sea of Darkness, or the Unknown Sea.

Scott proceeding in this interesting narrative, and describing the sanctuary† of Sidi Muhamed, a celebrated Murab't, who was interred on the borders of the lake, says, "The name of this place is *El Tah Sidna Mahommed*, signifying the place of a chief called Mahommed; and the name of the tribe is *El Tahsi del Hezsh*." In the interpretation of these terms Scott is incorrect. The words *El Tah Sidna Mahommed* signify, The obedience or subjection to our Lord Mahommed; and the words *El Tahsi-del-Hezsh* should be *El-Tah-Sid-el Hezsh*, The obedience to the Lord of Hezsh.

The Lord of Hezsh is another term for Sidna Mahommed: the pilgrims from all quarters, on their entrance to Mekka, exclaim *Tah Seedna Muhamed wa Allah*, "Obedience to our Lord Muhamed and to God."

When an imperial letter or order is announced to be read before all the people, as is the custom in North-western Africa, the bashaw, or governor, exclaims before all the people, *Aji tsmâ Killem seedna*, "Come and hear the words of our Lord," (i. e. our Emperor); to which the people all answer (as all loyal subjects in this realm exclaim, God save the King!) *N'smâ wa tah*, "We will hear and obey."

Scott informs us, that on his return to El Ghiblah, he was told that another great man, called *Sidna Aly*, was buried in the building or sanctuary above-described, besides others named Hained, Mousa, &c. &c. This is the case at all Muhamedan mausoleums: the great are desirous of having their remains deposited at such holy places. There are several tombs of kings and princes at the sanctuary of Muley Edris Zerone above-mentioned. Europeans spell the name of the prophet Muhamed variously, thus, Maho-

* This is without doubt the language spoken by the inhabitants of the mountains and shores of Suse, the *Shelluh* language, a specimen of which will be found in the chapter on African languages, inserted in Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo, &c. &c. by James G. Jackson.

† With respect to this sanctuary, we learn from Mr. Jackson, the African traveller, that he has frequently heard of it, but never knew that it was situated on the borders of the lake Dehebbie, near Jinnie. It is as celebrated as the sanctuary of Muley Edris Zerone, on the Atlas mountains, where the father of the celebrated khalif and patron of learning, Aaron Errashid, was buried.

met, Mohamed, Mohammed, &c. It should be observed, that Muhamed, Mahamd, M'hamd, are all Arabian names; but the Korannick orthography, for the (*Innaby*) i. e. the prophet, is *Muhamed*, not Mahomet, as Voltaire and the French sçavans have written it.

When our traveller was told that his companions were going to *Hex el Hexsh*, to Sidna Mahomed, it signified, that they were going to perform the pilgrimage of pilgrimages, to the tomb of their Lord Muhamed!

Scott saw many large rocks full of sand and clay, and chinney-wood, called, in Arabic, Tomkilet. This is the Orchilla weed, so celebrated in commerce for dying: the name of it is *T'imkielt*, which is a Shelluh word, not Arabic.

Scott arrived at a valley between two high mountains, the sides of which produced large oil-trees. The branches of this tree "resemble an oak, and produce green plums," with a hard shell and a kernel in each, which, when boiled, afford oil. The process for obtaining this oil is as follows: "the nuts are broken, the kernels dried in the sun, then ground and boiled with water, in clay pots; the oil is skimmed off as it rises." The editor of this narrative thinks this is the Shea-tree described by Park; but this description agrees precisely with the Argan olive-tree, and the process for procuring the oil is precisely that which is practised by the Shelluhs of Suse* and Haha, in their preparation of the Argan† oil, and the exact resemblance identifies both the tree and its fruit. The Argan olive-tree in form and size resembles the oak; the plums or olives are of green, brown, or red, according to the degree of maturity, being red when ripe. The Argan olive is broken and given to cattle: this part resembles an olive; it is dried and given to the camels as food, and is not unlike our oil-cakes: it is called by the Shelluhs of Haha and Suse, where the fruit abounds, *Ausq-warualik*, a Shelluh term. It has a stone inside, containing a kernel; the children are set to work to break these stones and to collect the kernels, from which they extract oil, as Scott describes. This oil is called Zeet Argan, or Argan oil, so that there is no doubt but this oil is the produce of the Argan olive, not the produce of the Shea-tree.

Scott, speaking of the sanctuary of Seedna Muhamed, on the borders of the Bahar Dehebby, says, "There was a long pole projecting beyond the line of the wall, with forked ends, each of which was covered by an ostrich's egg. Immediately below was a bowl, placed on three large stones, supporting it two feet from the ground." This bowl was for charity, and the ostrich's eggs are relics or emblems of a Muhamedan sanctuary; they make a hole in one

* Provinces in the Empire of Marocco.—See the Map of Marocco in Shabceny's Account of Timbuctoo, &c. &c.

† The qualities of this oil are described in Shabceny's Account of Timbuctoo, &c. page 91.

end of the shell, and fix it on the pole. They told Scott that "this building was the grave of Seedna Muhamed*"; but he observes that this does not mean the grave of the prophet, whose title, among them, is *Uhr r soël*." This last word is a corruption of a *Rassule* (Allah), i. e. the Messenger of God; Muhamed's title among the Arabs. Scott was told, that the personage here buried was laid on his side, with his head to the north, his feet to the south, and his face to the east.†

Our traveller proceeds to describe the Muhamedan prayers, and says, when they arrived on the ground, all, in a standing position, cried aloud, *Allah ackibar shedou il lahi el Allah. Shedowna Mahommed de rassoul Allah*. This is a mixture of French and Arabic. The correct words are, Allah â kabeer, shedu, la ila Allah; Sheduna, Muhamed rassule Allah; i. e. God is great; bear witness that there is none but God; we bear witness that Muhamed is the messenger of God.‡ These are the words that are daily and invariably sung from the minarets of the mosques, to call the people to prayers, in Muhamedan countries.

The people here threatened to kill Scott, if he did not turn Muselman; but when they found him resolute in refusing, they no longer pressed him, but did not suffer him again to approach the sanctuary. Here, we should observe, that it is the incumbent duty of every true Muselman to invite infidels (in Muhamed) to *silm*, as they term it, that is, to be converted to the Muhamedan faith, but they never force a person to turn; they may threaten, but they do not put their threats in execution; this would be incompatible with the liberality which the *Deen el Wasah*, i. e. the latitudinal law, or law of Muhamed, professes to have.

The offerings of sheep and goats at the sanctuary is common in Muhamedan countries. A man, however great the injury he has committed against any one, is able to efface it by a sacrifice at the door of the offended person. The people, who came from the south, with red caps, were unquestionably Muselmén; as were also those who came from the north. The dark blue linen shirt, short trowsers, red girdle, and yellow slippers, with a knife at their side, is the costume of the Bedoween or wandering Arab. The female dress, here described, is the White Häück: broad plates of silver, hanging in front of each shoulder, as brooches, &c. &c. is the dress of the female Arabs north of the desert; the Blue *Millichä*, red belt, &c. is the dress of the female Bedoween Arab.

[To be concluded in our next.]

* The Muhamedans bury their dead with the face towards Mekka, so that at the resurrection they will face the Kaaba, or tomb of Muhamed, at Medina; therefore, where Scott was, the face would be nearly east, the lake being in about the same latitude with Medina in Arabia; in South Africa the face of the dead is placed towards the north, or facing Medina, the feet nearly east.

† Seedna Muhamed may apply to any Murab't or holy man, whose name was Muhamed; but *Rassule Allah* is applied to the prophet Muhamed only.

‡ The name of God is never signified by the pronoun: this is considered by the Arabs irreverent.

ON COLLECTING.

PENWINKER.—“ A person of your curiosity must have collected many rarities.”
 COLONEL.—“ I have some, Sir.” — *Bold Stroke for a Wife.*

READER, do you want a pleasant and gentle recreation, that will break through the tedium of unoccupied time, that will blunt the sense of public misfortunes, and fortify the mind against the access of domestic cares?—TURN COLLECTOR. Are you in want of a short and easy cut, a truly royal road, to science and learning, to taste and *virtù*? again I say—TURN COLLECTOR. Do you need an *appui* against the vexations of business, the tyranny of a vixen, the mawkishness of pamphlets, the depreciation of land, the fall of trade, the unsteadiness of stocks, the *decadence* of comedy, the burlesque of tragedy, the fatigue of a financial debate, the fecundity of imitators, the paucity of original genius, the brevity of epigrams, and the proximity of epics; in short, would you take up a pursuit, that will “ nourish your youth, amuse your old age, adorn prosperity and shelter adversity, delight you at home, leave you un-preoccupied abroad, watch with you, journey with you, and accompany you in town or country?” once more I say—TURN COLLECTOR.

Among the thousand and one cants, that are daily canted in this age of characteristic falsehood and hypocrisy, there is none more contemptible than that which trumpets forth its disparagements of wealth; and affects to place riches, in the scale of the good things of this world, below learning. In my mind, money and knowledge stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect; and there are certainly much better arguments for giving precedence to causes, than grammarians can assign for making “ the masculine more worthy than the feminine,” which they continue to do, in despite of all gallantry and physiological truth. How many persons could I cite, if I chose to be personal, who were formerly of no account whatever in the world, and whom a “ lucky hit” has qualified for sitting in committees on the most abstruse matters of political interest! How many poets could I name, who derive their title to that appellation exclusively from the means of paying their printer! Horace, indeed, has touched this point with his usual smartness and perspicuity of remark. “ Ego,” says he,

“ Ego nec studium sine dixite tendi,
 Nec rude quid proxit video ingenium.”

which, I conceive, to be thus literally translated:—

“ ‘Tis money gives a force to arguments,
 And your true genius lies in—three per cents.”

For the present, however, I shall confine myself exclusively to

a single instance of the power of wealth in conferring talents, which arises out of the facilities it affords in collecting. What extensive learning is to be purchased, in the perusal of catalogues, and the conversation of auction-rooms, by those who can afford to have a library! What a deal of scholarship may be acquired in the collection of a complete set of Elzevirs; and should a querulous Mundungus reply that this extends not beyond the titlepages of books, may he not be answered with *Est quidam prodire tenus*? In the fine arts, collecting is the only means of acquiring a knowledge that the world will esteem above a groat. Your collector, if he be rich, may prate as long as he pleases on Raphael and Dominichino; whereas, had he not purchased his knowledge, he would not be allowed taste enough to distinguish a Corregio from a Wovermans, or an Albano from a Paul Potter. In the noble science of gastronomy, likewise, he who cannot afford to collect a cellar of wines, and accumulate the rarities of distant climes and seasons, will make but little progress. For, though the *diner* and the *dinee*, the host and the guest, have similar sources open to them, yet the most practised parasite cannot attain to the same *regular course of study*, as the *Amphitryon Millionaire*. In every department, in short, of research, the real distinction between the man of science and the ignoramus, between the adept and the sciolist, rests altogether in the power of purchase.

To collect in great style, and "*per far effetto*," as the Italians say, a good house is an essential preliminary:

"Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi."

Books, pictures, and natural curiosities, cut no figure in a garret; and a series of coins will seldom be found perfect in the hands of a *pot-walloper*. It is in vain, that the bookbinder adds a third or a half to the value of your volumes, if they are to remain buried in dust and obscurity.

Title, also, is by no means an object of indifference. Doctors or Professors give a very pretty air to a collection; but Sir James, or My Lord, are irresistible; while His Grace gives certain presage of something indeed worth seeing:

"Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?"

Let not, however, more humble merit be discouraged. Collecting has its facilities for all classes. Those who cannot soar to pictures, may mount to prints; and those, for whom even prints are too high a flight, may creep on with lithographs. Then again, in China collecting, those who cannot top the real Nankeen, may content themselves with Chelsea; and he who cannot stand a joss, or a vase, may deal in tea-pots and odd plates. Unless you have an ample fortune, Greek, Sicilian, and

Byzantine coins, should not enter among your wishes; but you may cut a very decent figure with tradesmen's tokens, and a few broad Harry's. Bishop Blaze must be your substitute for the horned Alexander, and the lady of Coventry take the place of Faustina or Theodora.

A friend of mine, a very worthy man, of more taste, however, than riches, and of greater ingenuity than pecuniary means, actually made a very pretty collection, which, from the utmost limits of his price, has acquired the name of "*Collection à vingt six sous*." Some of his articles, indeed, are a little apocryphal, and have no pretence to range under this title. These owe their place in the catalogue partly to the generosity of friends (for every one likes to give the collector a lift); but the major part, I fear, have found their way to his shelves, by a neglect of the vulgar axiom of *suum cuique*. This, however, among collectors, is nothing,

"Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim,"

and, on that account, I would (in a parenthesis) never recommend the lending of illustrated volumes, or even of common books of prints, without a receipt, and a certificate under the hand of the minister or two churchwardens, that the borrower does not collect. I myself once had a moderate-sized lock cut from the head of Napoleon; which, though I never trusted it out of my sight, nor gave away one solitary fibre, is now reduced,—so powerful is the "*innatus amor habendi*" of my collecting friends, to a single hair.

In collecting, there are two modes of procedure, each of which has its merits. The one is to confine yourself to a single branch, a mode, which combines the advantage of concentration, with the demand for a smaller capital: the other is to extend your rapacity through all the regions of nature and of art, and to make all fish that comes to your net. By the former of these plans, a theatrical acquaintance of mine arrived at a very complete collection of wigs; and Will. Rueful's set of last dying speeches was rendered the most perfect extant.

For this monographical system, however, skulls are a bad subject. The varieties of human nature are too extensive to hope for arriving at every possible boss and indentation of defunct peculiarity. Not even the Catacombs of Paris could supply a perfect collection. Neither are snuff-boxes a good object for this select cupidity; though a complete set of Scotch mulls might be had with perseverance and dexterity, and would afford fair-grounded claims to a satisfactory notoriety.

The plan, upon which I started in life, was that of the *omnium gatherum*; which, it must be confessed, was the more spirited, as I commenced without a single shilling. I had the good luck to

acquire the taste for collecting at school, where I was remarkable for my collection of *taws* and alleys, which in the end I enriched by the additions of three new sixpences and five silver pennies, obtained from a relation, who had a place in the Tower.

You will not be surprised at success, founded upon such small beginnings. Carthage first rose upon an *hide* of land, and we all know Mercier's story of fortunes made by collecting the *pins* which fall in the theatres of Paris. Patience and industry will, in the long run, do wonders. Two rules alone suffice; refuse nothing that offers, and beg, borrow, or steal, whenever you can. Nothing is more absurd than to seek objects only of high value. I was the first person to introduce a taste for plaster models; which combine the advantage of great cheapness, with perfect accuracy of imitation. Sulphur casts also found favour in my sight, and have supplied the place of original medals, too scarce to be obtained, or too dear for purchase.

As the "*aliquid plus quam satis est*" was never a tenant of my pocket, my collections have not been formed without great sacrifices; and both stomach and back have fared the worse for the inordinate cravings of my fancy. I have gone to bed in the dark for a whole winter, to purchase an Etruscan lamp; I have taken the lining out of my purse, and given crowns and half-guineas, "good and lawful money of Great Britain," to possess myself of an antique counterfeit of a Roman Emperor. I have exchanged a new shirt for an old pair of lace ruffles, and have abridged my dinners to sup with the Deipnosophists of Athenæus.

To be candid, however, the account does not all lie on one side; and, if my collection stands indebted to my mortified appetites, it has, in other instances, largely contributed to keep life and soul together. Lazarus, lying at the rich man's gate, stood my kind friend when I wanted to raise the wind; the good Samaritan twice saved me from a sponging-house; and a Last Supper gave me the first hearty meal I took on coming out of a long fever. To Sappho I am indebted for success in an unhappy passion I conceived for a mercenary Leontium; and Mahomet the Great carried the infant pledge of our loves to the baptismal font.

These ebbs and flows of my collection, however keen the sensations of pleasure or vexation they were calculated to occasion, have always prevented any department from becoming perfect. Finding myself, therefore, engaged in an hopeless struggle with estated virtuosi and collecting nabobs, I have determined to turn my taste and experience to pecuniary account; and as "great allowances are made to those who buy to sell again," I mean to convert my cabinet into a warehouse, and to increase my stores by the profits of trade. An object, when paid

for, is not the less mine, because I mean to dispose of it; and as it is a maxim, that a new horse is better than a good one, so I find that I may derive gratification from the novelty of my acquisitions, and enjoy a transitory pleasure in whims, too expensive for permanent indulgence. I take, therefore, this opportunity of letting the learned world know that I have upon hand a variety of choice duplicates for sale, many of them articles, that have not yet appeared in any English collections. To prevent all mistake, I beg to submit to the attention of virtuosos the following catalogue of selected specimens, chosen from an infinite number of valuable objects, to be found on my shelves, which are too multitudinous to mention at large.

From among the most rare and extraordinary contents of my metaphysical cabinet, I shall notice only—

No. 1. An Entelechia, in a bottle, hermetically sealed. This article has excited much dispute among the learned. Many efforts were made to analyze it, which ended in the total evaporation of the subject. Fortunately, a duplicate specimen remained, which is now on sale, in high preservation.

No. 2. Selected specimens of Archetypal ideas. Some, having been employed, are the worse for wear; but the greater number have not yet been worked into their antitypes, and might serve for any new theoretical system.

No. 3. A small vial of transcendentials, very muddy and obscure.

No. 4. Three pieces of pre-established harmony in full score:

1. Overture to the Creation.
2. Vesuvio, a serenata imitating an earthquake, in the manner of Haydn.
3. "The murder of the innocents," a melodrame.

N.B. There are some errors of the copyist in this music, as the counterpoint is occasionally imperfect, and the ensemble detestable.

No. 5. A specimen of the music of the spheres; overcharged with wind-instruments, though otherwise in the style of the old masters.

No. 6. A bunch of sufficing reasons—not very good.

In natural philosophy the collector will view, with admiration:

No. 7. Several fragments of atoms—damaged in the carriage.

No. 8. Infinite sections of matter, beautifully prepared.

No. 9. A large lump of the centre of gravity—peculiarly attractive.

No. 10. A fragment of the North Pole, brought by the last expedition to the Frozen Ocean.

No. 11. A complete assortment of mathematical points, lines, and surfaces—useful to beginners.

In physiology, the most remarkable articles are :

No. 12. A pint of spirit of animation, prepared by the late Dr. Darwin.

No. 13. An ounce of *materia vitæ diffusa*. There are persons who affirm that these two objects are the same; though chemists are not agreed in their analysis. Some say they are both *Vin de Champaign*; and an hypochondriacal, but very learned old gentleman, insists that they are nothing but a rapid and markish water, rendered lively by an impregnation of vapours, easily dissipated.

No. 14. Four vials of humours—the melancholy of a beautiful black.

No. 15. Four packets of the elements, to correspond.

No. 16. An human os coccygis, with the rudiments of a tail annexed. Formerly the property of my Lord Monboddo.

Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20. The souls of several species of brutes, labelled.

In the moral philosophy collection; the curious will not fail to be captivated with—

No. 21. Half an inch of the *responser*, which is of so elastic a nature, that it may be extended a yard and a half without suffering the least injury from the operation.

No. 22. An indifferent good moral sense.

No. 23. Three ounces of summum bonum, the property of a deceased optimist. As this object has lost much of its virtue, it may be had a bargain.

No. 24. A damaged specimen of the *beau idéal*, a good deal distorted.

In the law collection will be found :

Nos. 25, 26, and 27. Attested portraits of Messrs. Doe, Roe, and Thrustout, by Rovinaccio Pazzatesta—the style poor, and the handling rather confined.

No. 28. Various fragments of the king's peace.

No. 29. The complete armoury of an indictment.

N. B. An assortment of empty cases to be disposed of by private contract.

The department of politics contains many curious articles; but since the passing of the late acts, I do not care to exhibit them; the following, however, are for sale :

No. 30. One scale of the balance of power.

No. 31. A specimen of public credit, rather exhausted.

No. 32. An inextricable puzzle, called Finance.

In theology are recommended :

No. 33. Several cases of conscience.

No. 34. An imperfect toleration.

No. 35. A phosphorus bottle, charged with new light.

No. 36. A few specimens of zeal, somewhat stained with fanaticism.

No. 37. A drawing of a lost species of animal called the *Bos Vaticanus*.

In offering this choice collection for sale, money is less an object than a love of science; the owner would, therefore, prefer selling at half-price to a real connoisseur, to making a disgraceful market of that cullibility, which gives itself airs, without knowing a Ptolemy Euergetes from a Queen Anne's farthing, or a diamond beetle from a common cock-chaffer.

For farther particulars apply to the advertiser.

TO M. SAY.

ON SOME FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES IN STATISTICS, AND
THE CAUSES OF THE PRESENT STAGNATION OF COM-
MERCE.

LETTER II.

SIR,—BEFORE I proceed to answer the question, Why we, like our commercial connexions, have been in distress for two years, *amid peace and plenty*—I ought to notice, that some persons have expressed doubts, whether our distress has been at all equal to what it is generally reported to have been. That it has been much overstated, as usual, is probable enough. I receive the information of interested persons always with great caution. Man is a querulous animal every where; and he is particularly so in Britain. That individual who, during the current period, admits he is successful, must either be of an uncommon temperament, or have some selfish object in view, in making such a confession. Besides, all are liable to be deceived by conjectures. We very frequently find the information of individuals completely at variance with the general official returns. Indeed, we often hear the same circulators giving a very different character of a certain year, when past, from what they gave of it, while yet it was current.

That the distress, however, has been very extensive and severe in some of the leading lines of employment, is proved by a criterion which never errs—the rate of price. The unexampled fall in wages and the prices of many articles, in these lines, demonstrates the fact.

The distress has confessedly sprung from a stagnation in these lines. What, then, has caused the stagnation, which has produced so unfortunate a result?

All stagnation necessarily arises from an over-supply. And this over-supply may be created, either by a falling off in the usual

quantum of the demand, or by a production of articles beyond what that quantum requires, or by both. Let us then endeavour to ascertain which cause has been operating in the present case, or whether both have not been combining.

There is an *artificial* demand, as well as a *real*. The real is evidently equal in amount to the ultimate quantum of raw materials, labour, and skill, or the results of labour and skill, wanted by the last purchasers, or the purchasers who buy not to exchange but to use: the consumers, as we have technically called them.* Manufacturers, merchants, mere speculators, and others, may, by their manœuvrings, create a larger amount of demand than this; but it is as evident, that this extra portion is artificial or nominal; and unless, in its operation, it succeeds in creating an additional quantum of real demand, it will have no permanent influence. If it fail to do this, instead of increasing, it will diminish, the amount of the real demand, to the injury of all directly or indirectly connected with it.

I am fully satisfied, from actual results, that this artificial demand, arising from mere speculation, frequently increases the quantum of the real demand, and the means of producing wealth; but I am also satisfied from facts, that when it is over-done, or unwisely managed, it ends in diminishing the latter for the time. It is, however, perfectly clear, that the beneficial effect of the artificial demand must rest on its influence in increasing the ultimate or real demand. And it is as clear, that *the quantum of the latter must be equal to the amount of the actual incomes of the circulators*.

In this fact, I find what I have called the first principle of circulation. And here it will tend not only to brevity, but to a clear view of the subject, to state the five leading principles constantly and universally operating, in nature or real life, in the production of employment, income, and wealth.

1. *What is income to one, is, according to the arrangement of nature, the source of employment and income to others.*

2. *The process of the production of wealth is carried on by charging and countercharging.*

3. *The more various the classes, the richer are they all, or the community.*

4. *The demand regulates the supply of subsistence, housing, clothing, &c. as far as this is dependent on the will of man.*

5. *The price, and consequently the quantum of profitable chargeability, depend uniformly, more or less, on the relative state of the demand and supply.*

These practical principles, the reality of which I may venture to say is strictly demonstrable, will, if properly attended to,

* Happiness of States, Book 2; Ch. 5, p. 66.

give the inquirer a clear view of the entire process of nature in the production of wealth, and, I think, enable us fully to account for the stagnation, which has, for these two years, distressed so many classes throughout Europe and America.

Economists have been but too fond of creating artificial or fanciful distinctions. This disposition has led them into many of their misconceptions and errors. Fancy and subtilising, if I may use the expression, are particularly out of their place in statistics, which is a science of facts. And yet, with regard to no science have they been more indulged in, to the repulsion of the great mass of readers. It is high time, Sir, in this practical science, to leave fancies for facts; to set aside subtilising, and deduce real causes from actual results: in short, to reason, and not to dream: to take things as they are, and to endeavour fully to account for them, instead of distorting them to suit the visions of theory. The discussions of economists about wealth, value, and so forth—I must speak out plainly, when the community has so much at stake—shew more attention to theoretical imagination, than to real science.

Dr. Adam Smith has not given us a formal definition of what he understands by wealth.

Had Lord Lauderdale been satisfied with his definition of wealth, as “consisting of all that man desires, as useful or delightful to him*,” it might be admitted as a very fair description of wealth, in respect to enjoyment. But, when he proceeds to derive the essence of value from *scarcity*, he spoils all, and renders his definition imperfect and incorrect. The distinction also, which his Lordship has attempted to create, between the wealth of individuals and the wealth of their nation, is fanciful, and not only unwarranted by, but contrary to facts. Whether we speak of wealth with respect to use, or wealth with respect to exchange, price, or value, nothing can be more clear than that *the wealth of a nation is made up of the wealth of the individuals who form it.*†

I shall have occasion afterwards to examine more particularly what you have laid down as “to *utility* being the foundation of wealth and value.”‡

Mr. Malthus has defined wealth to be “those *material* objects, which are necessary, useful, or agreeable to mankind.”|| This definition is evidently incomplete and incorrect, both with respect to use, and exchanging value. It excludes the intellectual sources of enjoyment and of price, which contribute so extensively to the happiness and wealth of men. What has materi-

* Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Public Wealth, p. 57.

† Happiness of States, p. 19.

‡ Traité d'Economie Politique, p. 3.

|| Principles of Political Economy, p. 28.

ality to do in the case, except as a mean of happiness, or of income. But is it the sole mean? The limitation of *material* is introduced into the definition, not from the reason of the thing, but to save a theory: a partial, fanciful theory, respecting productiveness, not merely unsupported by facts, but in direct opposition to the real causes operating in nature, and their actual results.

I beg leave here to submit the definition of wealth given in the "Happiness of States."* "Wealth, in its most extensive sense, signifies, *the materials of well-being, or happy living*. This sense of *value in use* is rather a theoretical one, and seldom or never adopted by circulators. In statistics, except from special views, and in common life, almost uniformly, it is used with respect to *value in exchange*, and denotes *an abundance of the means of procuring these materials*."

As far as income is concerned, the term *wealth* is more properly applied in the latter or popular sense, or as value in exchanging. And since it only tends to confusion to mix the other with it, I think the term should be uniformly used for the means of purchasing the materials of well-being or happiness, unless it is specially stated that the latter is intended.

It is of great advantage, in order to reach clearness and correctness, in all discussions, to have a distinct view of what is meant. Many, indeed, perhaps most of our differences in opinion, arise from using indistinct terms, or giving terms meanings, which are more fanciful than clear. In such questions as the present, which affects the domestic concerns of all mankind, it is of vast use to the teacher, as well as to the students, whenever he can, to adopt some tangible object, some practical measure, well understood by the great mass of readers. It is necessary for the professed statistician to use the very indistinct terms *productive* and *unproductive* of wealth, from the fanciful turn which the science of statistics has, unfortunately for its soundness, taken: but when, in a popular discussion, we can substitute what is clear, distinct, and practical, we should prefer it.

The object, which all circulators are desirous to reach, as far as wealth is concerned, is *as much employment in their respective lines, and at as good prices, as they can obtain*. Here, there is no dissenting voice. The reason is obvious. The more employment, and the better the price of it, any circulator procures, the greater portion of wealth, or of the means of purchasing the materials of comfortable living, does he share. And this holds as true with respect to national communities, as with respect to individuals and classes. In proportion as a nation has more em-

ployment among all its individuals and classes, and the better the prices all obtain for it, the richer must the nation be.

I need scarcely observe here, that by *employment* I mean, what all practical men, to whatever class or line they belong, understand by it: that, by which they are enabled to charge on others, and obtain wages, profit, or income. Whatever be its character, or whether it be created by the disposal of raw materials, or takes the form of labour or skill, or is confined to the use or loan of capital; or, whether it be of a more simple or a more mixed cast, I include all.*

Here, then, we have an actual tangible measure, which both theorists and practical men perfectly understand. And it would be highly advantageous to science, were our scientific statisticians to abandon their fanciful theoretical measures, and keep by this real practical one.

It may, indeed, be said to possess strict mathematical truth. For, whether we speak of an individual, a class, or a nation, the greater quantity of employment, and the higher the price for it, which the individual, the class, or the nation can procure at any given time, *ceteris paribus*, the greater quantity of wealth, or of the means of purchasing what wealth can purchase, must the individual, the class, or the nation possess, as really and clearly, as that the amount of 3 multiplied by 4, is greater than that produced by 3 multiplied by 2.

It will even hold, with great accuracy, with respect to different nations. Climate, soil, government, education, religion, and the rate of population, with the habits arising from these, it is true, are sources of variety among nations, as to particular or local means of happiness; and a very considerable difference, in regard to these, may render the comparison not so certain respecting the materials of comfortable living, to be purchased by a given sum, as when we compare the same nation with itself at different periods, or nations very similar in all these points with one another. Yet as nature is very equal in her gifts to nations, and, when she gives some means of happiness more largely, is generally less liberal with respect to others; even where the greatest difference in those points exists, we shall find the nations most rich, that have the greatest quantum of employment, and the highest prices on the average for it, when calculated by a common or fixed measure.

Having made these general observations, which I conceive to be useful towards understanding the question in discussion, I now proceed to the test of facts.

1814.

The statistical history of Great Britain, since the spring of 1814, which very much resembles that of the continent of Eu-

rope, and of the United States of America, and which contains so many extraordinary vicissitudes, may be given as follows from the official returns, and from facts which are fresh in the memory of all, who attend to this subject.

In 1814 the income of the people of Britain had reached a higher amount, than it ever had before, or has since. The prices of those great divisions of employment, the cultivating; the manufacturing, and building, were high; and all the circulators engaged in them, that chose, were in full employment. Indeed, in several subdivisions of them there was a complaint of a scarcity of hands. The governing class had never been so numerous, or so well paid. All the other classes were also in full employment, at good and even high prices.

Peace between France and the allied powers was concluded in May. Some employment, in the military lines, was taken away from the people in the course of the year, but not in such a degree as to produce any very great general effect. The prices of the cultivating classes, though falling, when the abundance of the crops is taken into consideration, might be reckoned not much under a fair average. The export trade kept increasing; at least the amount was 13 millions above that of 1812, and probably exceeded that of 1813; but the records of the latter year were lost by the destruction of the Custom-house by fire.

1815.

In February 1815, peace took place with the United States of America, the most extensive of all the customers of Britain. But, in March, Buonaparte returned. War between France and the allies recommenced; and there was a vast increase of employment, in Britain, in the military lines. The decisive battle of Waterloo was fought in June. In my letter to you of the 14th of April 1817, I took occasion to say, "Destructive as was the battle of Waterloo to French soldiers, no power in Europe gained so much by that immortal field as France herself."* I remain of the same opinion still. Subsequent facts have only served to strengthen it. That never to be forgotten battle saved France from a most odious and destructive military tyranny, and rid her of an adventurer as unprincipled, as ever scourged, and, at the same time, insulted a nation; but who had talents of a certain kind, too well suited, amid the existing circumstances, to carry his selfish, execrable designs into execution. It put it in her power to substitute, for this detestable military despotism, a system of genuine, substantial, and, allow me to add, *British* liberty, under the auspices of one of the wisest princes of the age: a system, which has already produced the most beneficial

* Fourth Letter to M. Say, *All Classes Productive*, p. 317.

effects in your country, and which, if the French continue to guard it against the attacks of Jacobinical incendiaries, those heart-enemies of real liberty, will render her politically happy, and equally add to her respectability and wealth. Pardon the digression, Sir, for I wish well to France.

I quoted this battle for its effect on employment. It was so complete, and it seemed to settle the peace of Europe on so firm a basis, that a discontinuing of military employment immediately commenced. From the immense amount of this, a great part of which was now all at once rendered unnecessary, the reduction was not only greater than the country had ever witnessed, but from the suddenness and completeness of the peace, it was rapid to a rate seldom or never before experienced. The result, with respect to employment and prices, was, of course, more striking. Prices fell considerably, and by the close of the year stagnation was making a rapid progress. To add to this, the prices of the cultivator sunk from another cause. The years 1813, 1814, and 1815, had been particularly genial, and the crops had been most abundant. The exports of foreign and colonial merchandise, during this year, fell off three millions sterling and a half; but that of British produce and merchandise increased eight millions: so that, on the whole, there was an improvement of four millions and a half.

1816.

The reduction of employment in the military lines increased in 1816. Prices kept falling. Those of the cultivator reached their lowest depression about the middle of January, when the average of English wheat had sunk to 52-4 the quarter, and of Scotch to 41-10. Stagnation continued making most rapid strides, till at length it was almost universal throughout every line, except that of building in several districts. The distress arising directly and indirectly from it, was excessive, and nearly also universal. No class with us escaped it, but that of fixed annuitants; and even many of these, though their circumstances were improved by the fall in prices, suffered by their connexion with those in distress. The stagnation pervaded a considerable portion of London, where, from the immense mass of population, and the enlarged demand, which the consequently more varied wants there create, it seldom or never penetrates, except in certain lines. It was, indeed, neither so severe, nor by any means so universal, as in the country. But it was to an extent, of which the Londoners did not recollect any similar example. And it was every where felt with the greater severity and poignancy, because it had so suddenly succeeded to an abundance of employment, and to high prices. All the accounts from the Continent and from North America were of the same melancholy kind. For my own part, I have no recollection of any stagnation, or distress arising from that cause, at all equal to the stag-

nation and distress of 1816. This wretched year will long be memorable in the history of statistics.*

The stagnation seemed to keep extending and increasing in our country till about July, when symptoms of revival began to make their appearance in some districts. The newly-created stimulus gradually, but slowly, extended itself during the remainder of the year, until every district and class experienced, in some degree, the reviving influence of an increasing demand.

Our foreign trade felt the general depression severely. There was a falling off in the exports, from those of the preceding year, to the amount of 9,700,000 pounds sterling.

This noted year was as ungenial in point of temperature, as it was unfavourable in point of wealth. It was cloudy, wet, and cold. With a few occasional and transient gleams of summer weather, it seemed a continued November. Nor was its ungeniality confined to our island: it pervaded, more or less, all Europe, and your country in particular, as I partly witnessed. It extended over North America also. The crops were thin, and they were late in ripening. The grain and fruits were immature, and generally of very inferior quality.

It was perhaps more from the ungeniality of the season and the suspicious character of the crops, than from any great increase in the demand, that the price of grain rose rapidly during the latter half of the year. The price of wheat with us, which was 52-4 per quarter on the 13th of January, rose slowly for three months, and on the 13th of April it was 59-1. It then rose more rapidly, and on the 14th of December it had reached 104-2, and on the 11th of January 1817, 104-8, or just the double of what it was in the preceding January.

During this ungenial and impoverishing year, our numbers however kept increasing. There was an extension of buildings in almost all our districts. Indeed, the building classes, and their dependents, suffered least in the general distress; and, in some places, they were even busily and constantly employed.

1817.

In 1817, the demand still increased; and, as a natural result, prices universally rose. All classes at length had a fair share of employment, and many were particularly busy. The foreign trade was very brisk.

The price of grain rose till the end of June, when the average price of wheat had reached 114-11 in England. This was partly caused by the deficiency of the last crop, and the unfavourable prospects with respect to the crop on the ground. There was an uncommon difference between the average prices of English and Scotch wheat, during the whole of this year. That difference

* See observations on this extraordinary year, *All Classes Productive*, p. 168—219.

is commonly from 5s. to 10s. in favour of the English;* but for the year 1817, it was 21-9, and for the June quarter, it was no less than 32-8. This extraordinary difference, no doubt, arose from the very inferior quality of the Scotch wheat of the cold and wet year 1816: it was unfit for the English market. Owing to some fine hot weather in June, the prospects of the farmer improved wonderfully, and the price of grain sunk rapidly, so that, by the 27th of September, wheat had fallen 40s. the quarter, or to 74-1. The fall was also accelerated by the effects of the abolition of the assize on bread. The bakers, being no longer secure of a common price fixed by the magistrate, a competition was roused among them to obtain a sale by selling low, and, of course, to endeavour to buy as low as possible. Wheat from September began to rise again; and on the 27th of December it had reached 85-9. The average for the December quarter was 80-7, and for the whole year 94-9.

Throughout this year there was an increasing extension of buildings.

1818.

The increase in employment, and improvement in prices continued for the greatest part of 1818. This was a very busy year. In fact, the quantum of employment, throughout the nation, seems nearly to have reached that of the busiest year during the war. Prices, of course, were in general good; and in many branches, they rose very considerably.

The briskness of trade prompted our manufacturers and merchants, sanguine and full of the spirit of commercial enterprise as they are in good times, to exert themselves to increase the supply in some branches, beyond what the demand, unusually great though it was, warranted; particularly the new one to the East Indies. Our exports this year exceeded those of the highest of the preceding years, with the exception of 1815, by several millions.

This year was, in most respects, the reverse of 1816. It was as genial, warm, and dry, as the latter was ungenial, cold, and wet. Every crop of the farmer was abundant, and was secured in the best condition. Yet, abundant as our own crops were, there was, during this plentiful year, the largest importation of foreign corn into Britain, which she had ever made. The price of wheat was nearly stationary for the first quarter. The average was 84-10 for England, and 70-3 for Scotland. The price in the week ending the 25th of April had risen to 91-1, and it fluctuated between that and 85-1 to the 1st of August, when, from the abundance of the crop, it began to fall; and on the 26th of December it had sunk to 79-5. The average for the December quarter was 81-7 for England, and 71-10 for Scot-

* For the last quarter of 1820, the average price of wheat was 56-8 for both divisions of the island.

land; and, for the whole year, 84 for the former, and 70 for the latter.

During this year, the extension of buildings, in most districts, was so striking, as to surprise every reflecting tourist. The increase in the amount of the duty on bricks and tiles proved the same fact.

The issue of paper money had increased since the peace, and the price of gold and silver had rather fallen. The Bank of England issue seems to have been highest in July 1817, after the payment of the Midsummer dividends, when it reached £31,439,130. The average for that year was about 29 millions. The issue of the Bank continued to decrease during 1818. The average for the year was about 2 millions less than that of the preceding.

But, towards the close of this brilliant year, the commercial sky became suddenly over-clouded. A belief that the Bank would be ordered to resume cash payments in a short time, prevailed among our bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and others: and fears of the effect, which this would have on the amount of the discounts of the Bank of England, of country banks, and private lenders, were general. The late unusual briskness received a sudden check, and symptoms of stagnation began to make their appearance.

1819.

These increased during the whole of 1819, till the results, in several extensive lines, were most distressing. The quantum of employment, and the rate of prices, among these, were reduced nearly to the bankruptcy and starvation points.

The exports of this unfortunate year sunk more than 10 millions below those of 1818.

This, however, was a very fine year in point of temperature. It was dry and warm. The crops were abundant, and they were carried in the finest order. The average price of wheat on the 2d of January was 78-10, on the 13th of February it had risen to 80-5. It then continued to fall to the end of the year, when it was 64-11 for England, and 54-6 for Scotland. The average of the whole year was about 72-6 for the former, and 63-6 for the latter. There was little or no importation of corn.

During this year our legislature resolved to return to the old plan of a fixed price for the gold and silver to be issued by the Bank. The result of this, and of the anticipation of it, was a diminution of discounts by the Bank of England, and by the country banks. The issue of the Bank alone was reduced above two millions.

The distress throughout Great Britain and Ireland, during this unprosperous year, and the dangerous spirit of discontent and faction, which it naturally raised or promoted, are fresh in the memory of us all.

Still, however, our numbers kept increasing. The extension of buildings every where, and the increase in the amount of the tax on bricks and tiles, which was very considerable, again officially confirms the same fact.

1820.

During the first half of 1820, stagnation and its results continued with very little abatement. During the latter half, however, there has been an improvement in several of the manufacturing lines; but the progress has been languid. Prices have risen in some branches, but in general not according to the usual ratio, and in others, they have not risen at all. The improvement has not been attended with the sanguine views and active spirit, which an increase in the demand used to inspire among British dealers.

The official return of the exports is not yet given. It is apprehended that they have rather fallen than risen with respect to those of 1819. The latter, it is true, had sunk considerably.

This also has been a genial year. Crops were in general very abundant. The price of wheat fluctuated from January to August, but on the whole kept rising. At the beginning of January it was 64-1 for England, and 52-9 for Scotland. At the beginning of August, it reached 73 for the former, and 70-5 for the latter. It then began to fall again, and it has continued to fall, till, at the close of the year, it had sunk to 54-1 for England, and 52-9 for Scotland. The average for the former, for the year, was 65-8, and for the latter 62-3.

Much emigration has taken place during this year; but the extension of buildings seems to have been, in many places, as rapid as ever. On the whole, indeed, the amount of the duty upon bricks and tiles has fallen off about 12 per cent. when compared with that of 1819; but still it is somewhat larger than that of 1818.

The average issue of the Bank has decreased during 1820. It has been for the year about £23,600,000, which is above £900,000 less than the average of the last half of 1819.

This, Sir, I believe, will be found to be a tolerably correct statistical history of a period so interesting to the statistician, from the striking vicissitudes, which it exhibits. He will perceive in it the operation of several opposing causes of vast influence, as well as apparently contradictory results. These are so marked, and on so great a scale, that they cannot be mistaken by any person conversant with the subject. And it is plain, that the theory, which does not suppose these results, cannot coincide with the system in actual operation; while that theory, the results of the principles of which fully coincide with these in all their variety, must be the system of nature.

S. GRAY.

MR. CAMPBELL'S LECTURES ON POETRY.

LECTURE II. PART 1.

Hebrew Poetry.

IF the poetry of the Old Testament had no other claim upon our attention, its antiquity alone would render it a venerable object of curiosity. The Hebrew language is a dialect of a primitive Asiatic speech * that was once diffused over Palestine, Phœnicia, Mesopotamia, Babylonia, and Arabia, and that even extended to Æthiopia. This parent tongue divided itself into three great branches. One of these was the Aramaish; the eastern and western subdivisions of which were the Chaldaic and Syriac. A second branch was the Canaanitish or Hebrew spoken in Palestine, and Phœnicia:—of which the Punic or Carthaginian language was a colonial descendant. A third branch was the Arabic, of which the Æthiopic was a collateral dialect.

Of these kindred old languages, the Hebrew and Arabic alone have transmitted their literature to posterity. But the age of the oldest Arabian compositions is insignificant when compared with that of the Jewish Scriptures, and can scarcely be traced higher than the time of Mahomet. Indeed, the more we contemplate the Old Testament, the more we shall be struck by the solitary grandeur in which it stands as an historical monument amidst the waste of time. Its distinct annals present a singular contrast to the vague accounts, which can but here and there be gleaned, respecting the three other nations of antiquity, who, besides the Hebrews, possessed the earliest civilization of mankind.—Babylon produced records of astronomical observations which had been made nine hundred years anterior to the time of Alexander the Great; and Egypt and Phœnicia were the primitive nurseries of human arts. But over Babylonish, Egyptian, and Phœnician literature what oblivion has fallen—whilst the writings of the Hebrews have come down to us so as to throw light even on the history of their conquerors. Their historical records may be said to end where those of Greece begin—the first of their historians being a thousand years anterior to Herodotus, and the last of them his contemporary; and they possessed beautiful poetry, which was committed to writing, probably, centuries before letters were known in Greece, and before the remotest period in which we can suppose the author of the Iliad to have existed.

* The Fathers of the Church used to call this parent speech "*the language of the East*."—Some modern philologists have termed it the Semitish, on the assumption that it originated with the immediate descendants of Sem; but the propriety of this appellation may fairly be disputed.

Palestine itself may be regarded as the native country of the Hebrew tongue. There is no appearance of the Israelites having introduced a new language into Canaan, when they invaded and conquered it. The Scriptures are remarkably particular in making us acquainted with the difference of speech between the Jews and all other nations with whom they came into contact. Thus in Egypt they are decidedly mentioned to have been among a people of a strange tongue. That they could not understand an Assyrian without an interpreter is clear from the 36th chapter of Isaiah, in which their interview with the messengers of Sennacherib is described. The Chaldeans also spoke a language unintelligible to the Jews*. But though the Canaanites and the Israelites dwelt long together in the same land, no mention is anywhere made of the difference of their speech. On the contrary, Hebrew is denominated by Isaiah the language of Canaan. The descendants of Abraham must have, therefore, brought the Hebrew with them out of Canaan into Egypt, and carried it back with them again into the promised land. Some changes, no doubt, took place in the speech both of the Canaanites and Israelites during the Egyptian bondage; but none, it would appear, that required the two races to use an interpreter.†

* Jeremiah, chapter V. verse 15.

† In Judea, the Hebrew language continued uncorrupted until the period of the Babylonish Captivity. It certainly protracted its existence as a living language, even after that event, and the accredited dates of the different portions of the Old Testament embrace an extent of a thousand years. The exact period at which the ancient Scriptural Hebrew ceased to be spoken, is, from the nature of things, not to be ascertained with perfect certainty. During the Babylonish exile, the Jewish speech was mixed with Chaldaic the more easily as the two languages were kindred, and this leaning of the old tongue to Chaldaism is attested even by the compositions of the later prophets. But it is evident that the Jews did not entirely and immediately drop their ancient Hebrew in consequence of this mixture. On the contrary, as Professor Gesenius has satisfactorily pointed out, there are proofs that Scriptural Hebrew was still a spoken language in the time of the prophet Nehemiah. That it did not continue, however, to be the popular tongue is pretty evident from this circumstance, that before the time of our Saviour the Old Testament had begun to be read in the Jewish synagogues in Chaldaic translations, which were called the Targums. The finishing and arrangement of those Targums was much later than the date of Christianity, but their origin is confessed to have been earlier. The complete cessation of old Hebrew as a living speech, is conjectured by Gesenius to have taken place during the reign of the Seleucidae in Syria, more than a century before Christ. All the circumstances of Jewish History give probability to this supposition. The seventy years of captivity first struck at the purity of the language, and even affected its usage among the more learned class of Jewish exiles, who were most conversant with the sacred national writings, and naturally the most eager to preserve the knowledge of them. The Chaldaic afterwards obviously gained ground after the captivity; and the conquests of Antiochus Epiphanes in Judaea, by introducing the Syriac, a sister dialect of the Chaldaic, must have accelerated the corruption of the ancient speech. Add to this, that the Greek tongue, after the division of the Macedonian empire, was generally studied by all the better orders of the Jews; and, according to the Rabbi Abraham Ben David‡, was, during the period of the second

‡ Ugolini, *Thesaurus Antiq. Sacr.* T. ix. p. 332.

The earliest place in the history of poetry is thus due to the Hebrew muse. Nor let it be held inconsistent with respect for her sacred character, that her poetry should be contemplated in the light of literary taste and curiosity. To approach the subject in this point of view, cannot tend to abstract any rationally religious mind from the more important objects of revelation. I shall, therefore, consider the state of poetry among the Jews as a human art. This is not to derogate from the divine impulse of the sacred poets, but to consider their eloquence and imagination as men apart from their supernatural impulse as prophets. I may be unconsciously wrong, in drawing this distinction; or even, if right, I may be unable to reconcile it to all men's scruples. But I can affirm, that the distinction has been made by respectable theologians, and by scholars, who have spent their lives in elucidating the history of the sacred writings. I wish, however, to speak under the warrant of common sense, and not the shelter of authority. It seems to me more reasonable to suppose, that when the Deity inspired his messengers with the substance of truth, he should have left the poetical utterance of that truth to the natural individual genius of those who were commissioned to deliver it, than that he should have supernaturally interfered with its imagery, expression, and versification. The doctrine was supernatural: the poetry was a contingent method of conveying it—an artificial texture thrown over the spiritual meaning, as a human means, like music or architecture, to affect the imagination of those to whom it was addressed. It is probable that, although the prophets generally spoke as *improvisatori**, they accustomed themselves, by practice, to a prompt command of beautiful language, in order to grace their vocation. There were schools of prophecy established by Samuel; in judging of which, it would ill accord with our ideas of divination to imagine, that the prescience of futurity could be taught to the disciples. But they were trained in the knowledge of religion. Some of them practised music; and others, undoubtedly, addicted themselves to poetry. Among those who were called to be prophets, the burden of inspiration certainly descended on men of very different accomplishments and degrees of genius. Though they are, all of them, more or less symbolical and figurative, some of them are far from coming within the strict denomination of poets, a circumstance

temple, better understood than Hebrew itself. I would take, indeed, this assertion of the Rabbi with some allowance, for it is impossible to conceive that a knowledge of the Scriptural dialect was not always assiduously cultivated by the Jewish priests. But Hebrew, properly so called, had ceased to be popularly spoken long before the dispersion. Pole, in his Synopsis of the Sacred Scriptures, infers, from several passages, that Christ and the Disciples spoke a dialect, mixed with Syriac and Chaldaic. It is the general opinion respecting Josephus, who lived in the time of Vespasian, that he was but imperfectly acquainted with the ancient language of his own country.

* Jeremiah must be regarded as an exception, for we read of his scribe Baruch.

which, of itself, forbids us to identify poetical with prophetic inspiration. No doubt, in proportion to the genius of the sacred writers, their subjects inspired them with lofty conceptions—but not with a miraculous influence, extending to the preference of their phrases, the shape of their metaphors, and the harmony of their periods. We must remark, that they addressed an unrefined people—whose manners and imaginations were not, in all respects, calculated to make the eloquence, that should best please them, a perfect standard of taste. The Scriptures themselves were given for higher purposes than to teach æsthetics—purposes, in comparison with which the importance of poetry sinks into nothing.

These remarks are still consistent with our attaching a high value to the Hebrew muse. Many circumstances concurred to stamp the national mind of the Hebrews with impressions favourable to poetry. Their great legislator's system rested on principles the most flattering to their pride as a community, and the most strongly calculated to cherish their public enthusiasm. They were set apart as a people to be united by the remembrance of their common descent, and of their covenant with Heaven. Their religion, by forbidding them to worship God under any visible form, exercised their hearts, and not their mere external senses, in devotion. At the same time, their conception of the Deity was evidently remote from the coldness of abstraction, and blended ideas of the visible and the spiritual, peculiarly mysterious and poetical to the imagination. If their creed shut out the gay fables of Polytheism, it had, in lieu of these, a simple and majestic beauty of its own. It gave them a ritual that was symbolical of purity. It averted the horrors of other superstitions, such as the orgies of Baal Peor, and the infernal sacrifices of Moloch, that bereaved human nature of its modesty and instincts. The Hebrews, moreover, were a free and simple people of husbandmen and shepherds, with no commercial pursuits or foreign intercourse to withdraw their attachment from their native soil. Their lands, which were equally divided among the heads of families, could not, without difficulty, be alienated from their possessors; and if they were alienated, were always allowed to be reclaimed at the return of the jubilee. The Mosaic constitution was theocratic, but it possessed a decided share of equalizing and elective principles. These circumstances were strong contributives to the growth of those local affections and proud patriotic prejudices which give an ardent and heartfelt character to poetry. Their religious, like their political institutions, also partook of a social spirit, that was calculated to expand the heart and fancy. Three times in every year the people were assembled at their sacred festivals. Of these the feast of the Tabernacles was the most splendid and

remarkable. The bulk of the nation met on that occasion from every quarter, and dwelt for several days in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, under huts or tents, formed of the boughs of trees. Popular rejoicings were intermixed with the ceremonies of religion. The youths and virgins of the different tribes formed attachments, and contracted marriages. The traditions respecting this festival leave us little room to doubt of its having been a scene of enthusiastic exhilaration from the earliest times. The people are described as being then arrayed in "their shining garments," and all the rabbinical writers agree that no joy was ever comparable to that of the feast for the keeping of the law.

The country to which the Hebrew was thus attached by his religion and patriotism, was peculiarly fitted to awaken the imagination by the objects of terror and delight which it presented to the senses—a climate for the most part bright and salutary, but subject at times to droughts, inundations, and whirlwinds, unknown to more temperate regions, and to beautiful bursts and appearances of fertility as rapid as the desolations of nature which had preceded them—a soil of boldly diversified aspect, contrasting summits of eternal barrenness, with gardens of aromatic luxuriance—the vineyard, the pasture and the corn-field, the glory of Lebanon and the beauty of Carmel, with the reedy haunts of behemoth, and with caverns and deserts that re-echoed the voice of the lion. Accordingly the phenomena of nature are painted with an energy and lavishness in Hebrew poetry, that is equalled in the compositions of no other people. We shall look in vain elsewhere for such conceptions of the commotions of nature as those of Isaiah, when he describes "*the earth reeling to and fro like a drunkard, and removed like a cottage.*" The Hebrew muse is a complete denizen of nature. She describes it throughout, from the starry firmament to the flowers of the field; and as Michaelis remarks, she is the most botanical of all muses, for the various plants that are mentioned in sacred writ, and chiefly in poetry, amount to several hundreds.

At the same time, whilst the impressions of nature and religion gave a sublime poetical impulse to the Hebrew spirit, there were circumstances in the condition of the Jews evidently unfavourable to the free cultivation of poetry, and to its ripening among them into the shape of epic or dramatic composition. The book of Job has been called a drama, but it has, in reality, no title to that appellation. It is true, that there may have been popular Hebrew strains on other subjects than those of religion, which have not been handed down to us. The purity of the Mosaic system was not conceived to be violated by the cheerfulness which reigned among the people during their great festivals; and it would be ascribing an ascetic severity to their manners, sel-

dom evinced by human nature, to suppose that no canticles of love and conviviality were composed and chanted on those joyous occasions. But, on the whole, there existed a great obstacle to the expansive growth of their secular poetry; and this, I think, consisted, not, as some have alleged, in the unheroic nature of their manners, but simply in their theocratic constitution, of which the Levites formed the sole and literary aristocracy. The institutions of such a state could not have permitted any body of men, like the rhapsodists of antiquity, or the troubadours of the middle ages, to have gone about as "*Imagination's chartered libertines*," converting history into fiction. Poetry was appropriated to the service of religion, and could have found no national subjects for epopée, or the drama, that were not of a religious character. With foreign history or literature, the Jews were too much isolated during their independence to have any acquaintance. But had a Jewish poet proposed to dramatize, or adorn with his own inventions, any portion of the national history, he would have found a powerful priesthood ready to watch and avenge as sacrilege, whatever liberties he might have taken with those records of which they were the constituted guardians. Had another Æschylus arisen in primitive Jerusalem, he would have encountered more certain perils than the founder of the Athenian stage; and he could not, like him, have called in painting and sculpture to his assistance in the drama.* For those arts, however elegant and salutary in themselves, were by no means adapted to the peculiar situation of the Jews, and would, in all probability, have been absolutely pernicious among a people so constantly prone to relapse into idolatry.

Some writers (one of whom is the eloquent Herder) have certainly indulged a visionary admiration in ascribing a superior poetical beauty to all the peculiarities of the Hebrew tongue, even to its want of a present tense in the verb, and its general paucity of flexions. But it is confessedly bold and figurative in its idioms, insomuch that it is often impossible to transfuse its spirit by literal translation into the more sober languages of the west. Its genius is averse from abstraction, but its individual expressions teem with powerful and picturesque imagination. The thoughts of the mind are clothed in life and made visible. Thus the blood of Abel "*cries from the ground, and the shadow of death is on the eye-lids of the mourner.*"† Its metaphors too have a peculiar union of grandeur and familiarity, as when the Psalmist compares his afflictions to the ploughshare ploughing over him, or when Isaiah describes the devoted nation that shall be swept before

* Herder's *Geist der Ebraischen Poesie*.

† Job.

"the *besom of destruction*."—But, notwithstanding this dauntless imagery, the Hebrew has its style of prose as well as of poetry; and there are separate terms in the language to designate both kinds of composition. Some books of the Old Testament are so unequivocally poetical, that no dispute can exist as to their title to that character. These are the Psalms, the Proverbs, Lamentations, the Song of Solomon, Ecclesiastes, and the book of Job with the exception of its two introductory chapters *. With respect to the Prophets, there has been some difference of opinion among critics, whether they ought in strictness to be classed as orators or poets. Undoubtedly the whole body of prophecy cannot be pronounced to be poetical, as some parts of it are only recital. But, on the other hand, it is unquestionable that some of the prophets speak to us with the very soul of poetry; and it is known, that prophetic utterance was at times assisted by minstrelsy †. The most competent judges also ascribe to the Prophets characteristics of style which it is not easy to reconcile with the idea of prose; so that, in a general view, we may rank the oracular writers as poets. The books of the Old Testament devoted to history, narrative, and the enunciation of laws and ceremonies, are in prose, with this exception, that even in these books, whenever prophecies, blessings, or songs of praise are introduced, the style immediately rises into poetry.

Hebrew poetry is distinguished from prose by a bolder use of figures, a more elliptical phraseology, and by peculiar usages in the form, signification, and grammatical junction of words. That it also possessed distinctly measurable verse, cannot be doubted, since many of its strains were adapted to music. There are traces, too, of metrical division apparent in several poems of the Bible, where the initial letters of the successive lines or stanzas follow the order of the alphabet. But the laws of He-

* De Wette (in his *Lehrbuch der Historischen Kritischen Einleitung in die Bibel Alten und Neuen Testaments*) ranks the six books above enumerated, as the only strictly poetical parts of the Old Testament. He admits, however, that the elder prophets, i. e. those preceding the Babylonish Captivity, display a high degree of eloquence and imagination, and that their sentences assume a regular balance of members (one great characteristic of Hebrew poetry), whenever their enthusiasm is strongly excited. But he regards them as orators rather than poets, and classes the Prophets after the Captivity, simply as prose-writers. Gesenius reckons the diction of the Prophets as something between prose and poetry. But that excellent scholar allows, that the earlier prophets almost fully reach the characteristics of phraseology which are acknowledged in Hebrew to be peculiar to poetry. He goes even a little farther, for though he describes the later prophets, among whom was Ezekiel, as approaching to prose in their style, yet distinguishing, I suppose, Ezekiel's style from his imagination as a composer, he calls him a most original poet; although he presumes to tax his fancy with wantoning in grotesque and gigantic imagery. Thus the opinion of Gesenius (and it is a weighty one,) is not very widely different from Dr. Lowth's, who treats so many of the prophets as absolute poets.

† Elisha, when about to prophesy, called for a minstrel.

brew prosody have not hitherto been, and are not likely to be; ascertained with certainty.* In one respect its harmony was certainly different from that of Greek and Roman verse, which has no simultaneous pauses in the metre and the meaning, whereas each portion of a Hebrew verse contains a distinct portion of sense. A full period is divided into members generally equal to each other in the number of words, and those members balance each other by thought corresponding to thought, in repetition, in reply, in amplification, or in contrast. Parallel forms of syntax in the different clauses of a sentence also heighten the symmetrical structure of its language.† The period of two parallel members is the most common in Hebrew poetry. This form of versification pervades the whole of the 114th Psalm—as

* Dr. Lowth insists that all speculation respecting the rhythm and scanning of Hebrew poetry is hopeless and absurd. It is evident (he says) that the true pronunciation of the language is wholly lost. The Hebrew, as it was anciently written, was destitute of marks for vowel sounds.—(Gesenius, by the way, subscribes to the same opinion, that there were no vowel signs known in Hebrew writing whilst it was a living language—*Geschichte der Hebräischen Sprache und Schrift*, p. 185.)—"Thus," continues Dr. Lowth, "not so much as the syllables, of which each word consisted, could with any certainty be defined, much less the length or quantity of the syllables; and since the regulation of the metre of any language depends on two circumstances, I mean the number and the length of the syllables, he who attempts to restore the genuine Hebrew versification erects an edifice without a foundation." Michaelis was of a different opinion; he conceived that the vowel points were by no means to be rejected as altogether doubtful, and that by comparing Hebrew with the languages nearest akin to it, particularly Arabic, some light might be thrown upon its metres. Dr. Bellermann has since resumed the subject in Germany, and in an elaborate treatise, published at Berlin, 1813, maintains that he has discovered even rhyme in Hebrew verse, and measures not more loose or irregular than the lambics of Plautus and Terence. To those who are acquainted with the literary names of Germany, it will not be necessary to say that Bellermann stands high for Hebrew erudition in his own country. De Wette censures him for having gone too far in his prosodical theory, but admits that he has pointed out many striking concurrences of rhythm. Gesenius himself, though he conceives no syllabic system of prosody to be ascertainable in the poetry of the language, speaks of the rhythmical flow that is perceptible in its poetical books, very differently from the sceptical manner of Dr. Lowth.—It is remarkable that Josephus, who wrote in the time of Vespasian, speaks of the hexameters of Moses, and the trimeters and pentameters of David‡. His evidence certainly demands attention, from its being so direct; but how far he is a conclusive authority, respecting ancient Hebrew, is another question.

† When the poetical period extends to three members, they follow like a miniature strophe, antistrophe, and epode—when there are four, the parallel becomes alternate—as Ps. 33, v. 13, 14.

1. The Lord looketh from Heaven,
2. He beholdeth all the sons of men.
3. From the place of his habitation he looketh
4. Upon all the inhabitants of earth.

‡ Antiq. Jud. 4. vii. c. 12.—'Ἀππλλαγμένοι δ' ἦδη πολέμων ὁ Δαυὶδ καὶ βαθείας ἀπολαύων τὸ λοιπὸν εἰρήνης, ᾗδ' εἰς τὸν Θεόν, καὶ ὕμνος συνετέλετο μέτρον ποικίλον, τοὺς μὲν γὰρ τριμέτρους, τοὺς δὲ πενταμέτρους ἐποίησεν.—Of course, Josephus could not mean measures strictly like the Greek trimeters and pentameters. But if he understood old Hebrew prosody, it is a pity he had not been more communicative on the subject.

1.

1. When Israel went out of Egypt,
2. The House of Jacob from a strange people.

2.

1. Judah was God's sanctuary,
2. And Israel his dominion.

3.

1. The sea saw and fled:
2. Jordan was driven back.

There is thus a rhythm, or harmony of thought, in Hebrew poetry, the distinct appearance of which has survived all doubts and disputes about the structure of its verse. The nervous simplicity and conciseness of the Hebrew Muse prevent this parallelism from degenerating into monotony. In repeating the same idea in different words, she seems as if displaying a fine opal that discovers fresh beauty in every new light to which it is turned. Her amplifications of a given thought are like the echoes of a solemn melody—her repetitions of it like the landscape reflected in the stream—And whilst her questions and responses give a life-like effect to her compositions, they remind us of the alternate voices in public devotion, to which they were manifestly adapted.

That the Jewish legislator blended the character of a poet with his other accomplishments, is apparent from his sublime song of triumph after the passage of the Red Sea, as well as from his prophetic ode in the book of Deuteronomy. But still Moses cannot be regarded as the inventor of Hebrew poetry, since his history contains two poetical fragments, the address of Lamech to his wives, and the predictions of Jacob to his children, which are given as the compositions of a period anterior to his own, and which, in all probability, had been preserved by oral tradition. If the antiquity of the book of Job could be proved, it would offer a most important monument of Hebrew poetry anterior to the age of David. But, from what has been hitherto argued on the subject of that book, the weight of opinion appears to lie against the idea of its antiquity being superior to that of the Psalms.*

During the interval between Moses and David, though at a date very close to the days of the latter, the establishment of

* Dr. Lowth contended for its patriarchal antiquity. Michaelis thought it as ancient as the age of Moses. Gesenius, De Wette, and the Hebrew scholars of the present German school, place its date, as a composition, close upon the Captivity, and deny its connexion with Arabian literature. When I speak of the weight of opinions, I mean only those which have been published. Our own eminent Hebraist, Mr. Bellamy, informs me, that he conceives the book of Job to be very ancient, and to have been a translation.

schools of prophecy must have been favourable to the growth of poetry, as poetical language was the general vehicle of prophecy. But the gifted influence of David evidently created a new era in the productions of the Hebrew Muse. It is impossible to conceive his example and genius as a poet, combined with the splendid circumstances of his reign, having failed to communicate an enthusiastic impulse to the imaginations of his people. He extended their empire, he subdued their enemies, and founded their capital Jerusalem in Zion, which he had won from the Jebusites; and having brought the ark of the covenant to the consecrated city, he invested the national worship with a pomp of attendance and a plenitude of vocal and instrumental music, calculated to give an inspiring effect to its solemnities. He himself relieved the cares attending a diadem with the harp, which had been the solace of his adversities and the companion of his shepherd days; and leading his people in devotion, as he had led them in battle, he employed his genius in the composition of beautiful strains for the accompaniment of their sacred rites. He must have thus diffused a taste for music and poetry much beyond what the nation had hitherto possessed.

There is much in the Psalms, no doubt, which can neither be attributed to David, nor to any of his contemporaries.* But there is still enough to establish his general, and even peculiar character, as a poet. His traits of inspiration are lovely and touching, rather than daring and astonishing. His voice, as a worshipper, has a penetrating accent of human sensibility, varying from plaintive melancholy to luxuriant gladness, and even rising to ecstatic rapture. In grief, "*his heart is melted like wax, and deep answers to deep, whilst the waters of affliction pass over him.*" Or *his soul is led to the green pastures by the quiet waters.* Or his religious confidence pours forth the metaphors of a warrior in rich and exulting succession. "*The Lord is my rock,*

* Eichorn (in his *Einleitung in das Alte Testament*) conceives the highest sublimity of poetical character to belong to those psalms which are ascribed to the Children of Korah. Of these Heman, the Esrachite, was the chief singer. His reputation for wisdom was such that it was thought no dishonour to Solomon to be compared with him. Asaph's name is affixed to several of the Psalms. He is mentioned in the Chronicles as a Seer and a musician, and it marks the simplicity of the times that he did not disdain to perform upon the cymbals. Yet there can be no doubt of his having been a poetical composer; for Hezekiah, in reforming the Temple service, ordered that the words of David and of Asaph should be sung. Of Ethan and Jeduthan, the probable composers of several psalms, very little is known. The latter is described in Chron. i. 25, as prophesying with the harp. It would be unprofitable here to enumerate all the arguments and opinions that have been given respecting the different authors of the Psalms. One psalm, 90th., is ascribed to Moses; two or more have been attributed to Solomon;—some relate to events evidently as late as the Captivity. It may be sufficient to remark, however, that those who are most disposed to abridge the number of David's compositions, still leave that number very considerable, and the very circumstance of so many strains being imputed to him argues the high popularity of his memory as a poet.

and my fortress, and my deliverer—my God, my strength, in whom I will trust—my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high power.” Some of the sacred writers may excite the imagination more powerfully than David, but none of them appeal more interestingly to the heart. Nor is it in tragic so much as in joyous expression that I conceive the power of his genius to consist. Its most inspired aspect appears to present itself, when he looks abroad on the universe with the eye of a poet, and with the breast of a glad and grateful worshipper. When he looks up to the starry firmament, his soul assimilates to the splendour and serenity which he contemplates. This lofty but bland spirit of devotion peculiarly reigns in the 8th and in the 19th Psalm. But above all, it expands itself in the 104th into a minute and richly diversified picture of the creation. Verse after verse, in that Psalm, leads on the mind through the various objects of nature as through a mighty landscape, and the atmosphere of the scene is coloured not with a dim or mystic, but with a clear and warm light of religious feeling. He spreads his sympathies over the face of the world, and rejoices in the power and goodness of its protecting Deity. The impression of that exquisite ode dilates the heart with a pleasure too instinctive and simple to be described. I only forbear to quote its beauties from their being so accessible and familiar. But, in speaking of the History of Poetry, it would have been an omission not to have named so early and so beautiful a relic of her inspiration.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK PAPER BOOK GIVEN TO THE
AUTHOR BY A FRIEND.

My little book, as o'er thy page so white,
With half-closed eyes, in idlest mood I lean,
Whose is the form that rises still between
Thy page and me, a vision of delight?
Look on those eyes, by the bright soul made bright,
Those curls, which who Antinous' bust hath seen
Hath loved; that shape, which might beseem a queen;
That blush of purity; that smile of light.
'Tis she. My little book, dost thou not own
Thy mistress? She it is, the only she.
Dost thou not listen for the one sweet tone
Of her unrivall'd voice? Dost thou not see
Her look of love, for whose dear sake alone,
My little book, thou art so dear to me?

ORIGINAL LETTERS. NO. 11.

From Rachel Lady Russel to Dr. Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury.

Chatsworth, 3 Sept. 1709.

- THE respect and obligations I have soe many years had to you, my Lord, makes me feeble my selfe uneasie in the midst of my present contentments, that I have not sooner asked from you the favour to heare how y'r health holds under the oppresion of y'r mind and body too, as I conclude, since even from the method you proposed to take, and seemingly to favour y'r selfe in som degree, yet wou'd be to any other too big a fatigue. I wish you find it not soe to you, who shall ever have my best wishes; but I forget the title you have to them, which is, where I am now hourly renewed: such a mixture ther is betweene joy and sorrow.

I do not well remember, if when I saw y'r Lord's last I had then fixed my resolve to the great undertaking, I have to this time ben prosperous under, and, in lesse than two months' time, seen eightene granchildren all comely and prosperous; not deprived of father or mother, but planted with them in pleasant habitations, plenty and honour; and, above all, the three I have brought into the world happy in ther marriages, wonderfully soe: these are comforts and blessings I hope I am truly sensible of and thankful for; and as truly troubled, that my heart stil sinks whenever I reflect on these and past circumstances, least I offend the great dispensator of all good, and to me soe gracious and uncommon providences; but some wounds are soe malignant they can never heal.

I began my progresse by Woburne; stay'd about a month there, til Lord Devon and his wife came to us, stay'd som days, then I went with them to Harboro'; next morning we parted; they went by Hardwick to Chatsworth, and I to Belvoir; stay'd a fortnight, and left Lord Granby's to atend Nottingham races, and his wife and I went to Hardwick, wher, as twas agreed, we met the Duke (of) Devon, and his wife, and my son and his; spent one whole day ther, and came to this fine place the 13 Aug; found their two eldest sons here, and some days after had the addition of the two eldest of Lord Granby's, with him selfe, and have since kept altogether, but now breaking up. Granby's day was yesterday, but deferred till Monday, upon hearing Lord Gore (Gower) was dangerously ill, and yesterday we heard that he died on Wednesday. He has ben many years a cripple, drawn in a chair, but looked well and cheerful; lay not above six days: he made his will on Sunday, and did what he could for younger (children), w'ch wil not be sutable, tis beleev'd, to his

estate, but he had no power til his son was of age, who is but 15 yeares old. My son purposes to leave us the begining (of) next week: we turn to Woburn, and from thence, if God blesse us as hitherto, to our homes at London. All my home circumstances I have laid before you, and for forraigne ones I have no skil; and altho our enemies are able artists at trifling away our time, yet tis the good pleasure of God we have successe: but the long spun thread of the war is in a way, I fear, to hold longer. God, in his infinit goodnesse, prevent the rageing pestilence at Danszick spreading farther: tis time I should take som heed, my scribbling dos not doe soe; but meeting at tea table is a sure stop, for I have no comand of time, but what I get by rising something earlier then the most of them, if not at the breakfast upon tea, to w^h Lady Granby is come to call me, who wil ever continue very sincerely and faithfully,

my Lord yr most humble servant

R. Quin

To my Lord Bishop off Salisbury,
at his palace in Salisbury.

Dr. Jonathan Swift to Ambrose Philips.

Sir,

I was surprised to find, in a letter from Mr. Steele, that you are now in London, and am at a loss whether publick or private business hath brought you over. Your coming has spoilt a letter I had half writt to send you to Copenhagen. It was not lazyness, spleen, or neglect, that made me omitt acknowledging two of yours so long; but downright sickness, which, after a year's pursuing, now I hope begins to leave me where I am, in the country, cultivating half an acre of Irish bog.

The taste you sent me of Northern eloquence is very extraordinary. They seem to have heard there is such a thing in the world as witt and sublime; and not knowing better, they supply the want of both with sounding words. That which vexes me, is the difficulty in construing their Latin, and keeping my breath so long between a relative and antecedent, or a noun and a verb. I could match you with Irish poetry, and printed Latin poetry

too, but Mr. Addison shewed it me, and can give you the best account of it.

You are a better Bickerstaff than I; for you foretold all the circumstances, how I should receive your last packet with the honorary memoriall of Monsieur I don't know who. My Lord Wharton gave me the letter. I went aside, and opened it, and people thronged about me to ask what it was; and I shewed it his excellency.

My heart is absolutely broke with the misfortunes of the K. of Sweden. Nothing pleased me more in the thoughts of going abroad, than some hopes I had of being sent to that court. And now, to see that poltroon Augustus putting out his manifestoes, and pretending again to Poland, after the tame submissions he made! It puts me in mind of the sick lyon in the fable: among all the insults offered him, nothing vexed him so much as the spurns of an ass.

I hope you are laying in new stocks to revive your poetick reputation: but I am wholly in the dark about you, whether you have left the North, or are onely sent back on an embassy from the envoy. You have the best friend in the world, Mr. Addison, who is never at ease while any man of worth is not so: and Mr. Steele is *alter ab illo*. What says my L'd Dorset? You had not me for a counsellor when you chose him for a patron. Is Coll. Hunter gone to his govern't? He is *mechant homme*, and has never writt to me since he came from France, and I came to Ireland. Your Coll. Worsly and I are mighty good acquaintance; he loves and esteems you much, and I am sorry that expedition did not hold.

When you write any more poetry, do me honor, mention me in it: 'tis the common request of Tully and Pliny to the great authors of their age; and I will contrive it so, that Prince Posterity shall know I was favored by the men of witt in my time. Pray send me word how your affairs are, that I may order my manner of writing to you accordingly; and remember me sometimes in your walks up the park, and wish for me amongst you. I reckon no man is thoroughly miserable, unless he be condemned to live in Ireland: and yet I have not the spleen, for I was not born to it. And let me know whether the North has cool'd your Geneva flames; but you have one comfort, that the loss of the ladies fortunes will encrease her love, and assure you her person; and you may now be out of pain of your rival Monsr. le Baron.

Pray write to me, and remember me, and drink my health sometimes with our friends, and believe me ever

Your most faithfull and most humble Ser't,

Jonathan Swift.

ON AN INFANT SMILING AS IT AWOKE.

AFTER the sleep of night, as some still Lake
 Displays the cloudless Heavens in reflection,
 And, dimpled by the breezes, seems to break
 Into a waking smile of recollection,
 As if from its calm depths the morning light
 Call'd up the pleasant dreams that gladden'd night :—

So does the azure of those laughing eyes
 Reflect a mental Heaven of thine own ;
 In that illumined smile I recognize
 The sunlight of a sphere to us unknown ;
 Thou hast been dreaming of some previous bliss
 In other worlds, for thou art new to this.

Hast thou been wafted to Elysian bowers,
 In some blest star where thou hast pre-existed ;
 Inhaled th' ecstatic fragrancy of flowers
 Around the golden harps of Seraphs twisted,
 Or heard those nightingales of Paradise
 Pour thrilling songs and choral harmonies ?

Perchance all breathing life is but an essence
 From the great Fountain Spirit in the sky,
 And thou hast dreamt of that transcendent presence
 Whence thou hast fall'n, a dew-drop from on high,
 Destined to lose, as thou shalt mix with earth,
 Those bright recallings of thy heavenly birth.

We deem thy mortal memory not begun,—
 But hast thou no remembrance of the past ;
 No lingering twilight of a former sun,
 Which o'er thy slumbering faculties hath cast
 Shadows of unimaginable things,
 Too high or deep for human fathomings ?

Perchance, while reason's earliest flush is brightening
 Athwart thy brain, celestial sights are given ;
 As skies that open to let out the lightning
 Disclose a transitory glimpse of Heaven ;
 And thou art wrapt in visions, all too bright
 For aught but Cherubim, and Infant's sight.

Emblem of heavenly purity and bliss,—
 Mysterious type which none can understand,
 Let me with reverence approach to kiss
 Limbs lately touch'd by the Creator's hand :—
 So awful art thou, that I feel more prone
 To claim thy blessing than bestow mine own.

FAMILIAR TRANSLATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

- Horace.* Lydia, whilst thou wert only mine,
Nor any younger favourite cull
Toy'd with that soft white neck of thine,
I envied not the Great Mogul !
- Lydia.* Ere Chloe had thy heart estranged,
And Lydia held thee all her own ;
She would not bliss like this have changed,
To mount the Queen of Sheba's throne !
- Horace.* To Chloe, now my bosom's queen,
My life, nay e'en my death I vow,
Her dearer life from harm to screen,
Would Fate the substitute allow !
- Lydia.* Young Calais woos me, nothing loth
To share in all his amorous joy :—
Had I two lives, I'd give them both,
Would Fate but spare my darling boy !
- Horace.* What if, this folly just worn out,
I'd buckle on my ancient chain ?
Turn Chloe to the right-about,
And beckon Lydia back again ?
- Lydia.* Though he were fair as any star,
Thou, rough and fickle as the sea ;
Yet be it still my constant prayer,
To live, and love, and die with thee !

H. M.

SONNET.

ON A LANDSCAPE BY MR. HOFLAND.

YOUNG world of peace and loveliness, farewell !
Farewell to the clear lake ; the mountains blue ;
The grove, whose tufted paths our eyes pursue
Delighted ; the white cottage in the dell
By yon old church ; the smoke from that small cell
Amid the hills slow rising ; and the hue
Of summer air, fresh, delicate, and true,
Breathing of light and life, the master spell.
Work of the poet's eye, the painter's hand,
How close to nature art thou, yet how free
From earthly stain ! The beautiful, the bland,
The rose, the nightingale resemble thee ;
Thou art most like the blissful fairy-land
Of Spenser, or Mozart's fine melody.

ON GERMAN CRITICISM.

It was our lot, when we entered the world some five-and-twenty years ago, to have brought with us a little code of taste in matters of literature, collected from the perusal of models that we were then taught to believe had been formed upon the true and undeviating principles of human nature. We allude to the compositions of the best eras of antiquity, and to those productions of the last two or three centuries, by which the authors, in the spirit of noble composition, have rescued the genius of their respective times, and countries, from the imputation of degeneracy. Whenever those works proposed to us examples of what was instructive, or affecting, or admirable, in the form of fictitious representations, we followed the fortunes of the heroes of the story with the deepest interest, because we could, without an effort, comprehend the full measure of their claims upon our sympathy. All the finer passages of the epic narratives of antiquity are appeals to the natural emotions of the human breast. The love of country—the anguish of exile—the vicissitudes of great dynasties—heroic intrepidity in battle and in council—the instincts of natural piety—the endearments of friendship—and the sorrow that can never weep enough, when the objects are no more;—these, and the long train of the other social and political affections, are the elements of poetic excitement, which those masterly productions bring in happy combination before us : and as long as man retains that mysterious faculty of delighting to identify himself in imagination with the fortunes and feelings of others, no matter how far removed by time and space, or how strong his assurance that the whole is but an unsubstantial fable, he will lend himself to the illusion, he will take pleasure in accompanying the personages of Grecian and Roman story, through every variety of sentiment and situation; and, adopting all their emotions, because he recognizes them as his own, feel as intensely for the fictitious events of twenty or thirty centuries ago, as for the joys or calamities of the passing hour. Nor is it merely in such passages of those immortal works, as present us with scenes, to which we might be ourselves exposed, that we fully apprehend, and participate in, the passions of the actors. In the recital of scenes of wonder, as of ordinary occurrences, the foundation still is human nature, operating according to principles, known and authenticated, from time immemorial. The Sixth *Æneid*, for instance, is a beautiful and scientific illustration of the forms, which the ordinary phenomena of our nature would assume, if submitted to new, and, in point of fact, impossible modes of excitement. In the conduct and language of the Trojan adventurer, during his passage through the realms of eternity, and still more in that of the

departed beings, with whom this noble episode brings him into contact, we feel the spirit of genuine humanity dictating every movement: once admitting the mythological creed, by which the fiction is justified—allowing the possibility of such particular modifications of existence, as form and feature without organic life—as moving, sentient, visible, but unpalpable images of what was once a breathing substance—having ideas without senses—passions untamed by death—and conspicuously among the latter, a sad retrospective attachment to the “glorious light,” which is never to visit their dreary situations—once admitting this, we enter, without scruple, into their habitation—and, informed by the genius of Virgil, can give our sympathy as strongly and distinctly to the fleeting groups that throng the banks of the Styx and the Elysian fields, as if their interests and condition were commensurate with our own. It is, in fact, amidst those beings, over whom the grave has closed, that the pathetic fancy of the bard displays some of its tenderest inspirations. His description of the futile efforts to embrace of the pious son and the disembodied parent—and the prophetic elegy of the latter on the short-lived virtues of the yet unborn Marcellus, are lasting evidences of the consummate power, that he possessed, and never failed to exercise, of making the hearts of his readers keep pace with the boldest excursions of his inventive imagination. This is a single example (every classical reader will recall others without number,) of the principles, on which the great writers of antiquity proceeded, and by adhering to which, they have so well succeeded in imparting to their creations an imperishable interest. Notwithstanding the lapse of ages, and the strange vicissitudes of opinion, and of social forms that have ensued, we still find our heads and hearts as much at home in the midst of the scenes they record, as if they related to the daily routine of our familiar occupations. The secret of this fascination (we repeat it) is, that they present us with human beings, in whose nature we recognize a perfect identity with our own. In the characters of ancient fiction, there is consistency and adaptation. They act from assignable motives. They speak as becomes their condition. They have no fantastic incongruities to startle and perplex us. There are no slaves discoursing like demigods—no pedlars hawking about quintessential sentimentality, and haranguing mendicants by the way-side on the soul of the universe, and the fall of empires. So of the moral attributes of their personages—we can comprehend them at a glance. The question of their merits does not come before us in the form of an intellectual puzzle. Homer and Virgil had no skill in constructing models of inscrutable heroism, whom the reader is called upon at once to venerate and abhor. They present us with none of those dark and dubious beings, endowed with courage, generosity, dis-

interestedness, exalted enthusiasm, and all the other qualifications of a perfect character, except that they have betrayed a friend, or stained their hands in blood, or committed some other crime, for which they ought long since to have fallen under the stroke of the common executioner. But this old and simple method of engaging our interest, by appealing directly to our social and moral instincts, has of late years been falling into disuse, and some new and very equivocal expedients have been invented to supply its place. Among these, the theories of the German school hold a distinguished rank; and, as we understand that the general adoption of the principles of that school, by English writers, is ardently looked forward to by many as the millennium of our literature, we feel induced to offer a few remarks upon some of its doctrines, as far as we can comprehend them; and their tendencies, which are not quite so unintelligible. Upon a subject, embracing so wide a range, it will, we fear, be inconsistent with our limits to enter upon minute details, and we expect to have many future occasions of returning to it; we shall therefore, at present, content ourselves with submitting our observations in rather a general form. One of the leading peculiarities of the German school, is an incessant effort to produce effect by the introduction of some high-wrought passion, claiming, upon special grounds, an exemption from ordinary restraints, and seeking to engage our sympathy, in defiance of our moral convictions. The germ of this principle, if we mistake not, may be traced to a celebrated author of the last century—not a German—but who may be fairly classed with the writers of that nation—we allude to the productions of Jean-Jaques Rousseau, and in particular to his *Nouvelle Heloise*. In speaking of this performance, we heartily concur with those, who protest against its indelicacies and its perilous tendencies; but in spite of these and numerous other objections to it, as a mere work of fiction, we cannot help pronouncing it to bear the stamp throughout of a most singularly subtle, profound, and imaginative mind. But to praise, or blame it, is not so much to our present purpose, as to point out one of its prominent peculiarities, which appears to have had a very extensive influence upon the literature of modern Germany.

In the composition of this novel, the author's aim, as he informs us himself, was to discard the common artifices of external incident and situation, and to supply their place by sentiment. For this purpose, ordinary sentiment would have been insufficient. To produce a continued interest, he saw the necessity of inflaming the imaginations of his readers, by exhibiting the workings of some impetuous passion, and his own temperament decided that that passion should be love:—"Je me figurai l'amour, l'amitié, les deux idoles de mon cœur, sous les plus ra-

vissantes images : je me plus à les orner de tous les charmes du sexe que j'avois toujours adoré." He entered upon his design in a frame of mind, and with powers peculiarly fitted to describe, and to defend, all the waywardness of the passion he had selected for his theme. Though long past the season of youthful excitation, his extraordinary sensibility, which rendered his whole life a long fever, and his intense recollection of the emotions of his youth, had, in his instance, completely baffled the effects of time. He was still as susceptible of tenderness and love as at any period of his existence ; and the more so from the oppressive conviction, that the day was not distant when age or the grave must for ever chill his heart against the endearments for which it panted. " Devoré (says he) du besoin d'aimer sans jamais l'avoir pu bien satisfaire, je me voyois atteindre aux portes de la vieillesse, et mourir sans avoir vécu."

In want of a determinate object, and despairing to find it, or disdaining to seek it, in a world, with which he had long been in a state of war, this singular being passed his days in rambling through the woods of Montmorenci, and dreaming of ideal existences, in whose purer society he could relieve his bosom from the weight of impassioned emotion that oppressed it. These solitary reveries first suggested the idea of a romance ; and it is difficult to determine how far (had nothing intervened) his creative imagination and fervid style might not have produced a fiction abounding with images of exalted, however improbable, innocence and perfection. But, in the height of his romantic paroxysms, Madame D'Houdetot came across him, and became the object of his idolatry, for which he had been searching in the skies. Rousseau at last was unequivocally in love. His romance was not discontinued, but the plan was in part remodelled, and sad work made with the original heroine ; and here it is that the writer has justly exposed himself to unmeasured reproach. Madame D'Houdetot, the avowed mistress of St. Lambert, was engrafted upon the divine Julie, and the author, regardless of the moral responsibilities of his situation, summoned all the powers of his eloquent and subtle mind to soften and justify the unnatural combination. Poor Julie was permitted to retain her original qualities of beauty, sensibility, constancy, ardour in friendship, and filial piety, but was condemned to assume the temperament, and too frequently the language, of a Parisian *intriguante*. She was now to be " foible, mais d'une si touchante foiblesse, que la vertu sembloit y gagner."*

* This is not precisely the account that Rousseau gives of the matter, but from the light which the confessions throw upon the Romance, we have little doubt that it is the true one ; and that Julie would have been represented as " Sage" as Claire, if Madame D'H. had kept out of the way. But the situation, in which he became involved with this lady, brought down his imagination from its high pitch of romantic contem-

To establish this paradox, that chastity may not be essential to the perfection of the female character, is the great scope of the *Nouvelle Heloise*; and however the laws of society, and the good old instincts of the human breast, may exclaim against the position, the celebrity of the attempt has attracted crowds of imitators. It is in Germany, where writers particularly pique themselves upon the novelty and independence of their conceptions, that the hint has been most ardently adopted and extended. It were endless to enumerate the myriads of the productions of this school, from Werter down to the periodical supplies of sentiment, prepared expressly for every Leipsic fair, in which nature and genuine feeling are put aside, and some morbid visionary is made to set up a code of wild and licentious metaphysics, to justify his offences against the laws of common prudence and decorum.

In perusing some of the most popular English productions of the present day, it is impossible not to observe to what an extent our literature has been infected by this system of substituting the turbulence and sophistries of lawless passion for the delineation of those more regular and decent movements, which appeal to our sympathy through our moral approbation. In our poets and our poetical novel writers, this innovation has been most flagrant and systematic, and most successful, as far as to be read with avidity, and applauded by the unthinking, can constitute success. The fashionable notion now is, that, in a work of true genius, every thing must be made subordinate to passion—no matter how unnatural or presumptuous a tone it may assume; and accordingly our recent literature has teemed with impassioned railers against the decencies of life—impassioned marauders by sea and land—impassioned voluptuaries—impassioned renegades—impassioned striplings—impassioned hags—all of them venting furious sublimity upon the astonished reader, and boldly demanding his profound admiration, because they have lost all controul over their actions and their words.

But this exclusive taste for foam and convulsions cannot last. The works, that have of late years been sent forth to gratify it, may enjoy a temporary celebrity, but they are against the genius of our literature, and will never be permanently embodied with it. They are excrescences upon a naturally healthy body, which its restorative energies, when once roused, will indignantly work off. Sooner or later, we shall get tired of eternally listening to the uninstrucive ravings of culprits and adventurers. The inherent love of order and decorum, that belongs to a

plation to all the petty and impure details of French intrigue. Upon comparing the two works, it is quite manifest that, wherever he could, he identified himself and her with the hero and heroine—even to giving Julie an attack of the small-pox, that her face, by retaining some traces of it, might the more resemble *Madame D'Houdetot's*.

civilized community, and to England above all others, will bring us back to our old taste for higher and better attractions. Let the professors of the new school rant as they please about its savage graces, and tremendous imaginings, though the natural and most rewarding propensity of the human mind is to seek a refuge from the casualties and disgusts of life, in trains of thinking that soothe and elevate. To assist and direct us in such endeavours is the purest office of poetry—and the minister of this delightful art, who would best fulfil the task assigned him, will not hurry off our already-wearied spirits to the horrors of dungeons and charnel-houses; he will rather lift us to some romantic asylum, where, amidst the enchantment that his genius has spread around, earth, and its crimes and sorrows, may be forgotten; or, if he detains us below, and makes the human heart, and the play of its inconstant passions, the subject of his inventions, he will not nauseate us by loathsome pictures of its deformities, nor impose upon us by dexterously colouring its vices, nor perplex our feelings and judgments by mystery and contradictions. The true poet has too much dignity and good faith to resort to such base contrivances: where a moral purpose demands it, he will glance at turpitude, occasionally and with reluctance; but in all his noblest representations, beauty and virtue will be in the foreground; if fortunate, to delight and animate us; if contending with adversity, to habituate us to offices of humanity, by consecrating the tears that we shed over unmerited calamity.

But to return to the Germans. Next to their perverse advocacy of the cause of irregular sentiment and passion, we have a word or two to say upon their mysticism, and the attempts now making to naturalize it in England. For ourselves, we must confess, that we have entered so little into the spirit of the mystic doctrines, that we can hardly undertake to define them. Madame De Stael was one of the initiated; and, if we recollect right, her dashing explanation of the subject is, that the German men of genius pass their entire lives in the seclusion of their studies, from which their minds, every now and then, make "*excursions dans l'infini*," and that the wonders and discoveries of the voyage are duly recorded upon their return, for the edification of more home-keeping spirits. But we happen to have lying before us an encomiastic article upon German literature, lately published in London, in which this new system is somewhat less vaguely announced. "We willingly and cheerfully," says the writer, "acknowledge the truth, that there are deep and unfathomable powers in the universe, and that all poetry, which pretends to any thing more than a mere momentary existence, or rather which pretends at all to life, must rest ultimately, as all life does, upon a mysterious basis, that is, and ever must be, in-

comprehensible to the reflective understanding." The writer goes on to allege that, in all the great works of poetry, though their beauty may have been intuitively perceived, ages and ages have passed away before the understanding could discover the secret of their merits—"for they were really mysterious, and actually and in truth possessed a mysterious life;" and he imputes it as a fundamental objection to most modern poems, that they have been so reduced to the level of the meanest capacity, that they require no study to discover, or critic to explain their beauties. A little further on he corroborates his opinions by the following extract from the writings of Frederick Von Hardenberg, in which, though the expressions may seem obscure, a little attention, he assures us, will discover that there is a deity beneath the veil. "In a genuine tale, every thing must be marvellous, and mysteriously hanging together—every thing vivified, each in a different manner. The whole world of nature must be wondrously mixed up with the whole world of spirits—thus arises the age of universal anarchy, lawlessness, and freedom—nature's state of nature—the time before the world. This time before the world presents, as it were, the scattered features of the time after the world, as the state of nature is a singular type of the kingdom of heaven. The world of a tale is the one diametrically opposed to the world of truth, and for this very reason as thoroughly similar to it, as chaos is similar to the perfect creation. In the future world, every thing is as in the former world, yet altogether otherwise; the future world is the rational chaos—a chaos that has penetrated itself, that is within itself, and without itself. A genuine tale must be, at the same time, a prophetic representation, an ideal representation, an absolutely necessary representation. The genuine tale-writer is a seer of futurity. It is owing only to the weakness of our organs, and to our contact with ourselves, that we do not behold ourselves in a fairy world. All tales are only dreams of that our native world, which is everywhere and nowhere."

Now, we do not hesitate to assert, that all this (and we could select some similar bursts from the lectures of the renowned Schlegel) is the *very quintessence of mystical pedantry*, bearing precisely the same relation to true philosophical criticism, that the ravings of Johanna Southcot do to authentic revelation. We, however, offer it to our readers as a tolerably fair specimen of the luminous form in which German minds communicate the treasures of new light, which they bring back from their "*excursions dans l'infini*." But to bring the merits of this recipe for tale-writing to a more familiar test: how would poor Fielding or Goldsmith have stared, if, upon offering one of their exquisite inventions for publication, they had been confronted by the awful canons of this "deity beneath the veil,"

to which, as tale writers, they were to be told, it was their bounden duty to conform. They might have said, "we have lived in the world, we have watched the conduct and feelings of men of various characters, in various situations, and in moulding our fictitious personages, we have never lost sight of the originals that we saw acting around us. Upon these observations are founded our notions of what is human nature, and in this work they are recorded. The qualities are real and authentic; we witnessed them in others, and felt them in ourselves—it is only in the combinations that we are inventors." To this simple profession of their literary tenets, how confounded and perplexed would they have been, if the publisher were to return Tom Jones or the Vicar of Wakefield upon their hands to be remodelled, according to the High German principles of composition. "My good Sir," he might say, "though your production certainly shews talent, still the beauties are really so utterly *intelligible* that the meanest capacity may comprehend them. The thing is cleverish in its way, but it isn't 'dreamy' enough by half. Couldn't you contrive to throw in a few touches of 'the age of universal anarchy,' or of 'the chaos that has penetrated itself.' The latter in particular would be sure to take. Then if, instead of giving us human nature, you'd stick to 'nature's state of nature,' I mean, 'the time before the world;' if, in a word, you'd make your work, what every genuine tale should be, 'a dream of our native world, which is every where and no where,' I shall be ready to enter into terms for its publication."

But to speak more seriously of these fantastic dogmas. It is utterly false, at least nothing but a miserable abuse of terms can make it true, that genuine poetry must be founded in mystery. In the metaphysical sense of the word it is certainly true; but so is every thing, that can be named, founded in mystery. The visible world—our invisible emotions—existence—consciousness—all the natural phenomena, within and without us, when philosophically investigated, baffle our comprehension, and turn out in the last result to be strange, unaccountable, and mysterious. But, in this view of the subject, the position, that the basis of all good poetry must be mystery, has no more novelty or truth, than to say, that the basis of a good apple-pie, or of the best home-brewed ale, must be mystery. In either case, the understanding, when pushed for an explanation, will find it equally impossible to account for the particular combinations, that form the articles in question, conveying pleasurable sensations to the body or the mind; and, however preposterously it might sound to descant in pompous terms upon the "deep and unfathomable powers" of a pot of marmalade or a cask of Calvert's entire, as the basis of their excellence, we should be as

much justified in such a mode of speech, as when we speak of the "deep and unfathomable powers of the universe," as the ultimate basis of our poetical emotions.

But though all things, when metaphysically analysed, must be admitted to be involved in mystery, the human mind, in its ordinary moods, is little addicted to this subtle and fruitless process of investigation. In the practical details of our existence, the mystery that overhangs them, never occurs to our imaginations. Whether it be from instinct, or from a long familiarity that supplies its place, we take appearances upon trust, and act and feel in regard to them under the impression of a popular belief, amounting to a most perfect assurance, that they are, in fact and essence, precisely such as our senses represent them. When we gaze upon a rich landscape, or a human form of surpassing beauty; or when we witness an admirable action, the emotions which any of these objects excite, derive none of their power from their mysterious origin. This is a subtle topic to which our minds never think of adverting. To us, there is no mystery in the impressions made upon us. The sentiment of admiration or of moral approbation is clear, distinct, and to every practical intent and purpose, perfectly intelligible. The case is precisely the same, when objects come before us in the form of poetical representation. The purpose of poetry is not (as the sticklers for mystery would persuade us,) to throw the mind into new and undefinable states of being; and if it had the wish, it wants the power: all that it can do is, to call up our familiar emotions in a state of higher excitement than the ordinary details of life produce. This it accomplishes by presenting us with fictitious objects, which our imagination adopts as realities; and so far is any thing like mystery from being a necessary ingredient in these fanciful creations, that all their excellence and power (whether they aim at representation of external nature, or the developement of human passions) consist in exciting images and feelings so defined and distinct, that we become, as it were, actual spectators and actors in the scenes to which they refer. The business of the poet is to delight and interest the mind, not to bewilder it; and it may be laid down as an un-deviating rule, that all his pictures will produce their destined effects, precisely in the inverse ratio of their vagueness.

We have dwelt at some length upon this topic, because we really consider it of some importance to direct the attention of our readers to the empirical pretensions of the professors and disciples of this school, to exclusive taste and genius, and to the degradation, which must befall our literature, if their flimsy ravings should be permanently incorporated with it. In the observations above offered, we by no means intend to assert that in no case can poetical effect be heightened and dignified by

mysterious associations. There are majestic appearances in eternal nature, which at once direct our minds to the contemplation of "the great unknown," of whose power they are the symbols. There are trains of meditative abstraction, leading to sublime conjectures and appalling doubts upon our final destinies, in which the poet's visions catch a glorious awe from the darkness that surrounds them. In these and similar instances, we fully admit the sacred influence of mystery, in the most extensive meaning of the word:—what we protest against is, the perverse doctrine, that, because it is a powerful poetical agent, it must be the fundamental and only one; and that such is the constitution of our nature, that we can never be truly delighted, except by what we cannot comprehend.

We are aware that these opinions may give offence to some, but our respect for our native literature, and our anxiety that it should long retain its old masculine character of energy and nature, and rational enthusiasm, compel us to exclaim against the modern efforts to enfeeble and debase it. The effects are already visible in the published reveries of a notorious fraternity of inland versifiers, and not less so in the apologetic effusions of their misguided disciples. The latter appear, on the whole, to be much farther gone; and when we listen to their ravings, we scarcely know whether most to pity or to envy them. They are decidedly wild upon the subject of their favourite theories; but then their delirium, by their own account, is attended by so many redeeming ecstasies, that a return to reason would, we fear, only prove to them an irretrievable calamity. We can collect from them, that their gentle souls are endowed with innumerable mystical instincts, for which they find provided around them as many visionary sources of gratification. The lowliest objects in nature teem with "sanctities" and "consecrations," and "venerablenesses" and "unearthly reminiscences." To them a pigsty is holy ground. They can prostrate themselves in soul-exalting adoration before an inscrutable deity, and discover volumes of eternal truth in the sublime provincialisms of pedlars and leech-catchers. Their sympathy with idiots is extraordinary and unbounded. A ragged coat importuning for a penny, is the *beau idéal* of created beings—a lounge in the precincts of a parish workhouse suggests trains of as lofty musing as a walk in the groves of Academus. They go forth with their souls so attuned to poetic rapture, that the most vulgar touch can awaken the sweetest strains. Just like this barrel-organ beneath our window, which, while we write, is discoursing a most sentimental ditty, in despite of the coarse and awkward hand of the weatherbeaten old tar that grinds it. Surely they must be happy, if to be rich in resources can make them so; for while Old England can supply them with a vagrant, or a stump of

rotten thorn, or a pool of ditch-water, to administer to their mystical necessities, they can never want subjects of profound and ecstatic contemplation.

This is what comes from imitating the German habit of holding "conversations with the air." When we commenced, we proposed to have said a good deal more upon these matters, particularly upon Schlegel's discoveries in Shakspeare, and his critical theory of the "seminal idea" of every work of art; but (the periodical writer's old excuse) the want of present limits obliges us to defer our remarks to some future occasion.

ENGLISH GENEALOGY.—SUNDAY.

"I am no herald to enquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues." SIDNEY.

"Sunday must needs be an excellent institution, since the very breaking of it is the support of half the villages round town." BONNEL THORNTON.

If it were possible to trace back the current of an Englishman's blood to its early fountains, what a strange compound would the mass present! What a confusion and intermingling of subsidiary streams from the Britons, Romans, Danes, Saxons, and Normans; amalgamating with minor contributions from undiscoverable sources, mocking the chemist's power to analyse, and almost bewildering imagination to conceive! Being myself "no tenth transmitter of a foolish face," I have sometimes maliciously wished that a *bona fide*, genuine, scrupulously-accurate family tree, shooting its branches up into the darkness of antiquity, could be displayed before some of our boasters of high descent and genealogical honours. Heavens! how would it vary from their own emblazoned parchment and vellum records! What confusion of succession—what scandal thrown upon Lady Barbaras and Lady Bridgets, all immaculate in their time—what heraldic bars in noble scutcheons, ancient and modern, from the now first-detected intrigues of chaplains, captains, pages, and serving-men, with their frail mistresses, whose long stomachers, stuck up in the picture-gallery of the old Gothic hall, look like so many insurance-plates against the fire of Cupid's unlawful torch! Strange that there should be a limit to this pride of ancestry! If it be glorious to trace our family up to Edward the First, it should be still more so to ascend to Edward the Confessor; yet pride seldom mounts higher than the first illustrious name, the first titled or celebrated progenitor, whom it chooses to call the founder of the family. The haughtiest vaunter of high pedigree and the honours of unbroken descent, from the time of William the Conqueror, would probably weep with shame at being enabled to follow his name three hundred years farther back, through a succession of ploughmen, mechanics, or malefactors. As it cannot be denied that all families

are, in point of fact, equally ancient, the distinction consists in possessing records to prove a certain succession; and even this, it appears, ceases to be a boast beyond a certain point. Fantastical vanity! which, while it cannot deny to the beggar at the gate the privilege of being equally descended from Adam and Eve, rests its own claim to superiority upon being enabled to prove a fiftieth part of the same antiquity, struts, like the jay in the fable, in others' finery, and piques itself upon the actions of ancestors, instead of its own. Give me the man, who is an honour to his titles; not him whose titles are his honour!

But, if an Englishman be such an heterogeneous compound as to his personal composition, he has the consolation of knowing, that his language is, at least, equally confused and intermingled with Teutonic, Celtic, and classical derivations. Let us consider, for instance, the hebdomadary (as Dr. Johnson would call it,) or the days of the week, named after the Sun, the Moon, Tuisco, Woden or Odin, Thor, Freya, and Saturn; four Scandinavian or northern deities, three Pagan gods worshipped in the south, and not one Christian sponsor! Let the reader lift up the curtain of time, and taking a hasty glimpse of the last ten or twenty centuries, suffer his imagination to wander amid the scenes and associations suggested by the enumeration we have just made. Perched on the crags of rocks and mountains, and frowning at the rolling clouds and snow-storms that lour beneath, he will mark the gigantic heroes of the north; the warriors of Ossian will stalk gloomily before him; he will roam through the five hundred and forty halls of Thor's palace, till he find him seated on his throne with his terrific wife Freya by his side, and in his hand the gigantic hammer of which he has read in the Runic poetry; and finally, he will ascend into the Scandinavian elysium, or palace of Valhalla, where he will behold the beatified warriors drinking mead out of the skulls of their enemies, administered by the fair hands of the Valkyriæ, those virgin Houris of the north, blessed with perpetual youth and never-fading beauty. Turning from the appalling sublimity of these cold, desolate, and warlike regions, let his fancy revel in the rich and sunny luxuriance of Grecian landscape, awakening from their long sleep all the beautiful realities and classical fictions connected with the glorious god of the Sun, the Apollo of the poets, the patron deity of Delphi and of Delos. How beautiful is the morning! Slowly rising above the mountains of Argos, the sun shoots a golden bloom over the undimpled waters of the Ægean and the sea of Myrtos, gilding every height of the Cycladic Islands, as if the very hills had caught fire to do honour to the quinquennial festival of Apollo, now celebrating at Delos. See! in every direction the green ocean is studded with the white sails of barks (like daisies in the grass) hastening to the ceremony from Attica, Boeotia, and Thessaly; from Lesbos and Crete;

from Ionia and the coasts of Asiatic Greece. As they approach, their crews are seen doing reverence to the sun, and the faint dulcet sound of flutes and hautboys melts along the wave. But what stately vessel is that hurrying from the east, whose numerous rowers make the waters sparkle with their gilded oars? It is the *Paralos*, or sacred bark of Athens. Hark! what a high and swelling symphony pours from the numerous band on board;—she approaches the shore of Delos, whose inhabitants flock to the beach, and as the band, and dancers, and choristers, debark, they are compelled, by immemorial usage, to rehearse their lessons, and chaunt their new hymn to Apollo. Other boats have now landed their crews in various parts of the island, and as they advance towards the temple with music, dancing, and singing, behold! the priests of Apollo, and a long procession of choristers, descending from Mount Cynthus, wind along the banks of the Inopus, chaunting the ancient hymns composed by Homer and Hesiod when they visited the island. As, with their right hands pointed to the sun, the whole population celebrate the praises of Apollo, every face is lighted up with enthusiasm and joy; and while the air is loaded with the melody of pipes, timbrels, and lutes, and the nobler harmony of human voices, the god of day, slowly ascending in cloudless magnificence, seems, with his lidless eye of fire, to smile with complacency upon the homage of his worshippers.

Let me stop while I can, Mr. Editor, for I have got astride upon my favourite hobby-horse, and if I am suffered to proceed, I shall gallop to every province of Greece, and visit every scene of jubilee, from the great Olympic Games to the Feast of Adonis, which the Syracusan gossips of Theocritus were so anxious to witness. Suffice it that a slight sketch has been attempted of a Sun-day among the people of Delos. Let us see how it has been celebrated by other nations. In Hebrew, the word Sabbath signifies rest; and the Jews fixed it on the Saturday, the last day of the week, to commemorate the completion of the work of creation, and the reposing of the Lord. It was not distinguished by a mere cessation from labour, but was enlivened by every species of rejoicing; they who took the most pleasure deeming themselves the most devout; and, amid a variety of puerile and superstitious ceremonies, they were particularly enjoined to lie longer in bed on that morning. If it were allowable to reverse the profane jest of the pork-lover, who wished to be a Jew, that he might have the pleasure of eating pork and sinning at the same time, I should be tempted to express a similar desire for the contemporaneous comfort of lying in bed and performing a religious duty. The Sun-day, or Christian Sabbath, was appropriated to the first day of the week, in eternal remembrance of the resurrection of Christ; but was not strictly solemnized as a period of cessation from all business until about the year 321, when Constantine ordered its

more rigorous observance, and interdicted all prosecutions, pleadings, and juridical processes, public or private. Of all the blessings ever bestowed on the world, it may be questioned whether any have been attended with more beneficial consequences to morals, health, and happiness, than the institution of a seventh day of rest, without which the lot of mortality, to the mass of mankind, would be hardly endurable. What contemplation so kindly, social, and endearing, as to behold the great human family linked by religion in one domestic brotherhood, and reduced to one common level, assembling weekly under the same roof to pour forth their gratitude to God, their universal benefactor and father? And yet how various have been the temper and spirit, with which the Sabbath has been solemnized in different ages, fluctuating from the sternest self-mortification and the most inexorable rigour, to the opposite extreme of irreverend and licentious hilarity. Well might Erasmus say, that the human understanding was like a drunken clown attempting to mount a horse;—if you help him up on one side, he falls over on the other. The old Puritan, who refused to brew on a Saturday, lest his beer should work on the Sunday, was scarcely more ridiculous than the sceptical G. L. Le Sage of Geneva, who, according to his biographer Prevost, being anxious to ascertain whether the great Author of nature still prescribed to himself the observance of the original day of rest, measured, with the nicest exactitude, the daily increase of a plant to ascertain whether it would cease growing on the Sabbath, and finding that it did not, of course decided for the negative of the proposition. By statute 1 Car. I. no persons on the Lord's day "shall assemble out of their own parishes, for any sport whatsoever; nor, in their parishes, shall use any bull or bear-baiting, interludes, plays, or other unlawful exercises or pastimes; on pain that every offender shall pay 3*s.* 4*d.* to the poor." In 1618 King James, on the other hand, was graciously pleased to declare, "That for his good people's recreation, his Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations; such as dancing, either of men or women; archery for men; leaping, vaulting, or any other harmless recreations; nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morrice-dances; or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used, so as the same may be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or let of divine service." A statute, the 29 Charles II. enacts, "that no person shall work on the Lord's day, or use any boat or barge;" and by the non-repeal of this absurd law, the population of London, on the only day when its labouring classes have leisure for recreation, are denied the healthy enjoyment of their noble river, unless they choose to subject themselves to a penalty of 5*s.*

Our own times have had their full share of this pendulating

between extremes. To the lively Parisians nothing appeared more atrociously tyrannical, than that their lately restored sovereign should shut up the shops on a Sunday, and compel some little external reverence to the day, beyond the mere opening of the church-doors for the accommodation of a few devout old women. His pious inflexibility, on this point, had very nearly occasioned a counter-revolution. "Eh! mon dieu," said the Frenchman in London, when he looked out of window on a Sunday morning in the city, "what national calamity has happened?" The houses all shut up—the silent and deserted streets forming such a sepulchral contrast to their ordinary bustle—the solemn countenances of the few straggling passengers, and the dismal tolling of innumerable bells, might well justify this exclamation in a foreigner; nor would his wonder be diminished, upon learning that this was the English mode of exhibiting their cheerfulness and gratitude to Heaven. What would such a man say, especially when he reflected upon the Sunday theatres, dances, and festivities of France, were he to be told that, even in these times, the lawfulness of shaving on a Sunday had been seriously discussed by one of our most numerous sects? The question was thus gravely submitted to the Methodist conference of 1807: "As it has been suggested that our rule respecting the exclusion of barbers, who shave or dress their customers on the Lord's day, is not sufficiently explicit and positive, what is the decision of the conference on this important point?" And thus replieth that august body to the weighty interrogatory: "Let it be fully understood that no such person is to be suffered to remain in any of our societies. We charge all our superintendants to execute this rule in every place, without partiality and without delay." Poor human nature! how often in thy failure to enforce these and other unattainable austerities, dost thou verify the lines of Dryden:

"Reaching above our nature does no good,
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood."

Is there no island of rest for thee between Scylla and Charybdis; must thou be for ever bandied to and fro by the conflicting battle-dores of fanaticism and indifference?

It may not be unamusing, perhaps not uninstrusive, to consider the mode, in which some of the various classes of London society dispose of themselves upon the Sabbath.

The rational Christian goes to church in an exhilarating spirit of grateful devotion to God, and universal charity to mankind; and feeling persuaded that the most acceptable homage to the Creator must be the happiness of the creature, dedicates the rest of the day to innocent recreations, and the enjoyment of domestic and social intercourse.

The bigot enters his Salem or Ebenezer, hoping to propitiate the

God of unbounded benignity by enforcing systems of gloom and horror; by dreadful denunciations against the rest of mankind, and ascetical self-privations. He holds with the Caliph Omar, that we must make a hell of this world to merit heaven in the next. In all probability, he is a vice-suppressor, and hating to see others enjoy that which he denies to himself, wages a petty but malignant warfare against human happiness, from the poor boy's kite to the old woman's apple-stall. If in good circumstances, he orders out his coachman, footman, and horses, to go to chapel, that the world may at once know his wealth and his devoutness; yet dines upon cold meat, to let God Almighty see that he does not unnecessarily employ his servants on the Sabbath. Music on this day is an utter abomination; and, if he had his will, he would imprison the running waters for making melody with the pebbles; set the wind in the stocks for whistling; and cite the lark, the thrush, and the blackbird into the Ecclesiastical Court.

The man of fashion cannot possibly get dressed in time for church; the park is *mauvais ton*;—there is no other place to ride in;—he hates walking—lounges at the subscription-house, and votes Sunday a complete *bore*, until it is time to drop in at the Marchioness's, in Arlington-street.

Jammed in by other carriages, and sometimes unable to move from the same spot for hours together, the woman of fashion spends her Sunday morning in the ring, exposed to sun, wind, and dust, and the rude stare of an endless succession of oriental vulgarians.

Half filling his showy and substantial carriage, the rich citizen rides from his country-house to the church, fully impressed with the importance of the duty he is performing, and not altogether unmindful of the necessity of acquiring an appetite for dinner. He has, moreover, a lurking hope that his supplications may not have an unpropitious effect on the fate of his missing ship, the Good Intent, on which he is short insured*; to strengthen which influence, he deplores to his son the irreligious omission of the introductory and concluding prayer in the newly printed bills of lading; censures the same impropriety in the form of modern wills; and informs him that most of the old mercantile ledgers had the words "*Laus Deo*" very properly printed in their first page. His wife, fat and fine, with a gorgeous pelisse, and a whole flower-garden in her bonnet, sits opposite to him, and, as they go to church to abjure all pomps and vanities, their rich liveried

* An Insurance Company, at Cadiz, once took the Virgin Mary into formal partnership, covenanting to set aside her portion of profits for the enrichment of her shrine in that city. Not doubting that she would protect every vessel, in which she had such a manifest interest, they underwrote ships of all sorts, at such reduced rates, that in a few months the infatuated partners were all declared bankrupts.

servant, with fifty bobs and tags dangling from his shoulder, clatters up the aisle behind them, to perform the essential offices of carrying one little prayer-book, and shutting the door of their pew. Whatever be the rank of those who practise this obtrusive and indecorous display, it is of the very essence of vulgar upstart pride, and constitutes an offence, which the beadle of every parish ought to have special orders to prevent.

The city dandy and dandisette, arrayed in the very newest of their septenary fashions, pick the cleanest way to the Park, and leaving the verdant sward, umbrageous avenues, and chirping birds of Kensington-gardens, to nurserymaids and children, prefer taking the dust, and enjoying the crowd by the road-side, accompanied by the unceasing grating of the carriage-wheels in the gravel.

The maid-servant, having a smart new bonnet, asks her mistress's permission to go to morning-service; and, when her fellow servants inquire what the sermon was about, exclaims, with a toss of her head, "I always told Mary what the flirting of that fellow Tomkins would come to; spite of all his fine speeches about the banns, they was'n't no more asked in church than I was."

The labourer, or mechanic, who was formerly enabled to freshen his feet in the grass of the green fields, and recreate his smoke-dried nose with the fragrance of a country breeze, can no longer enjoy that gratification now that London itself is gone out of town. He prowls about the dingy swamps of Battersea or Mile-End, with a low bull-dog at his heels, which he says he will match, for a gallon of beer, with e'er a dog in England. Being of the same stock with the cockney young lady, who pathetically lamented that she "never could *exasperate* the *Haitch*," and then innocently inquired "whether the letter *We* was'n't a *wowell*?" he, with a scrupulous inaccuracy, misplaces his H's, V's, and W's. At Vauxhall he stops to buy an ash-stick; because, as he argumentatively tells Bill Gibbons, his companion, "I always likes a hash un." However numerous may be his acquaintance, he never meets one without asking him what they shall drink, having a bibulous capacity as insatiable as that of a dustman, who, beginning at six o'clock in the morning, will swallow a quart of washy small beer at every door on both sides of a long street.

The more decent artisan, having stowed four young children, all apparently of the same age, in a hand-cart, divides with his wife the pleasure of dragging them, for the benefit of country air, as far as the Mother Red Cap in the Hampstead-road, where he ascends into a balcony commanding a fine view of the surrounding dust, smokes his pipe, drinks his ale, and, enjoying the heat of the high road as he lugs his burden back again, declares, that "them country excursions are vastly wholesome."

It was my intention to have contrasted with these scenes "the

sound of the church-going bell" in a quiet sequestered village; but, in writing of London, I have so far caught its spirit, as to have left myself little room for further enlargement, and I shall, therefore, comprise all I had to say in the following extract from Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone"—

" From Bolton's old monastic tower,
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun is bright; the fields are gay,
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of the crystal Wharf,
Through the vale, retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.

And up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company!
Of lasses and of shepherd groomes,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus, in joyous mood, they hie
To Bolton's mouldering Priory."

H.

ANECDOTES OF THE GUELPHS.

It is singular that, in an age when the biography of individuals forms so great a portion of our national literature, the history of the illustrious House, which now enjoys the crown of England, should have been so long neglected. On the accession of the Brunswick family, indeed, several volumes appeared, which professed to contain authentic accounts of that house, but which were, for the most part, collected from the ancient chronicles, and filled with the most ridiculous fictions. The attempt of Gibbon, therefore, has been the only source to which we have hitherto had resort, for any thing like accurate and historical information on this subject. At length, however, a more extensive and finished work has been given to the public, which, if it does not supersede the labours of the future historian, will at least furnish him with a fund of accurate and valuable information.* As the annals of this warlike and adventurous family abound with interesting relations, we have selected such as were the most striking, and which, by being col-

* A general History of the House of Guelph, or Royal Family of Great Britain, from the earliest period in which the name appears upon record, to the accession of his Majesty King George the First to the throne, with an appendix of authentic and original documents. By Andrew Halliday, M. D. Domestic Physician to H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence. 4to. London, Underwood, 1721.

lected together, will perhaps afford a characteristic picture of the ancestors of the monarchs, who now, for more than a century, have swayed the sceptre of these realms.

The origin of the family name is involved in great obscurity. John Tambactus, a writer of the eleventh century, has related the following fable respecting it. The wife of a certain knight, having borne, at one birth, (*simul et semel*) twelve sons, and being apprehensive, on account of her husband's poverty, that they would prove too great a burden for him, bribed her handmaid to carry her infants to the river, and drown them. While the maid was about to consign her young charge to the waves, the Bishop of Cologne happening to pass near the banks of the river, observed her, and dispatched one of his suite to inquire what she was doing; the messenger reported what he had discovered, and the good bishop, moved with compassion, took the infants under his own care, and charged himself with their education. It is said, that the maiden-executioner, when first questioned by the bishop's messenger as to what she had in her apron, answered *whelps*, whence the youths afterwards assumed it as the surname of their family. The same verbal derivation is supported by the author of the "*Origines Guelficæ*," who says that the word is considered by some as a translation of the Latin *Catulus*, amongst the Saxons written and pronounced *Woëlpe*; among the Belgians, *Welp*, *Wolpe*, and *Wülpe*; and among the English, *Whelp*. The learned Professor Eichorn is inclined to think that the name is derived from the Saxon *huelpe*, written in German *hülpe*, and signifying aid or assistance; while, in the opinion of Dr. Halliday, it was assumed from the badge or emblem of the family, as the figure of some animal was usually painted on the banners of the chiefs, which served as the rallying war-cry of the tribe they commanded.

The earliest annals of the Guelphs are too obscure to furnish much interesting information. The first of the name was a Prince of the Scyrri in the fifth century; and, in the seventh century, a Guelph was the chamberlain of Dagobert, King of France; and about the year 823, Wolfardus, a descendant of the chamberlain, was made Count of Lucca by Charlemagne, and, by a translation of his name into Latin, was called Boniface the First. His son, Boniface the Second, made an expedition into Africa; and, after a sanguinary conflict, defeated a formidable army of Arabs and Moors. Collaterally related to these were the Kings of Burgundy, who failed in the person of Rudolph the Third, and the Counts of Altdorf, which latter family became again united to that of the descendants of Boniface, by the marriage of Cunigunda, daughter of the fourth Count of Altdorf, to Azo, the second Marquis of Este. Among the ancestors of the Altdorf branch, was Henry of the Golden Chariot, who acquired that appellation from the fol-

lowing circumstance. Having consented to receive, as the feudatory of the Emperor Arnulph, as much land as he could surround in one day with a chariot, he had a little vehicle made of gold, with which he mounted his fleetest horses, stationed at proper distances, and so acquired about four thousand mansi, or measure of land, in the four-and-twenty hours. Of these states, which lay in Upper Bavaria, he was created Duke. The degrading stratagem by which he gained his principality, so disgusted the independent spirit of his father, that, in the height of his despair, he retired, with twelve of his lords, to the forest of Ambergau, where he erected thirteen cells, and passed there the remainder of his life, without ever again seeing or forgiving his degenerate son.

Henry, the fourth in descent from Henry of the Golden Chariot, met with an early and melancholy death. The Guelphic princes were bound annually to present a degrading tribute, or sin-offering, at the shrine of St. Othmar. This the young prince refused to do; but soon afterwards, as he was hunting the roe in the mountains of the Tyrol, he threw himself on the ground for repose, under the shadow of a rock, a huge fragment of which fell upon his head, and killed him on the spot. His brother Guelph, more pious than he, dutifully paid the tribute, and, of course, was blessed with a long and happy reign.

Guelph, the sixth Count of Altdorf, and the third Duke of Bavaria, was the issue of the marriage of Cunigunda and Azo the Second; and from him, Henry the Lion, one of the most celebrated of the Guelphic princes, was lineally descended. His father died in 1139, leaving him, his only son, in the tenth year of his age. To add to his misfortune, the young Duke was abandoned by his mother, who, in 1141, married Henry, the Margrave of Austria, the enemy of her house. His grandmother, Richenza, however, became his guardian; and the Saxons shewed themselves faithful to the son of their late sovereign. Having been prevailed upon to surrender his title to Bavaria, the young prince was acknowledged by the empire as Duke of Saxony, and enjoyed some years of domestic peace. His early attachment to warlike and manly sports, his fortitude, his energy, and his decision of character, acquired him the title of *the Lion*; and at the age of eighteen he was admitted into the Diet at Frankfort, composed of men and princes, where he received the order of knighthood, which had then been newly instituted.

In the crusade against the idolatrous Sclavi of the Baltic, Henry the Lion took a distinguished part; and on the return of the Emperor Conrad, who had taken the cross against the Saracenic infidels, he endeavoured to recover his Bavarian dominions from the Margrave of Austria, to whom they had been resigned. While he was thus employed, he was informed that Conrad had entered Saxony at the head of an army, with the intention of de-

prising him of those dominions also. "Command my vassals," cried Henry, "to assemble at Brunswick on Christmas-day; they will find me at their head." Though the time was short and the distance great, and all the passes guarded, the young Duke, with only three attendants, having disguised his person, darted swiftly and secretly through the hostile country; and, appearing on the fifth day in the camp at Brunswick, forced his Imperial adversary to retreat. To the successor of Conrad, the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, Henry was united by the bonds of mutual kindness and obligation; and it was chiefly by his influence that the territories of Bavaria were restored to their ancient possessor. At a public assembly in the plains of Ratisbon, the Margrave of Austria resigned, into the hands of the Emperor, the seven symbols of the Bavarian duchy, which were immediately delivered to Henry the Lion, who restored two of them to the Margrave, in right of three counties, which were then enfranchised from the dominion of Bavaria. When the Emperor was engaged in war against the rebels of Lombardy, he summoned the Duke of Saxony and Bavaria to attend him; but Henry, displeased at the Emperor's refusal to grant him the City of Goslar, which would have given him the command of the silver-mines of the Hartz, disobeyed the summons. The Emperor, unable to contend with the league of Lombardy, again solicited the assistance of the Duke, who, it is said, smiled at the Imperial distress. An interview took place between them at Chiavenna, near the Lake of Como. Henry was still inexorable; and the Emperor, after every other argument had failed, threw himself at his feet. The vassal raised his sovereign from the ground, when one of the attendants whispered in his ear, "Suffer, dread Sir, the Imperial crown to lie at your feet; speedily it must be placed on your head." Even this degradation failed to accomplish the Imperial wishes. The Empress, indignant at the scene, bitterly desired the Duke to remember what had passed; and added, "God will remember it one day." From this hour, the prosperity of Henry was viewed with jealousy, and he was even accused by the Emperor of an indirect conspiracy against his life and honour. In 1168, the Duke, having been divorced from his former wife, solicited and obtained the hand of the Princess Royal of England, and the marriage was celebrated at Minden. In 1172, Henry determined on making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and he left the Duchess regent of his dominions in his absence. The vicissitudes, which marked the remainder of the life of Henry the Lion, were various and many, but he continued, to his death, to hold the first rank amongst the princes of Germany.

The following anecdote, relating to Henry, surnamed the Younger, the only son of Henry the Bad, of Brunswick-Wolfen-

buttel, is given, by Dr. Halliday, from the old chronicle.* "The Duke had married the Lady Mary, sister of Ulrick, Duke of Wirtemberg, who, amongst other ladies that waited on her, had one Eve Trotting, a young lady of extraordinary beauty and noble family. The Duke began to be desperately smitten with her, and at length prevailing, had some children by her; but that the intrigue might not be discovered, and that he might still enjoy her company, he put a stratagem into her head, that she should pretend to return home to her parents, and he furnished her with a waggon and horses, and all things necessary for her journey: but when people thought she was really returned home, she was conducted another way to a castle of his, whereof the governor was instructed by him what to do, and had a woman or two, in whom he most confided, to assist him in the plot. Some days after Eve came there, she took to her bed, pretending to be very sick. Now the Duke had before prepared an image to be made of wood, representing the head, neck, and breast of a dead body; the other parts of the body were done and shaped in linen, which the women stuffed with dust or earth, so that it might seem to be solid, and then fitted the wooden head and bust to it, which was likewise covered over with the linen cloth. Being thus ordered, and wrapped in a shroud, it was laid on the floor, and presently one of the women ran to the governor's parlour-door, crying out that Eve was dead; whereupon he presently ordered a coffin to be made to put the body in; and to scare people from approaching the corpse, it was given out that she died of the plague; and juniper-berries, and other odoriferous things, were burnt to perfume the room. Afterwards the corpse was carried, in funeral pomp, to the Grey-friars' church, where it was honourably buried; the Franciscans performing all the usual ceremonies, and praying for the soul of the deceased, as they did for a whole year after, and in their sermons exhorted the people to do the like. There was also, by the Duke's order, a funeral office performed for her in the chapel of the castle in which it was said she died, priests being invited thither from the neighbourhood: the same was done in the castle of Wolfenbuttel. His wife, the Duchess, was present at this office, with her women and maids all in mourning. Many priests were invited to it, who had afterwards a dinner, and every one of them a piece of money in gratuity, according to the ancient custom observed amongst the papists.

"In the mean time, Eve, whose death was lamented by so many, was in the castle of Stauffenburg, where she was still visited by the Duke, who, since that time, had seven children by

* Vide History of the House of Brunswick. Printed by J. Pemberton, opposite St. Dunstan's church, 1716. p. 104.

her. He also persuaded the Duchess to write to Eve's parents and relations, to acquaint them with her death.

"But when afterwards a rumour was raised that she was still alive, and kept in Stauffenburg, the Duchess's jealousy put her upon making a strict enquiry of the servants about the truth thereof; but the Duke gave orders that none of them should come near her that could give her any information. However, her suspicion stuck to her as long as she lived, which put her upon writing many letters to him to lament her misfortune."

In that celebrated and disastrous war, which ensued on the election of the Palatine to the throne of Bohemia, a prince of the house of Guelph performed a conspicuous and gallant part. The Queen of Bohemia and the Duke Christian of Luneburg were near relatives, being the children of two sisters, the daughters of the King of Denmark. Christian, therefore, warmly espoused the cause of the Elector Palatine, and supported him with all the resources of the Duchy of Brunswick. Having collected an army in Lower Saxony, he attacked Westphalia, and took the town of Paderborne; where he coined the costly ornaments of the cathedral into money, on which the motto was "God's friend, and the enemy of priests." When the King of Bohemia was compelled to lay down his arms, the Duke of Brunswick entered into the service of the States General of Holland; and while he was crossing the Duchy of Luxemburg, to join the army of the Prince of Orange, he encountered the Spanish army under Gonsalvis de Cordova, by whom he was defeated with great loss. He became personally acquainted with his cousin in Holland; and was so enamoured of her beauty, that he wore her glove in his hat, and bore on his colours the motto, "*Aller für Gott und sie.*" This prince was rewarded by James I. with the order of the garter, for the gallantry of his conduct, and his zeal in the cause of the Palatine.

In the year 1680, the eldest son of Ernest-Augustus, Duke of Hanover, visited England, when he is said to have paid his addresses to the Princess Anne, and to have met with a refusal. He visited Oxford, and was made a Doctor of Laws, an account of which ceremony is recorded by Anthony Wood in his "*Fasti*," as follows:—

"This person, who was now commonly called Prince of Hanover, and had come to Whitehall on the 16th November, going before purposely to pay his respects to the Lady Anne, daughter of James, Duke of York, was, the day before he was created, received in the university with solemnity at his coming thereunto; and being lodged in Christ-church, he, with his retinue, were conducted the next day by the Bishop, Dr. Fell, to the public schools; and, being habited in scarlet in the apodyterium, was thence conducted by three of the beadles, with the King's Professor of Laws, to the theatre, where the convocation was then held; and coming

near the Vice-chancellor's seat, the professor presented him, (the prince being then bare); which being done, the Vice-chancellor then standing bare, as the doctors and masters did, he created him doctor of laws.

"This being done, the prince went up to his chair of state, provided for him on the right hand of the chancellor's seat; and when three of his retinue were created doctors, the orator complimented him in the name of the university. He left Oxford next day, at which time was presented to him, in the name thereof, 'Historia et Antiquitatis Universitatis Oxoniensis,' with the cuts thereto belonging."

Ernest Augustus, the last Elector of Hanover before George the First, was a prince much attached to the cultivation of the arts. He adorned his capital with several magnificent buildings, and indeed it is to his munificence that Hanover is indebted for all the remains of splendour of which she can boast. He improved and enlarged the castle, which had been built for his uncle and brother in the city, and he built the palace of *Hernhausen* in the suburbs, a palace which was the residence of the Princess Sophia, and which, by the representations of the Duke of Clarence, has been lately repaired, and now forms a magnificent building. The court of Ernest Augustus was one of the most celebrated in Europe, and is said to have rivalled that of Louis XIV. in politeness and vice. This prince died in the year 1698. He had never been allowed to take his seat in the college of electors, on account of the opposition which had been raised to his assuming that dignity; but his title was acknowledged by the potentates of Europe, and he enjoyed the precedence due to his rank.

At the commencement of the war with France, occasioned by the Spanish succession, Hanover became the firm ally of Great Britain, and the Elector, in conjunction with his uncle and father-in-law, the old Duke of Celle, furnished a subsidiary body of ten thousand men to the army under Marlborough. Prince Maximilian, the Elector's brother, commanded the Hanoverian troops, and greatly distinguished himself by his gallantry and conduct.

The cabals, which preceded the accession of the Elector of Hanover to the throne of England, do not furnish any circumstances of peculiar interest. It is well known, that the Elector was not on good terms, either with his mother or his son, and that he viewed with indifference the splendid prospects, which the latter had secured for him. The name of the Princess was inserted in the Liturgy, and her grandson was created Duke of Cambridge, and invested with the Order of the Garter. The residence of the Electoral Prince in these dominions was earnestly desired by the friends of the Protestant succession, and a writ, summoning him to parliament by his new title, was transmitted to Hanover. The affair, however, gave great offence to the Queen, who could not

endure the idea of having a prince of the house so much detested, so near her person. She accordingly dispatched, by Lord Paget, a letter to the aged Electress, and another to the Electoral Prince, in which she strongly deprecated the idea of the latter visiting England, as dangerous both to the peace of the kingdom and to the succession of the Hanoverian family. These letters made a most powerful, and indeed a fatal impression on the Electress. They were delivered on Wednesday the 6th of June 1714; and although she continued her usual occupations, and conversed on indifferent subjects, she complained the following day of being unwell, and took to her bed. On Friday she was able to dress and dine with the Elector, and took her accustomed walk during the evening in the orangery, but, being overtaken by a shower of rain, she quickened her pace in order to gain a shelter. To an observation from her attendant that she was walking too fast, she replied, "I believe I do." She fell as she was uttering these words, which were her last, and soon afterwards expired. She died in the 84th year of her age.

The Electress Sophia was the youngest daughter of the Elector Palatine, afterwards King of Bohemia, and Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I. Her father died when she was an infant, and her early years were passed in distress and exile. Though many of her family were strict Catholics, she was educated in the principles of Protestantism, to which she always remained firmly attached. At the age of 28 she married Ernest Augustus Duke of Brunswick Luneburg. Her person was beautiful, and her understanding manly. A contemporary writer relates that at the age of seventy-three she possessed all the beauty and vigour of youth, stepped as firm and erect as any young lady, and had not a wrinkle on her face, or one tooth out of her head; she read without spectacles, and was constantly employed. The chairs of the presence-chamber were all embroidered with her own hands, as well as the ornaments of the altar in the electoral chapel: She was much attached to the exercise of walking, usually spending two or three hours in sauntering round the pleasure-grounds at Hernhausen. She was a great patroness of the arts and learning, of which her encouragement of the celebrated Leibnitz may be mentioned as a proof. Her knowledge of languages was considerable, and she had paid great attention to the English. She also made our laws and constitution her study, as soon as it became probable she might succeed to the throne of these kingdoms. Her intellect was highly cultivated, and her wit sprightly; and it is said that nothing could exceed the brilliancy and beauty of her conversation but her letters. Her religious sentiments were firm and elevated, without being superstitious. With the accession of George the First the history of the House of Hanover properly terminates.

At the conclusion of his history, Dr. Halliday gives an interesting account of the present state of the kingdom of Hanover. The inhabitants are still in some degree suffering under the effects of the late war, but agriculture and commerce are again beginning to flourish amongst them. The taxes are said to be light. By the last accounts, the revenue amounted to a million and a half of dollars (two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling), while the charges exceeded that income by about eight thousand pounds per annum. The government is at present carried on by a committee of five of the king's ministers, under the Duke of Cambridge as president. Three of these ministers, with his Royal Highness, reside constantly in Hanover. In 1819 the king granted a new constitution to the country, consisting of a representative government, in many respects similar to that of Great Britain. In each province the former local government is continued, and its affairs are managed by a legislative assembly of its own, consisting of representatives chosen from the clergy, nobles, and towns of the district; and it is a certain number of deputies from these provincial assemblies that form what is called the General States of the kingdom. In the code of Hanoverian law, which is composed of the Roman and canon law, modified by the peculiar customs of the country, there are some features which are well worthy of observation and praise. The practice of imprisoning a debtor, and thus depriving him of the means of liquidating his debts, which is so great a stain on our system of English jurisprudence, does not exist in the Hanoverian dominions. A creditor can sequester and sell the goods of his debtor, but cannot incarcerate his person, unless he makes it appear that he is about to fly from justice. The system of prison discipline also is humane and sensible, and the prisoners and criminals are treated with great humanity. The house of correction at Celle, and the house of industry at Hildesheim, are mentioned as excellent institutions. The convicts, when their services are not required by government, are wisely and benevolently allowed to work for the inhabitants, and are regularly paid a fixed sum per day. In criminal matters, the code of Charles the Fifth, called the *Carolina*, forms the basis of the law of Hanover. A highly commendable liberality is shewn towards the professors of different religions, and all denominations of Christians are eligible for the highest offices of the state. The Jews are, indeed, in some degree, restricted as to residence, but they are equally under the protection of the laws. The Lutheran is the established religion of the country, though two of the States still adhere to their ancient faith. Education receives much encouragement in Hanover. Almost every parish has its school; and there is an establishment in the city of Hanover for the gratuitous education of all such as are desirous of becoming the instructors of youth. The merits of Göttingen as an university are

well known: the celebrated Blumenbach is still the ornament of this place.

The ambition of Bonaparte destroyed the constitution of the German empire, and the Emperor of the West was compelled to assume the title of Austria only. The present constitution of Germany was settled at Vienna in 1815, when various principalities, which had previously been sovereign dominions, were incorporated with the Austrian empire, Prussia, Hanover, or others of the newly-formed kingdoms, while the princes have sunk into the first class of nobility. The states, which were not sufficient to form a kingdom, were made Grand Duchies; and the ruler of Hesse Cassel is the only prince, who now retains the title of elector. The diet of the confederation sits at Frankfort, and each sovereign prince has a representative at that assembly. The confederation of the Rhine included only a few of the minor states; but the present confederation comprehends the whole of Germany.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN, BY DON LEUCADIO DOBLADO.

MR. EDITOR,—The letter I have the honour to inclose was found by a friend of mine among some papers belonging to a lady, who had requested his assistance to arrange them. The packet contained two other long epistles, forming part, it should seem, of a considerable series, under the title of *Letters from Spain, written between 1798 and 1810, by Don Leucadio Doblado*. Knowing how intimately acquainted I had been with the writer, my friend obtained leave to make me a present of the manuscript, promising that he would endeavour to find the remainder, which, the lady was confident, had never been lent or destroyed.

I trust that the entire series of Doblado's letters will be in my possession, before they are wanted for insertion. But I have laid before you the circumstances of the case, that you may either delay the publication, or take the chance of the first three letters being left to stand by themselves as a mere fragment. B.

Seville, May 1798.

Dear Madam.—I am inclined to think with you, that a Spaniard, who, like myself, has resided many years in England, is, perhaps, the fittest person to write an account of life, manners; and opinions as they exist in this country, and to shew them in the light, which is most likely to interest an Englishman. The most acute and diligent travellers are subject to constant mistakes; and perhaps the more so, for what is generally thought a circumstance in their favour—a moderate knowledge of foreign languages. A traveller who uses only his eyes, will confine himself to the description of external objects; and though his narrative may be deficient in

many topics of interest, it will certainly be exempt from great and ludicrous blunders. The difficulty, which a person, with a smattering of the language of the country he is visiting, experiences every moment in the endeavour to communicate his own, and catch other men's thoughts, often urges him into a sort of mental rashness, which leads him to settle many a doubtful point for himself, and forget the unlimited power, I should have said tyranny, of usage, in whatever relates to language. I still recollect the unlucky hit I made on my arrival in London, when, anxious beyond measure to catch every idiomatic expression, and reading the huge inscription of the Cannon Brewery at Knightsbridge, as the building had some resemblance to the great cannon-foundry in this town, I settled it in my mind that the genuine English idiom, for what I now should call *casting*, was no other than *brewing* cannon. This, however, was a mere verbal mistake. Not so that which I made when the word *nursery* stared me in the face every five minutes, as in a fine afternoon I approached your great metropolis, on the western road. Luxury and wealth, said I to myself, in a strain approaching to philosophic indignation, have at last blunted the best feelings of nature among the English. Surely, if I am to judge from this endless string of *nurseries*, the English ladies have gone a step beyond the unnatural practice of devolving their first maternal duties upon domestic hirelings. Here, it seems, the poor helpless infants are sent to be kept and suckled in crowds, in a decent kind of *Foundling Hospitals*. You may easily guess that I knew but one signification of the words *nursing* and *nursery*. Fortunately I was not collecting materials for a book of travels during a summer excursion, otherwise I should now be enjoying all the honour of the originality of my remarks on the customs and manners of Old England.

From similar mistakes I think myself safe enough in speaking of my native country; but I wish I could feel equal confidence as to the execution of the sketches you desire to obtain from me. I know you too well, dear Madam, to doubt that my letters will, by some chance or other, find their way to some of the London Magazines, before they have been long in your hands*. And only think, I intreat you, how I shall fret and fidget under the apprehension that some of your pert newspaper writers may fill up a whole column in some of their *Suns* or *Stars*, which, in spite of intervening seas and mountains, shall dart its baneful influence, and blast the character of infallibility, as an English scholar, which I have acquired since my return to Spain. I have so strongly

* Poor Don Leucadio! how mortified he would feel could he know that the letters to which he attributed so much importance, have lain forgotten for years, and that it will now cost me, his old friend, a world of trouble to give his posthumous work to the public!

riveted the admiration of the Irish merchants in this place, that, in spite of their objection to my not calling tea *ta*, they submit to my decision every intricate question about your provoking *shall* and *will*: and surely it would be no small disparagement, in this land of proud *dons*, to be posted up in a London paper as a murderer of the *King's English*. How fortunate was our famous Spanish traveller, my relative, *Espriella** (for you know that there exists a family connexion between us by my mother's side) to find one of the best writers in England, willing to translate his letters! But since you will not allow me to write in my native language, and since, to say the truth, I feel a pleasure in using that which reminds me of the dear land which has been my second home—the land where I drew my first breath of liberty—the land which taught me how to retrieve, though imperfectly and with pain, the time which, under the influence of ignorance and superstition, I had lost in early youth—I will not delay a task which, should circumstances allow me to complete it, I intend as a token of friendship to you, and of gratitude and love to your country.

Few travellers are equal to your countryman Mr. Townsend in the truth and liveliness of his descriptions, as well as in the mass of useful information and depth of remark, with which he has presented the public†. It would be impossible for any but a native Spaniard to add to the collection of traits descriptive of the national character, which animates his narrative; and I must confess, that he has left me but little room for *novelty* in the selection of my topics. He has, indeed, fallen into such mistakes and inaccuracies, as nothing short of perfect familiarity with a country can prevent. But I may safely recommend him to you as a guide for a fuller acquaintance with the places whose *inhabitants* I intend to make the chief subject of my letters. But that I may not lay upon you the necessity of a constant reference, I shall begin by providing your fancy with a “local habitation” for the people whose habits and modes of thinking I will forthwith attempt to pourtray.

The view of Cadiz from the sea, as, in a fine open day, you approach its magnificent harbour, is one of the most attractive beauty. The strong deep light of a southern sky, reflecting from the lofty buildings of white free stone, which face the bay, rivet the eye of the navigator from the very verge of the horizon. The sea actually washes the ramparts, except where, on the opposite side of the town, it is divided by a narrow neck of land, which joins Cadiz to the neighbouring continent. When, therefore, you begin to discover the upper part of the buildings, and the white pinnacles of glazed earthenware, resembling china, that ornament the parapets with which their flat roofs are crowned, the airy structure, melting at

* See *Espriella's Letters from England*.

† He visited Spain in the years 1786 and 1787.

times into the distant glare of the waves, is more like a pleasing delusion—a kind of *Fata Morgana*—than the lofty, uniform massive buildings which, rising gradually before the vessel, bring you back, however unwilling, to the dull realities of life. After landing on a crowded quay, you are led the whole depth of the ramparts along a dark vaulted passage, at the farthest end of which new-comers are delivered into the hands of the inferior custom-house officers. Eighteen-pence slipped into their hands with the keys of your trunks, will spare you the vexation of seeing your clothes and linen scattered about you in the utmost disorder.

I forgot to tell you, that scarcely does a boat with passengers approach the landing-stairs of the quay, when three or four *Gallegos*, natives of the province of Galicia, who are the only porters in this town, will take a fearful leap into the boat, and begin a scuffle, which ends by the stronger seizing upon the luggage. The successful champion becomes your guide through the town to the place where you wish to take your abode. As only two gates are used as a thoroughfare—the sea-gate, *Puerta de la Mar*, and the land-gate, *Puerta de Tierra*—those who come by water are obliged to cross the great Market—a place not unlike Covent Garden, where the country people expose all sorts of vegetables and fruits for sale. Fish is also sold at this place, where you see it laid out upon the pavement in the same state as it was taken out of the net. The noise and din of this market are absolutely intolerable. All classes of Spaniards, not excluding the ladies, are rather loud and boisterous in their speech. But here is a contention between three or four hundred peasants, who shall make his harsh and guttural voice be uppermost, to inform the passengers of the price and quality of his goods. In a word, the noise is such as will astound any one, who has not lived for some years near Cornhill or Temple-Bar.

Religion, or, if you please, superstition, is so intimately blended with the whole system of public and domestic life in Spain, that I fear I shall tire you with the perpetual recurrence of that subject. I am already compelled, by an involuntary train of ideas, to enter upon that endless topic. If, however, you wish to become thoroughly acquainted with the national character of my country, you must learn the character of the national religion. The influence of religion in Spain is boundless. It divides the whole population into two comprehensive classes, bigots and dissemblers. Do not, however, mistake me. I am very far from wishing to libel my countrymen. If I use these invidious words, it is not that I believe every Spaniard either a downright bigot or a hypocrite: yet I cannot shut my eyes to the melancholy fact, that the system under which we live must unavoidably give, even the best among us, a taint of one of those vices. Where the law threatens every dissenter from such an encroaching system of divinity as that of

the Church of Rome, with death and infamy—where every individual is not only invited, but enjoined, at the peril of both body and soul, to assist in enforcing that law, must not an undue and tyrannical influence accrue to the believing party? Are not such as disbelieve in secret, condemned to a life of degrading deference, or of heart-burning silence? Silence, did I say? No; every day, every hour, renews the necessity of explicitly declaring yourself what you are not. The most contemptible individual may, at pleasure, force out a *lie* from an honestly proud bosom.

I must not, however, keep you any longer in suspense as to the origin of this flight—this unprepared digression from the plain narrative I had begun. You know me well enough to believe that, after a long residence in England, my landing at Cadiz, instead of cheering my heart at the sight of my native country, would naturally produce a mixed sensation, in which pain and gloominess must have had the ascendant. I had enjoyed the blessings of liberty for ten years; and now, alas! I perceived that I had been irresistibly drawn back by the holiest ties of affection, to stretch out my hands to the manacles, and bow my neck to that yoke, which had formerly galled my very soul. The convent of *San Juan de Dios*—(laugh, Madam, if you will: *you* may do so, who have never lived within range of any of these European *jungles*, where lurks every thing that is ravenous, beastly, and venomous*)—well, then, *San Juan de Dios* is the first remarkable object that meets the eye upon entering Cadiz by the sea gate. A single glance at the convent had awakened the strongest and most rooted aversions of my heart, when, just as I was walking into the nearest street to avoid the crowd, the well-remembered sound of a hand-bell made me instantly aware that, unless pretending not to hear it, I could retrace my steps, and turn another corner, I should be obliged to kneel in the mud till a priest, who was carrying the consecrated wafer to a dying person, had moved slowly in his sedan chair from the farthest end of the street to the place where I began to hear the bell. The rule, on these occasions, is expressed in a proverbial saying—*al Rey, en viendolo; a Dios, en oyendolo*—which, after supplying its elliptical form, means that external

* I wish my friend *Don Leucadio* had qualified this passage, for the sake of a few worthy individuals, who, to my knowledge, were to be found among the *regular* clergy of Spain. As to the convent, which brought on this paroxysm of my friend's constitutional malady—the *monachophobia*, it is but justice to say, that the order of *San Juan de Dios* is, perhaps, the only one in which real usefulness predominates. Every convent of that order is an hospital, where the friars give their attendance to the sick poor, either as physicians or helpers. The last do all the service which in England is left to nurses. The only mischief of this institution lies in binding, with perpetual vows, those whom charity calls, in their youth, to this *labour of love*. Were this part of the monastic rule repealed or modified, I will take upon myself to assert, that *Don Leucadio* himself would join with me in wishing well to those good friars—(though I must add, to them *alone*); for among my old friend's faults, I could never discover a single grain of hard-heartedness.

homage is due to the king upon seeing him ; and to God—i. e. the host, preceded by its never-failing appendage, the bell—the very moment you hear him. I must add, as a previous explanation of what is to follow, that God and the king are so coupled in the language of this country, that the same title of *Majesty* is applied to both. You hear, from the pulpit, the duties that men owe to *both Majesties* ; and a foreigner is often surprised at the hopes expressed by the people, that *his Majesty* will be pleased to grant them life and health for some years more. I must add a very ludicrous circumstance arising from this absurd form of speech. When the priest, attended by the clerk, and surrounded by eight or ten people, bearing lighted flambeaus, has broken into the chamber of the dying person, and gone through a form of prayer, half Latin, half Spanish, which lasts for about twenty minutes, one of the wafers is taken out of a little gold casket, and put into the mouth of the patient as he lies in his bed. To swallow the wafer entire, and without allowing any particle—which, according to the Council of Trent, (and I fully agree with the fathers) contains the same Divine person as the whole—is an operation of some difficulty. To obviate, therefore, the inconveniences which might arise from the inability of a feverish and parched mouth, to prevent the lodging of some sacred atom, as it might happen, in a bad tooth, the clerk comes forth with a glass of water, and in a firm and loud voice asks the sick person, “*Is his Majesty gone down ?*”† The answer enables the learned clerk to decide whether the passage is to be expedited by means of his cooling draught. But I must return to my *Gallego* and myself. No sooner had I called him back, as if I had suddenly changed my mind as to the direction in which we were to go, when, with a most determined tone, he said, “*Dios—Su Magestad.*” Pretending not to hear, I turned sharply round, and was now making my retreat—but it would not do. Fired with holy zeal, he raised his harsh voice, and in the barbarous accent of his province, repeated three or four times, “*Dios—Su Magestad ;*” adding, with an oath, “*This man is a heretic !*” There was no resisting that dreadful word : it pinned me to the ground. I took out my pocket-handkerchief, and laying it on the least dirty part of the pavement, knelt upon it—not indeed to pray ; but while, as another act of conformity to the custom of the country, I was beating my breast with my clenched right hand, as gently as it could be done without offence—to curse the hour when I had submitted thus to degrade myself, and tremble at the mere suspicion of a being little removed from the four-footed animals, whom it was his occupation to relieve of their burdens.

In the more populous towns of Spain, these unpleasant meetings

† The Spanish words are *Ha pasado su Magestad*. My friend has translated, not word for word, but idiom for idiom.

are frequent. Nor are you free from being disturbed by the holy bell in the most retired part of your house. Its sound operates like magic upon the Spaniards. In the midst of a gay, noisy party, the word—*Su Magestad*—will bring every one upon his knees until the tinkling dies in the distance. Are you at dinner?—you must leave the table. In bed?—you must, at least, sit up. But the most preposterous effect of this custom is to be seen at the theatres. On the approach of the host to any military guard, the drum beats, the men are drawn out, and as soon as the priest can be seen, they bend the right knee, and invert the firelocks, so that the bayonet leans on the ground. As an officer's guard is always stationed at the door of a Spanish theatre, I have often laughed in my sleeve at the effect of the *chamade* both upon the actors and the company. "*Dios! Dios!*" resounds from all parts of the house, and every one falls, that moment, upon his knees. The actors' ranting, or the rattle of the castanets in the *sandango*, is hushed for a few minutes, till the sound of the bell growing fainter and fainter, the amusement is resumed, and the devout performers are once more upon their legs, anxious to make amends for the interruption. So powerful is the effect of early habit, that I had been for some weeks in London before I could hear the postman's bell in the evening, without feeling instinctively inclined to perform a due genuflection.

Cadiz, though fast declining from the wealth and splendour to which it had reached during her exclusive privilege to trade with the Colonies of South America, is still one of the few towns of Spain, which, for refinement, can be compared with some of the second-rate in England. The people are hospitable and cheerful. The women, without being at all beautiful, are really fascinating. Some of the *Tertulias*, or evening parties, which a simple introduction to the lady of the house entitles any one to attend daily, are very lively and agreeable. No stiffness of *etiquette* prevails: you may drop in when you like, and leave the room when it suits you. The young ladies, however, will soon either find out, or imagine, the house and company to which you give the preference; and a week's acquaintance will lay you open to a great deal of good-natured bantering upon the cause of your short calls. Singing to the guitar, or the piano, is a very common resource at these meetings. But the musical acquirements of the Spanish ladies cannot bear the most distant comparison with those of the female amateurs in London. In singing, however, they possess one great advantage—that of opening the mouth—which your English *Misses* seem to consider as a great breach of propriety.

The inhabitants of Cadiz, being confined to the rock on which their city is built, have made the towns of *Chiclana*, *Puerto Real*, and Port St. Mary's, their places of resort, especially in the summer. The passage, by water, to Port St. Mary's, is, upon an

average, of about an hour and a half, and the intercourse between the two places, nearly as constant as between a large city and its suburbs. Boats full of passengers are incessantly crossing from day-break till sun-set. This passage is not, however, without danger with a strong wind from the east, in summer, or in rough weather, in winter. At the mouth of the Guadalete, a river that runs into the bay of Cadiz, by Port St. Mary's, there are extensive banks of shifting sands, which every year prove fatal to many. The passage-boats are often excessively crowded with people of all descriptions. The Spaniards, however, are not so shy of strangers as I have generally found your countrymen. Place any two of them, male or female, by the merest chance, together, and they will immediately enter into some conversation. The absolute disregard to a stranger, which custom has established in England, would be taken for an insult in any part of Spain; consequently little gravity is preserved in these aquatic excursions. In fine weather, when the female part of the company are not troubled with fear or sickness, the passengers indulge in a boisterous sort of mirth, which is congenial to Andalusians of all classes. It is known by the old Spanish word *Arana*, pronounced with the Southern aspirate, as if written *Haranna*. I do not know whether I shall be able to convey a notion of this kind of amusement. It admits of no liberties of action, while every allowance is made for words which do not amount to gross indecency. It is—if I may use the expression—a conversational *row*; or, to indulge a more strange assemblage of ideas, the *Arana* is to conversation, what romping is to walking arm in arm. In the midst, however, of hoarse laugh and loud shouting, as soon as the boat reaches the shoals, the steersman, raising his voice with a gravity becoming a parish-clerk, addresses himself to the company in words amounting to these—"Let us pray for the souls of all that have perished in this place." The pious address of the boatman has a striking effect upon the company: for one or two minutes every one mutters a private prayer, whilst a sailor-boy goes round collecting a few copper coins from the passengers, which are religiously spent in procuring masses for the souls in purgatory. This ceremony being over, the riot is resumed with unabated spirit, till the very point of landing.

I went by land to St. Lucar, a town of some wealth and consequence at the mouth of the *Guadalquivir*, or *Bætis*, where this river is lost in the sea through a channel of more than a mile in breadth. The passage to Seville, of about twenty Spanish leagues up the river, is tedious; but I had often performed it, in early youth, with great pleasure, and I now quite forgot the change which twenty years must have made upon my feelings. No Spanish conveyance is either comfortable or expeditious. The St. Lucar boats are clumsy and heavy, without a single accommodation for passengers. Half of the hold is covered with hatches, but

so low, that you cannot stand upright under them. A piece of canvass, loosely let down to the bottom of the boat, is the only partition between the passengers and the sailors. It would be extremely unpleasant for any person, above the lower class, to bear the inconveniences of a mixed company in one of these boats. Fortunately, it is neither difficult nor expensive to obtain the exclusive hire of one. You must submit, however, at the time of embarkation, to the disagreeable circumstance of riding on a man's shoulders from the water's edge to a little skiff, which, from the flatness of the shore, lies waiting for the passengers at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards.

The country, on both sides of the river, is for the most part flat and desolate. The eye roves in vain over vast plains of alluvial ground in search of some marks of human habitation. Herds of black cattle, and large flocks of sheep, are seen on two considerable islands formed by different branches of the river. The fierce Andalusian bulls, kept by themselves in large enclosures, where, with a view to their appearance on the arena, they are made more savage by solitude, are seen straggling here and there down to the brink of the river, tossing their shaggy heads, and pawing the ground on the approach of the boat.

The windings of the river, and the growing shallows, which obstruct its channel, oblige the boats to wait for the tide, except when there is a strong wind from the south. After two tedious days, and two uncomfortable nights, I found myself under the *Torre del Oro*, a large octagon tower of great antiquity, and generally supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar, which stands by the mole or quay of the capital of Andalusia, my native and long deserted town. Townsend will acquaint you with its situation, its general aspect, and the remarkable buildings, which are the boast of the *Sevillanos*. My task will be confined to the description of such peculiarities of the country as he did not see, or which must have escaped his notice.

The eastern custom of building houses on the four sides of an open area is so general in Andalusia, that, till my first journey to Madrid, I confess I was perfectly at a loss to conceive a habitable dwelling in any other shape. The houses are generally two stories high, with a gallery, or *corredor*, which, as the name implies, runs along the four, or at least the three sides of the *Pátio*, or central square, affording an external communication between the rooms above stairs, and forming a covered walk over the doors of the ground-floor apartments. These two suites of rooms are a counterpart to each other, being alternately inhabited or deserted in the seasons of winter and summer. About the middle of October every house in Seville is in a complete bustle for two or three days. The lower apartments are stripped of their furniture, and every chair and table—nay, the cook, with all her battering train—are ordered off

to winter quarters. This change of habitation, together with mats laid over the brick-floors, thicker and warmer than those used in summer, is all the provision against cold, which is made in this country. A flat and open brass pan, of about two feet diameter, raised a few inches from the ground by a round wooden frame, on which, those who sit near it, may rest their feet, is used to burn a sort of charcoal made of brush-wood, which the natives call *cisco*. The fumes of the charcoal are injurious to the health; but such is the effect of habit, that the natives are seldom aware of any inconvenience arising from the choking smell of their brasiers.

The precautions against heat, however, are numerous. About the latter end of May the whole population move down stairs. A thick awning, which draws and undraws by means of ropes and pulleys, is stretched over the central square, on a level with the roof of the house. The window-shutters are nearly closed from morning till sun-set, admitting just light enough to see one another, provided the eyes have not lately been exposed to the glare of the streets. The floors are washed every morning, that the evaporation of the water imbibed by the bricks, may abate the heat of the air. A very light mat, made of a delicate sort of rush, and dyed with a variety of colours, is used instead of a carpet. The *Pátio*, or square, is ornamented with flower-pots, especially round a *jet d'eau*, which, in most houses, occupies its centre. During the hot season the ladies sit and receive their friends in the *Pátio*. The street-doors are generally open; but invariably so from sunset till eleven or twelve in the night. Three or four very large glass lamps are hung in a line from the street-door to the opposite end of the *Pátio*: and, as in most houses, those who meet at night for a *Tertulia*, are visible from the streets, the town presents a very pretty and animated scene till near midnight. The poorer class of people, to avoid the intolerable heat of their habitations, pass a great part of the night in conversation at their doors; while persons of all descriptions are moving about till late, either to see their friends, or to enjoy the cool air in the public walks.

This gay scene vanishes, however, on the approach of winter. The people retreat to the upper floors, the ill-lighted streets are deserted at the close of day, and they become so dangerous from robbers, that few but the young and adventurous retire home from the *Tertulia* without being attended by a servant, sometimes bearing a lighted torch. The free access to every house, which prevails in summer, is now checked by the caution of the inhabitants. The entrance to the houses lies through a passage with two doors, one to the street, and another called the *middle-door* (for there is another at the top of the stairs) which opens into the *Pátio*. This passage is called *Zaguan*—a pure Arabic word, which means, I believe, a porch. The *middle-door* is generally shut in the daytime; the outer one is never closed but at night. Whoever wants

to be admitted must knock at the middle door, and be prepared to answer a question, which, as it presents one of those little peculiarities which you are so fond of hearing, I shall not consider as unworthy of a place in my narrative.

The knock at the door, which, by-the-by, must be single, and by no means loud—in fact, a tradesman's knock in London—is answered with a *Who is there?* To this question the stranger replies, "Peaceful people:" *Gente de paz*—and the door is opened without further enquiries. Peasants and beggars call out at the door, Hail spotless Mary! *Ave Maria purissima*. The answer, in that case, is given from within in the words *Sin pecado concebida*: conceived without sin. This custom is a remnant of the fierce controversy, which existed, about three hundred years ago, between the Franciscan and the Dominican friars, whether the Virgin Mary had or not been subject to the penal consequences of original sin. The Dominicans were not willing to grant any exemption; while the Franciscans contended for the propriety of such a privilege. The Spaniards, and especially the Sevillians, with their characteristic gallantry, stood for the honour of our Lady, and embraced the latter opinion so warmly, that they turned the watchword of their party into the form of address, which is still so prevalent in Andalusia. During the heat of the dispute, and before the Dominicans had been silenced by the authority of the Pope, the people of Seville began to assemble at various churches, and sallying forth with an emblematical picture of the *sinless* Mary, set upon a sort of standard surmounted by a cross, they paraded the city in different directions, singing a hymn to the *immaculate conception*, and repeating aloud their beads or *rosary*. These processions have continued to our times, and they constitute one of the nightly nuisances of this place. Though confined at present to the lower classes, they assume that characteristic importance and overbearing spirit, which attaches to the most insignificant religious associations in this country. Wherever one of these shabby processions presents itself to the public, it takes up the street from side to side, stopping the passengers, and expecting them to stand uncovered in all kinds of weather, till the standard is gone by. These awkward and heavy banners are called, at Seville, *Sinpecados*, that is, *sinless*, from the theological opinion in whose support they were raised.

The Spanish government, under Charles III., shewed the most ludicrous eagerness to have the *sinless purity* of the Virgin Mary added by the Pope to the articles of the Roman Catholic faith. The court of Rome, however, with the cautious spirit, which has at all times guided its spiritual politics, endeavoured to keep clear from a stretch of authority, which, even some of their own divines would be ready to question; but splitting, as it were, the difference with theological precision, the censures of the church were

levelled against such as should have the boldness to assert that the Virgin Mary had derived any taint from "her great ancestor;" and, having personified the *immaculate conception*, it was declared, that the Spanish dominions in Europe and America were under the protecting influence of that mysterious event. This declaration diffused universal joy over the whole nation. It was celebrated with public rejoicings on both sides of the Atlantic. The king instituted an order under the emblem of the immaculate conception—a woman dressed in white and blue; and a law was enacted, requiring a declaration, upon oath, of a firm belief in the *immaculate conception*, from every individual, previous to his taking any degree at the universities, or being admitted into any of the corporations, civil and religious, which abound in Spain. This oath is administered even to mechanics upon their being made free of a Guild.

Here, however, I must break off, for fear of making this packet too large for the confidential conveyance, which alone I could trust without great risk of finishing my task in one of the cells of the Holy Inquisition. I will not fail, however, to resume my subject as soon as circumstances will permit me.

Yours, &c.

LEUCADIO DOBLADO.

JONATHAN KENTUCKY'S JOURNAL.

WHILE the mania for visiting distant countries extends so widely, and we hear nothing but descriptions of foreign wonders, we may be tempted, from time to time, to give a few extracts from the Journal of Mr. Jonathan Kentucky, an American visitor to our own capital, who has favoured us with his correspondence; not because we think there is much novelty of remark, or profundity of observation, in what he records, but because it is always interesting to see how the habits, manners, and passing events, of our own country strike the imagination of a foreigner; and, if that foreigner be but endowed with a moderate portion of good sense, and will be content to set down only what appears to him to be really remarkable, the perusal can scarcely fail to afford us both amusement and instruction. We do not mean to say that this is always the case with Mr. Jonathan Kentucky; for he is often unnecessarily minute, and oftener still wearies us with long laudatory digressions upon American superiority, which have no sort of connexion with the subject under discussion, and which, however interesting on the other side of the Atlantic, we will spare our readers the task of perusing, and ourselves of exposing. Thus we are convinced Mr. Kentucky himself, when he has been some time longer amongst us, will thank us for suppressing the long and

laboured account of his first arrival in our metropolis, and the extravagant panegyric, which he indulges upon Philadelphia and the Delaware at the expense of the Thames and London. We have taken the liberty of exercising a similar discretion on other occasions; and indeed we should recommend to Mr. K. the same rule, which was, we believe, given to Robertson the historian, by Johnson; and that is, to read over the next portion of his journal before he sends it to us, and, whenever he comes to a passage that he thinks particularly fine, *to strike it out*. This will save him some disappointment, and us much trouble; for, as it is, we fear he will hardly recognise his own contributions in our mutilated edition of them. We will plunge at once *in medias res*—into the twentieth page of his journal, and begin with his visit to the Bank of England.

1st Feb. 1821.—Visit to the Bank; under the auspices of Mr. T. How Mr. T., who belongs to that sect, which is in this country denominated evangelical, can reconcile contradictions, and serve at once both God and Mammon—for the Bank might well stand for the very temple of Mammon—is his concern and not mine. This monstrous establishment contains a thousand persons in constant employment under its roof; and in the late war it marshalled its forces, and established them as a regiment, under the name of The Bank Volunteers. There are no less than sixty signing clerks, at a salary of 300*l.* per annum to each. This enormous expense of 18,000*l.* a year, will, it is said, be saved by the new note, in which the signature is to be stamped by machinery. The whole process of printing the notes, &c. &c. is carried on within the walls of the Bank. Here, too, are all the separate offices, where the business, connected with the public funds, and the payment of the dividends, is transacted. Many of these are at once elegant and commodious, and the more modern do credit to the architectural talents of Mr. Soane. There is no plate of a higher amount than a thousand pounds—the largest printed note in circulation. All notes paid into the Bank are immediately cancelled, by tearing off the signature, and afterwards deposited and preserved for twenty years; as a matter of public accommodation, in case their aid should be required as evidence in any pecuniary transaction. The descent into the subterraneous receptacle, where long ranges of wooden boxes full of these ragged relics are piled up one upon another, reminded us of the catacombs at Paris; and here—

Each in its narrow cell for ever laid,
The sons and daughters of corruption sleep!

As one of the curiosities of the place, we were shewn the thousand pound note, in which Lord Cochrane paid his fine, on the back of which he had written as follows:

“My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I may yet live to bring the delinquents to justice.” “COCHRANE.”

In the bullion department, there was a profusion of gold ingots, and sixty-ounce pieces; which last were about the size of a large cake of Windsor soap, and almost tempted one to utter an exclamation against the obligations of the eighth commandment. Large heaps of Spanish dollars, in a bigger and baser coin, scarcely excited attention by the side of these golden treasures. Familiarity may, as in the case of grocers and figs, produce a similar indifference in the guardians of these vaults; but I should, at least, advise the directors to subject *visitors* to the dancing exercise, which Zadig records in his history of the election of King Rabussan's treasurer.

In the treasurer's office were piles of bags, containing a thousand sovereigns in each; and I was not aware before, how inconvenient it would be to carry such a sum about one's person. We next tasted of the punishment of Tantalus, by having a small bundle of notes put into our hands, amounting to nearly three millions, which we passed from one to another with the usual variety of intonation, of which the wondering exclamation of “*Dear me!*” admits.

The Bank also possesses a most extensive collection of coins, ancient and modern; and not the least curiosity of the place is a complete set of “The London Gazette,” from the period of its first commencement, in the reign of Charles the Second, when, by-the-by, it was called “*The Oxford Gazette*,” where the Court then was, on account of the plague being in London.

So much for the Bank of England, — which it is difficult to quit without a word upon the bullion question, that has so long divided the political economists of this country. Mr. Cobbett tells his readers, he will be broiled alive if the Bank ever pays in cash; and he contends, that there will be an universal run to Threadneedle-street, to change paper into gold, on the 1st of May. Here, perhaps, he is wrong. If people have now the power of buying gold in the market with Bank paper at the rate of 3*l.* 17*s.* per ounce, which they might take to the Mint, and get converted into coin without any additional expense, and yet do not exercise this power, what reason is there to suppose that a greater anxiety will prevail to obtain the same end, by a more expensive process, after the 1st of May? I guess there is more foundation for another of his assertions; — namely, that if cash payments are resumed, the interest of the debt must be reduced; but time will so soon solve this question, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it longer at present.

3d Feb.—Covent Garden Theatre. An English theatre is so much like our own, that there is scarcely any thing to remind an American he is not in his own country. The theatrical art is said to be on the decline. The present is not, I believe, a theatrical age; and in the arts, as in every thing else, if there be little demand, there will be as little supply. In England the play is no longer the *fashion*,—and the power of fashion is in this kingdom more absolutely paramount than that of their boasted acts of parliament, which, as it has been said, can do any thing but make a man a woman, or a woman a man. The increasing interest of politics, the duties of parliamentary attendance, and the complete revolution that has taken place *in hours*, have all conspired to detach the *beau-monde* from the play-houses. The resident population of London is said to be the least theatrical in the kingdom, and the audiences are generally made up of the floating mass of visitors, many of whom, like myself, are turned out in the evening to find a resource in the glare and glitter of the theatre, from the *tedium* and *ennui* of a coffee-house. Again—the squeamishness of modern taste has banished the productions of the best comic writers; and, if the stage is dull, it is often in consequence of its obligation to be decent. The laws, which have vested a monopoly in the hands of the two great London theatres, have also mainly contributed to effect this degradation of the national drama. The immensity of their scale, which, however, is not more than necessary, if all London is to be squeezed into two houses, has wrought a great change in the art of acting. The performer is now obliged to colour all the passions higher, and must adjust the tones of his voice, and the expression of his features, not according to the standard of nature, but that they may produce an effect upon the eyes and ears of persons half a mile off;—so that the one necessarily rises into bawling, and the other into grimace. If it were not for this monopoly, which operates as a check upon improvement, the theatres would have long since undergone a change to accommodate the quality, and the period of their entertainments to the shifting fashion of the day. There is a manifest unfitness in continuing to inclose boxes, pit, and gallery, under the same roof;—but this again is one of the evils arising out of the monopoly. Each rank would be better entertained in a separate house. As it is, there is too much for the money. The entertainment lasts too long. The play, which is what the boxes wish to see, begins so early, that dinner must be sacrificed in order to be present at the commencement. The after-piece, which is rather intended for the gallery, endures much too long for persons, who ought to be up early again in the morning in pursuit of their daily avocations. The industrious classes, then, who go to the play as an occasional

recreation, should have play-houses to themselves, where the performance might begin at six, and conclude at ten o'clock ; and the world of fashion would well support more than one theatre, dedicated to the support of the English drama, where a tragedy or comedy might be represented between the hours of nine and twelve, to an audience, in which there should be no distinctions of pit or gallery. I have not yet noticed the last, and perhaps the worst objection to the theatres in the present state ; — the lobbies. The open and flagrant violation of all the decencies of life, as well as all the laws of morality, in the shameless scenes which are nightly exhibited in these licensed stews, are disgraceful to a nation which affects to arrogate to itself a moral superiority over the rest of the world, and are certainly sufficient to scare away any modest woman belonging to another country, who is not “ a native here and to the manner born.”

The play to-night was *Mirandola*,—a new tragedy from the pen of a popular poet of the day ; in which there is much pleasing poetry, and some images that are at once natural and new ; but our sympathies are strangely checked, in the middle of an interesting scene, by the introduction of a most unexpected guest—a *pun*—and that in the very middle of the tragedy. *Mirandola* tells Guido to change his travelling habiliments, and appear at the nuptial feast in gayer attire — Guido answers, with a most mysterious frown, “ I will be there *re-dressed!!!*”

Charles Kemble looks Guido to the life, and this more than atones for the faults of his delivery of the text, which he scarcely ever seems to understand. Macready, on the contrary, often speaks as if he understood and felt the force of what is set down for him ; —and this is always an apology for the defects in his appearance, which, however, on this occasion, demands no apology, for his dress is strikingly handsome and picturesque. Miss Foote seems to think, and perhaps reasonably, that nature has done enough for her, for her part requires little more than that she should look pretty and interesting.

In the pantomime, I was much struck with the aged appearance of the celebrated Grimaldi, who begins to look like a corpulent old man. And, as if to make this accession of years more striking by the aid of contrast, his cub of a son is introduced as a sort of supernumerary clown, to eke out the deficient items in the father's sum of topsy-turveys. This perpetual *memento* of Grimaldi's age, which one might forget, if it were not so constantly obtruded upon one by this lump of living proof, chilled all my disposition to merriment, and, instead of shaking my sides at those exquisite touches of humour, which are the peculiar province of this child of fun and drollery, and which entitle him to the appellation of a *comic genius*,—I was led rather into a train of melancholy musing upon

the transient duration of all human existence, and could scarcely forbear exclaiming,

“————— To thy prayers, old man ;
How ill grey hairs become a fool and jester !”

[We shall give further extracts from our trans-atlantic friend's journal in a future number.]

ON NOSES.

“ And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose.”—SHAKESPEARE.

It has been settled by Mr. Alison, in his “ Essay on the Philosophy of Taste,” that the sublimity or beauty of forms arises altogether from the associations we connect with them, or the qualities of which they are expressive to us ; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in discoursing upon personal beauty, maintains, that as nature, in every nation, has one fixed or determinate form towards which she is continually inclining, that form will invariably become the national standard of bodily perfection. “ To instance,” he proceeds, “ in a particular part of a feature : the line that forms the ridge of the nose, is beautiful when it is straight ; this, then, is the central form which is oftener found than either concave, convex, or any other irregular form that shall be proposed ;”—but this observation he is careful to limit to those countries where the Grecian nose predominates, for he subsequently adds, in speaking of the *Æthiopians*, “ I suppose nobody will doubt, if one of their painters was to paint the goddess of beauty, but that he would represent her black, with thick lips, flat nose, and woolly hair ; and it seems to me that he would act very unnaturally if he did not ; for by what criterion will any one dispute the propriety of his idea ?” And he thus concludes his observations on the subject, “ From what has been said, it may be inferred, that the works of nature, if we compare one species with another, are all equally beautiful ; and that preference is given from custom, or some association of ideas ; and that, in creatures of the same species, beauty is the medium or centre of all various forms.” If this definition be accurate, we are not authorised in admiring either the Roman or the Jewish noses, both of which are too exorbitant and over-bearing—the high-born *ultras* of their class ;—still less can we fall in love with the Tartarian notions, where the greatest beauties have the least noses, and where, according to Ruybrock, the wife of the celebrated Jenghiz Khan, was deemed irresistible, because she had only two holes for a nose. These are the radical noses. *In medio tutissimus* seems to be as true upon this subject as

almost every other, and, in the application of the dictum, we must finally give the preference to the Grecian form, of which such beautiful specimens have been transmitted to us in their statues, vases, and gems. Whether this were the established *beau ideal* of their artists, or, as is more probable, the predominant line of the existing population, it is certain that, in their sculptures, deviations from it are very rare. In busts from the living, they were, of course, compelled to conform to the original; but I can easily imagine, that if it did not actually break the Grecian chissel, it must have nearly broken the heart of the statuary, who was doomed to scoop out of the marble the mean and indented pug-nose of Socrates. Whence did that extraordinary people derive their noble figure and beautiful features, which they idealised into such sublime symmetry and exquisite loveliness in the personification of their gods and goddesses? If they were, indeed, as the inhabitants of Attica pretended, the Autochthones, or original natives, springing from the earth, it were an easy solution to maintain, that the soil and climate of that country are peculiarly adapted to the most faultless and perfect developement of the human form: but if, as more sober history affirms, they were a colony from Sais in Egypt, led by Cecrops into Attica, we must be utterly at a loss to account for their form, features, and complexion. Traces of this derivation are clearly discernible in their religion and arts; and the sources of their various orders of architecture are, even now, incontestably evident in the ancient and stupendous temples upon the banks of the Nile; in none of whose sculptures, however, do we discover any approximation to the beautiful features and graceful contour of the Greeks. Æthiopians, Persians, and Egyptians, are separately recognisable, but there are no figures resembling the Athenians. The features of the Sphinx are Nubian; the mummies are invariably dark-coloured; and though their noses are generally compressed by the embalming bandages, there is reason to believe that they have lost very little of their elevation in the process. Leaving the elucidation of this obscure matter to more profound antiquaries, let us return to our central point of beauty—the Nose.

A *Slawkenbergius* occasionally appeared among the Greeks, as well as the moderns; but from the exuberant ridicule and boisterous raillery, with which the monster was assailed, we may presume that a genuine proboscis was of rare occurrence. Many of the lampoons and jokes, circulated by the wits of Athens, are as extravagant as the noses themselves, and enough has been preserved to fill a horse's nose-bag. Let the following, from the *Anthology*, suffice as a sample:—

" Dick cannot wipe his nostrils if he pleases,
 (So long his nose is, and his arms so short ;)
 Nor ever cries " God bless me !" when he sneezes ;
 He cannot hear so *distant* a report."

Or this, which is attributed to the Emperor Trajan :—

" Let Dick some summer's day expose
 Before the sun his monstrous nose,
 And stretch his giant-mouth to cause
 Its shade to fall upon his jaws ;
 With nose so long, and mouth so wide,
 And those twelve grinders side by side,
 Dick, with a very little trial,
 Would make an excellent sun-dial."

Many of these epigrams were derived by the Greeks from the oriental *Facetiæ* ; and if we could trace the pedigree of a joke, which even at our last dinner-party set the table in a roar, we should probably hunt it back to the symposia of Athens, and the festive halls of Bagdat. It must be confessed that, in several of these instances, if the wit be old, it is very little of its age ; for Hierocles, like his successor Joe Miller, seems now and then to have thought it a good joke to put in a bad one.

Ovid, it is well-known, derived his *sobriquet* of Naso, from the undue magnitude of that appendage, though it did not deter him from aspiring to the affections of Julia, the daughter of Augustus. It is not, perhaps, so generally known, that the cry of " Nosey !" issuing from the gallery of the play-house, when its inmates are musically inclined, is the nickname, which has long survived a former leader of the band, to whom nature had been unsparingly bountiful in that prominent feature ; and who, could he have foreseen this immortality among the gods, might have exclaimed, with his illustrious namesake,

" Parte tamen meliore mei super alta perennis
 Astra ferar, nomenque erit indelebile nostrum."

Though a roomy nose may afford a good handle for ridicule, there are cases, in which a certain magnificence and superabundance of that feature, if not abstractedly becoming, has, at least, something appropriate in its redundancy, according well with the characteristics of its wearer. It has advantages as well as disadvantages. A man of any spirit is compelled to take cognizance of offences committed under his very nose, but with such a promontory as we have been describing, they may come within the strict letter of the phrase, and yet be far enough removed to afford him a good plea for protesting that they escaped his observation. He is not bound to see within his nose, much less beyond it. Should a quarrel, however, become inevitable, the very construction of this member compels him to meet his

adversary half way. Nothing could reconcile us to a bulbous excrescence of this inflated description, if we saw it appended to a poor little insignificant creature, giving him the appearance of the Toucan, or spoon-bill; and suggesting the idea of his being tied to his own nose to prevent his straying. But suppose the case of a burly, jovial, corpulent alderman, standing behind such an appendage, with all its indorsements, riders, addenda, extra-parochial appurtenances, and Taliacotian supplements, like a sow with her whole litter of pigs, or (to speak more respectfully) like a venerable old abbey, with all its projecting chapels, oratories, refectories, and abutments; and it will seem to dilate itself before its wearer with an air of portly and appropriate companionship. I speak not here of a simple bottle-nose, but one of a thousand bottles, a polypetalous enormity, whose blushing honours, as becoming to it as the stars, crosses, and ribbons of a successful general, are trophies of past victories, the colours won in tavern-campaigns. They recal to us the clatter of knives, the slaughter of turtle, the shedding of claret, the deglutition of magnums. Esurient and bibulous reminiscences ooze from its surface, and each protuberance is historical. One is the record of a Pitt-club dinner; another of a corporation feast; a third commemorates a tipsy carousal, in support of religion and social order; others attest their owner's civic career, "until, at last, he devoured his way to the Lord Mayor's mansion, as a mouse in a cheese makes a large house for himself by continually eating:"—and the whole pendulous mass, as if it heard the striking up of the band at a public dinner on the entrance of the viands, actually seems to wag to the tune of "O, the roast Beef of Old England!"

As there are many who prefer the arch of the old bridges to the straight line of the Waterloo, so there are critics who extend the same taste to the bridge of the nose, deeming the Roman handsomer than the Grecian; a feeling which may probably be traced to association. A medallist, whose coins of the Roman emperors generally exhibit the convex projection, conceives it expressive of grandeur, majesty, and military pre-eminence: while a collector of Greek vases will limit his idea of beauty to the straight line depicted on his favourite antiques. The Roman form unquestionably has its beauties; its outline is bold, flowing, and dignified; it looks as if Nature's own hand had fashioned it for one of her noble varieties: but the term has become a misnomer; it is no longer applicable to the inhabitants of the eternal city, whose nasal bridges seem to have subsided with the decline and fall of their empire.

While we are upon the subject of large noses, we must not forget that of the Jews, which has length and breadth in abundance, but is too often so ponderous, ungraceful and shapeless,

as to discard every idea of dignity, and impart to the countenance a character of burlesque and ugly disproportion. It is not one of nature's primitive forms, but a degeneracy produced by perpetual intermarriages of the same race during successive ages. It is a deformity, and comes therefore more properly under the head of nosology.

Inest sua gratia parvis ; let it not be imagined that all our attention is to be lavished upon these folio noses ; the duodecimos and Elzevirs have done execution in the days that are gone, and shall they pass away from our memories like the forms of last years clouds ? Can we forget "*Le petit nez retroussé*" of Marmontel's heroine, which captivated a sultan, and overturned the laws of an empire ? Was not the downfall of another empire, as recorded in the immortal work of Gibbon, written under a nose of the very snubbiest construction ? So concave and intangible was it, that when his face was submitted to the touch of a blind old French lady, who used to judge of her acquaintance by feeling their features, she slapt it, exclaiming " Away, this is a nasty joke." Wilkes, equally unfortunate in this respect, and remarkably ugly besides, used to maintain, that in the estimation of society a handsome man had only half an hour's start of him, as within that period he would recover by his conversation what he had lost by his looks. Perhaps the most insurmountable objection to the pug or cocked-up nose, is the flippant, distasteful, or contemptuous expression it conveys, such as that of the late William Pitt for instance. To turn up our noses is a colloquialism for disdain ; and even those of the ancient Romans, inflexible as they appear, could curl themselves up in the fastidiousness of concealed derision. "*Altior homini tantum nasus,*" says Pliny, "*quam novi mores subdolæ irrisioni dicavère :*" and Horace talks of sneers suspended, "*naso adunco.*" It cannot be denied, that those who have been snubbed by nature, not unfrequently look as if they were anxious to take their revenge by snubbing others.

As a friend to noses of all denominations, I must here enter my solemn protest against a barbarous abuse, to which they are too often subjected, by converting them into dust-holes and soot-bags, under the fashionable pretext of taking snuff, an abomination for which Sir Walter Raleigh is responsible, and which ought to have been included in the articles of his impeachment. When some " Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain," after gently tapping its top with a look of diplomatic complacency, embraces a modicum of its contents with his finger and thumb, curves round his hand, so as to display the brilliant on his little finger, and commits the high dried pulvilio to the air, so that nothing but its impalpable aroma ascends into his nose, we may smile at the custom as a harmless and not ungraceful foppery :

but when a filthy clammy compost is perpetually thrust up the nostrils with a voracious pig-like snort, it is a practice as disgusting to the beholders as I believe it to be injurious to the offender. The nose is the emunctory of the brain, and when its functions are impeded, the whole system of the head becomes deranged. A professed snuff-taker is generally recognisable by his total loss of the sense of smelling—by his snuffling and snorting—by his pale sodden complexion—and by that defective modulation of the voice, called talking through the nose, though it is in fact an inability so to talk from the partial or total stoppage of the passage. Not being provided with an ounce of civet, I will not suffer my imagination to wallow in all the revolting concomitants of this dirty trick ; but I cannot refrain from an extract, by which we may form some idea of the time consumed in its performance. “ Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, (says Lord Stanhope) at a moderate computation takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half, out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker’s life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it.” Taken medicinally, or as a simple sternutatory, it may be excused ; but the moment your snuff is not to be sneezed at, you are the slave of a habit which literally makes you grovel in the dust : your snuff-box has seized you as Saint Dunstan did the Devil, and if the red-hot pincers, with which he performed the feat, could occasionally start up from an Ormskirk snuff-box, it might have a salutary effect in checking this nasty propensity among our real and pseudo-fashionables.

It was my intention to have written a dissertation upon the probable form of the nose mentioned in Solomon’s song, which we are informed was like “the tower of Lebanon looking toward Damascus ;” and I had prepared some very erudite conjectures as to the composition of the perfume, which suggested to Catullus the magnificent idea of wishing to be *all nose* :

“ Quod tu cum olfacies, Deos rogabis,
Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, nasum.”

But I apprehend that your readers will begin to think I have led them by the nose quite long enough ; and lest you yourself, Mr. Editor, should suspect that I am making a handle of the sub-

ject, merely that you may pay through the nose for my communication, I shall conclude at once with a

SONNET

TO MY OWN NOSE.

O nose! thou rudder in my face's centre,
 Since I must follow thee until I die;—
 Since we are bound together by indenture,
 The master thou, and the apprentice I,
 O be to your Telemachus a Mentor,
 Tho' oft invisible, for ever nigh;
 Guard him from all disgrace and misadventure,
 From hostile tweak, or Love's blind mastery.
 So shalt thou quit the city's stench and smoke,
 For hawthorn lanes, and copses of young oak,
 Scenting the gales of Heaven, that have not yet
 Lost their fresh fragrance since the morning broke,
 And breath of flowers "with rosy May-dews wet,"
 The primrose—cowslip—blue-bell—violet.

H.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

NO. I.

OF AUTOMATA.

WHILE political economists amuse themselves and the public with the nicely-balanced powers of man as a propagating and eating *animal*, and philosophers and divines often assure us that he is, in other and higher respects, but a *machine* of a superior description; we, in especial deference to the latter grave authorities, have been entertaining ourselves with the notion of his mechanical construction, as contrasted with the various *imitations* of it, that have been occasionally offered to the world. We take it for granted, in this paper, that man is a machine, and shall not presume to arrogate for him any higher pretensions. We know nothing of his impulses as an animal, nor of the duties or influences to which he is subject as a rational being (if such he be); we only propose to introduce to our readers a variety of claimants for the honour of having made a part of him—of imitating portions of his organs, in their actual exercise—and isolated actions of his very mind. What wonder, if, in the progress of these efforts, our artists should occasionally have struck off a complete and clever duck, a learned fly, or a royal eagle!

Automata* have been favourite objects of mechanical contri-

* From *αὐτός*, ipse; and *μαχμαί*, excitor, a self-excited, or self-moving machine.

vance from a very early period. If the term, indeed, may be allowed to include what some writers have considered under it, their history would quickly swell into a volume. The celebrated Glanvil, for instance, speaks of "the art whereby the Almighty governs the motions of the great *automaton*" of the universe! Bishop Wilkins ranks the sphere of Archimedes amongst the *αὐτομάτα στατά*, or "such as move only according to the contrivance of their several parts, and not according to their whole frame." It was, in fact, an early orrery, according to Claudian:

Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret æthera vitro,
 Risit, et ad superos talia dicta dedit;
 Huccine mortalis progressa potentia curæ?
 Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor, &c.

This learned prelate has even extended the application of the term to machines moved (in consequence of their peculiar construction) by external forces or elements, as mills, ships, &c. Its modern acceptance, however, and that to which we shall restrict ourselves, will not include all machines that are self, or internally moved. It is confined to the mechanical imitation of the functions and actions of *living animals*, and particularly those of man.

The celebrated story of the statue of Memnon (one of the wonders of Ancient Egypt) has some pretensions to lead the way in this historical sketch. We have positive testimony* to the circumstance of the most beautiful sounds being emitted from this statue, at the rising and setting of the sun; and from the pedestal after the statue was overthrown. What was the contrivance in this case, it may be vain to conjecture; but automata are, by profession, a puzzling race. If a certain disposition of strings, exposed to the rarefaction of the air, or to the morning and evening breezes, after the manner of our Æolian harps, produced these sounds; or if any method of arranging the internal apertures so as to receive them from a short distance, were the artifice, a considerable acquaintance with the science of music, and with acoustics generally, will be argued. Wilkins quotes a musical invention of Cornelius Dreble of similar pretensions, which "being set in the sunshine, would, of itself, render a soft and pleasant harmony, but being removed into the shade would presently become silent."

The statues and the flight of Dædalus are equally famous—and, perhaps, fabulous. Aristotle, however, speaks of the former in his treatise *De Anima*, l. i. c. 3, as successful imitations of the human figure and human functions in walking, running,

* Strabo, lib. xvii.

&c. and attempts to account for their motions by the concealment of quicksilver.

Archytas' flying dove (originally mentioned in Favorinus) is another of the ancient automata. The inventor is said to have flourished about B. C. 400, and was a Pythagorean philosopher at Tarentum. It was made of wood, and the principal circumstance of its history, which Favorinus mentions, is, that like some other birds of too much wing, when it alighted on the ground, it could not raise itself up again. Aulus Gellius, in his *Noctes Atticæ*, attempts to account for its flight, by observing (*Ita erat scilicet libramentis suspensum, et aura spiritus inclusa atque occultâ consutum, &c.*) that it was "suspended by balancing, and moved by a secretly inclosed aura, or spirit!"

Friar Bacon, we all know, made a brazen head that could speak, and that seems to have assisted, in no small degree, in proclaiming him a magician. Albertus Magnus is also said to have devoted thirty years of his life to the construction of an automaton, which the celebrated Thomas Aquinas broke purposely to pieces. Men, treated as these were by the age in which they lived, had no encouragement to hope that any details of their labours would reach posterity.

Amongst the curiosities of his day, Walchius mentions an iron spider of great ingenuity. In size it did not exceed the ordinary inhabitants of our houses, and could creep or climb with any of them, wanting none of their powers, except, of which nothing is said, the formation of the web. Various writers of credit, particularly Kircher, Porta, and Bishop Wilkins, relate that the celebrated Regiomontanus, (John Muller) of Nuremberg, ventured a loftier flight of art. He is said to have constructed a self-moved wooden eagle, which descended toward the Emperor Maximilian as he approached the gates of Nuremberg, saluted him, and hovered over his person as he entered the town. This philosopher, according to the same authorities, also produced an iron fly, which would start from his hand at table, and after flying round to each of the guests, returned, as if wearied, to the protection of his master.

An hydraulic clock, presented to the Emperor Charlemagne, by the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, merits record in the history of these inventions. It excited the admiration of all Europe at the period of its arrival. Twelve small doors divided the dial into the twelve hours, and opened successively as each hour arrived, when a ball fell from the aperture on a brazen bell and struck the time, the door remaining open. At the conclusion of every twelve hours, twelve mounted knights, handsomely caparisoned, came out simultaneously from the dial, rode round the plate and closed the doors. Dr. Clarke, in his last volume of *Travels*,

(part iii. Scandinavia, sec. 1. 4to. 1819,) mentions a similar contrivance, in a clock at Lubeck, of the high antiquity of 1405. Over the face is an image of Jesus Christ, on either side of which are folding-doors, which fly open every day as the clock strikes twelve. A set of figures, representing the twelve apostles, then march forth on the left hand, and, bowing to our Saviour's image as they pass in succession, enter the door on the right. On the termination of the procession the doors close. This clock is also remarkably complete (for the age) in its astronomical apparatus; representing the place of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, the moon's age, &c.

Similar appendages to clocks and time-pieces became too common at the beginning of the last century to deserve particular notice. We should not, however, omit some of the productions of the Le Droz family, of Neufchatel. About the middle of the century, the elder Le Droz presented a clock to the King of Spain, with a sheep and dog attached to it. The bleating of the former was admirably correct, as an imitation; and the dog was placed in custody of a basket of loose fruit. If any one removed the fruit, he would growl, snarl, gnash his teeth, and endeavour to bite until it was restored.

The son of this artist was the original inventor of the musical boxes, which have of late been imported into this country. Mr. Collinson, a correspondent of Dr. Hutton's, thus clearly describes this fascinating toy in a letter to the Doctor, inserted in his *Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary*.

"When at Geneva I called upon Droz, son of the original Droz of La Chaux de Fords (where I also went). He shewed me an oval gold snuff-box, about, if I recollect right, four inches and a half long by three inches broad, and about an inch and a half thick. It was double, having an horizontal partition; so that it may be considered as one box placed on another, with a lid, of course, to each box. One contained snuff; in the other, as soon as the lid was opened, there rose up a very small bird, of green enamelled gold, sitting upon a gold stand. Immediately this minute curiosity wagged its tail, shook its wings, opened its bill of white enamelled gold, and poured forth, minute as it was (being only three quarters of an inch from the beak to the extremity of the tail) such a clear melodious song as would have filled a room of twenty or thirty feet square with its harmony."

In Ozanam's *Mathematical Recreations*, we have an account, by the inventor, M. Camus, of an elegant amusement of Louis XIV. when a boy. It represented a lady proceeding to court, in a small chariot drawn by two horses, and attended by her coachman, footman, and page. When the machine was placed at the end of a table of proper size, the coachman smacked his

whip, the horses started off with all the natural motions, and the whole equipage drove on to the farther extremity of the table; it would now turn at right angles in a regular way, and proceed to that part of the table opposite to which the prince sat, when the carriage stopped, the page alighted to open the door, and the lady came out with a petition, which she presented with a courtesy to the bowing young monarch. The return was equally in order. After appearing to await the pleasure of the prince for a short time, the lady courtesied again and re-entered the chariot, the page mounted behind, the coachman flourished his whip, and the footman, after running a few steps, resumed his place.

About the same period, M. Vaucanson, a member of the Académie Royale of France, led the way to the unquestionable superiority of modern times, in these contrivances, by the construction of his automaton duck, a production, it is said, so exactly resembling the living animal, that not a bone of the body, and hardly a feather of the wings, seems to have escaped his imitation and direction. The radius, the cubitus, and the humerus had each their exact offices. The automaton ate, drank, and quacked in perfect *harmony* with nature. It gobbled food brought before it with avidity, drank, and even muddled the water after the manner of the living bird, and appeared to evacuate its food ultimately in a digested state.

Ingenuous contemporaries of the inventor, who solved all the rest of his contrivances, could never wholly comprehend the mechanism of this duck. A chemical solution of the food was contrived to imitate the effect of digestion.

This gentleman is also celebrated for having exhibited at Paris, in 1738, an ANDROIDES*, a flute player, whose powers exceeded all his ancestry; and for the liberality and good sense with which he communicated to the Academy, in the same year, an exact account of its construction.

The figure was nearly six feet in height, and usually placed on a square pedestal four feet and a half high, and about three and a half broad. The air entered the body by three separate pipes, into which it was conveyed by nine pairs of bellows, which were expanded and contracted at pleasure, by means of an axis formed of metallic substances, and which was turned by the aid of clock-work. There was not even the slightest noise heard during the operations of the bellows: which might otherwise have discovered the process, by which the air was conveyed *ad libitum* into the body of the machine. The three tubes, into which the air was sent by means of the bellows, passed again into three small reservoirs concealed in the body of the automaton. After

* From *ανθρωπος*, a man, and *ειδος*, a form; a term under which some scientific works have classed all the automata, that have been made to imitate the human person.

having united in this place, and ascended towards the throat; they formed the cavity of the mouth, which terminated in two small lips, adapted to the performance of their respective functions. A small moveable tongue was inclosed within this cavity, which admitted or intercepted the passage of the air into the flute, according to the tune that was executed, or the quantity of wind that was requisite for the performance. A particular species of steel cylinder, which was turned by means of clock-work, afforded the proper movements to the fingers, lips, and tongue. This cylinder was divided into fifteen equal parts, which caused the ascension of the other extremities, by the aid of pegs, which pressed upon the ends of fifteen different levers. The fingers of the automaton were directed in their movements by seven of these levers, which had wires and chains attached to their ascending extremities; these being fixed to the fingers, caused their ascension in due proportion to the declension of the other extremity, by the motion of the cylinder; and thus, on the contrary, the ascent, or descent, of one end of the lever, produced a similar ascent, or descent, in the fingers that corresponded to the others; by which one of the holes was opened or stopped agreeably to the direction of the music. The entrance of the wind was managed by three of the other levers, which were so organized as to be capable of opening or shutting, by means of the three reservoirs. By a similar mechanical process, the lips were under the direction of four levers: one of which opened them in order to give the air a freer passage; the other contracted them; the third drew them back; and the fourth pushed them in a forward direction. The lips were placed on that part of the flute, which receives the air; and, by the different motions which have been already enumerated, regulated the tune in the requisite manner for execution. The direction of the tongue furnished employment for the remaining lever, which it moved in order that it might be enabled to shut or open the mouth of the flute.

The extremity of the axis of the cylinder was terminated on the right side by an endless screw, consisting of twelve threads, each of which was placed at the distance of a line and a half from the other. A piece of copper was fixed above this screw; and within it was a steel pivot, which was inserted between the threads of the screw, and obliged the cylinder above mentioned to pursue the threads. Thus, instead of moving in a direct turn, it was perpetually pushed to one side; the successive elevation of the levers displaying all the different movements of a professed musician.

M. Vaucanson constructed another celebrated *Androïde*, which played on the Provençal shepherd's pipe, and beat, at the same time, on an instrument called the *tambour de basque*. This

was also a machine of the first order, for ingenious and difficult contrivance. The shepherd bore the flageolet in his left hand, and in the right a stick, with which he beat the tabor, or tambourine, in accompaniment. He was capable of playing about twenty different airs, consisting of minuets, rigadoons, and country dances. The pipe, or flageolet, which he was made to play, is a wind instrument, of great variety, rapidity, and power of execution, when the notes are well filled and properly articulated by the tongue; but it consists only of three holes, and the execution, therefore, mainly depends upon the manner in which they are covered, and the due variation of the force of the wind that reaches them.

To give the Androides power to sound the highest note, M. Vaucanson found it necessary to load the bellows, which supplied the air to this tone, with fifty-six pounds weight, while that of one ounce supplied the lowest tone. Nor was the same note always to be executed by exactly the same force of air; it was necessary to pay the most accurate attention to its place on the scale, and to so many difficult circumstances of combination and expression, that the inventor declares himself to have been frequently on the point of relinquishing his attempt in its progress. In the tambourine accompaniment too, there were numerous obstacles to overcome; the variation of the strokes, and particularly the continued roll of this instrument, was found to require no small ingenuity of construction.

All other exhibitions of mechanical skill, in imitation of the powers of human nature, were destined, however, to give way, in 1769, to the pretensions of the Chess-Player of M. Wolfgang de Kempelin, a Hungarian gentleman, and Aulic Counsellor of the Royal Chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary. Called in that year to Vienna by the duties of his station, this gentleman was present at some experiments on magnetism made before the Empress Maria Theresa, when he ventured to hint, that he could construct, for her Majesty, a piece of mechanism far superior to any of those which had been exhibited. His manner of remarking this excited the attention of the Empress, who encouraging him to make the effort, the Automaton Chess-Player, which has since been exhibited in all the capitals of Europe, was, within six months after this period, presented at the Imperial court. It is a presumption in favour of the pretensions of this contrivance to be a master-piece of mere mechanism, that the original artist, after having gratified his exalted patroness and her court with the exhibition of it, appeared for many years indifferent to its fame. He engaged himself in other mechanical pursuits with equal ardour, and is said to have so far neglected this, as to have taken it partly to pieces, for the purpose of making other experiments. But the visit of the Russian

Grand Duke Paul to the court of Joseph II. again called our automaton to life. It was repaired and put in order in a few weeks ; and, from this period, (1785) has been exhibited, at intervals, throughout Germany, at Paris, and in London ; first by M. de Kempelin, and latterly by a purchaser of the property from his son ; De Kempelin having died in 1803.

Our chess-playing readers will be able to appreciate the bold pretensions of this automaton. The entire number of combinations, which it is possible to form with the pieces of a chess-board, has never, we believe, been ascertained. To push forward a plan of our own steadily, and at the same time to anticipate the designs of an antagonist, requires a constant and acute discrimination, which long experience, and some considerable strength of memory, have been required to make availing, in all other cases. But this cunning infidel (for he assumes the figure of a Turk) drives kings, and castles, and knights before him with more than mortal sagacity, and with his inferior hand : he never, we believe, has been beaten ; and, except in a very few instances of drawn games, has beat the most skilful chess-players in Europe. Dr. Hutton, on the supposition of its being altogether a mechanical contrivance, calls it " the greatest master-piece of mechanics that ever appeared in the world." We shall recount his pretensions in the words of an Oxford graduate, who published " Observations" on them, during his last visit in London, and subjoin a statement of the best attempts that have been made to account for his apparent skill, in a second article upon this interesting subject.

ON HUMOUR.

EVERY age has a style of humour peculiar to itself, and is, in general, little able to taste or appreciate that of another. One cause of this may be, that it is more the province of humour to paint the manners than the passions of mankind ; and, from the subject not being permanent, the best-wrought piece must fall into disrepute.

This may go some way towards elucidating the fact, which I am endeavouring to explain ; but, though perhaps in the right road, we are not yet arrived at the object of our search. For one age is often indifferent to the humour of another, even where that humour has been exercised on subjects, which, if they do not deserve permanent praise, seem at least to merit the applause of one century as much as that of another.

We must, therefore, I believe, search for the main cause in the character of the age itself. I should say that of the present consists (to make a word for the occasion) in a certain *matter-of-fact-*

ness, a necessity of "touching something real," and the incapability of enjoying *fun, by itself fun*. Hence it admires no description of pleasantry that has not a pointed moral or sting; and seems to have less sense of *humour*, which may be termed the raw material, than of wit, which may be likened to the manufactured article; a preference which sorts well with the mechanical temper of the times. I suppose, for instance, that there are few at present who would like the excellent fooling, which rejoiced the marrow of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, when the clown spake of the Vapians passing the Equinoctial of Queubus. Hence it follows, that such works as those of Count Antoine Hamilton, which delighted people of the 18th century, appear to those of the 19th (as a friend of mine once observed to me) "such stuff as might be collected from the walls by the white-washer of Bedlam."

But this species of humour is not more thrown away on the present generation, than that natural and spontaneous vein, which amuses by a perpetual play of fancy, without forcing the images which it conjures up upon the sight, or shewing the texture, colour, and direction, of every puppet, which it puts in motion. Hence, (to express myself like a Scotch lawyer) the writings of Addison and Steele are *gone into desuetude*, and the Spectator is almost a dead letter. To this sort of tacit sentence I cannot, for myself, subscribe: I prefer the ancient wits to the modern, and see nothing superior in the latter, except their precision and the emphatic mode in which they inculcate their ideas. Their pleasantry is certainly more pointed and more palpable than that of their predecessors; but why is this so? It is because their beat is narrower, and it is therefore more easy for them to run down their prey. For, observe the manœuvres of a modern wit, and you will find that his art lies in some single trick of pleasantry, upon which he works with as much earnestness as if he were labouring a point of law. His humour lies in the juxtaposition of incongruous images, in whimsical alliteration and association, or, in short, in some one trick which is, in my eyes, worthless as soon as it is discovered. The old school did not reject such means; but their motto was "Wit at several weapons;" and their tricks of fence so various, that it was difficult to parry or detect them. They "gave point" as well as the moderns, but the readers of the present day seem to be too much dazzled by their feints and their flourishes to estimate the sharpness of their thrusts.—To instance what I mean, I should cite Rabelais, who seems to have entirely fallen in public estimation, and is a writer now seldom quoted but for his extravagance; yet what a vein of moral epigram and satire runs under this, while half of those, who gaze upon his rapid and whirling current, are unable to discern the precious stones, which pave the channel. I remember once passing some days, during the time of the Continental blockade, and consequent fall of Colonial produce, in the

house of a West Indian gentleman, as distinguished for the variety of his accomplishments, as the brilliancy of his hospitality, who surprising me with Rabelais in my hand, and quarrelling with me for the perverseness of my taste, I defied him not to laugh at a passage which I was then reading, but which he pronounced to be absolute nonsense. This was the assignment made by Pantagruel to Panurge of the rents of the perriwinkles and cockle-shells; upon which he observes, that in a good shell-year this revenue was considerable, but that Panurge was a fellow to live as if perriwinkles were always at par.—“And this you think humorous?” said my friend; “now to me it appears absolute stuff.” “Nay,” replied I, delighted to have him upon the hip, “you are the last man who has a right to say so; for substitute sugar-hogsheads for perriwinkles, and what have you done but play Panurge ever since you came to your estate?”

THE HUMOROUS MAN.

THERE is, I believe, no cause of offence so disproportionately punished as the trick of singularity. Let the Humorous Man, as he was termed in the old comedy, confine his caprices within the safest limits, he is generally considered dangerous, and is almost always unpopular. Yet, in opposition to this general antipathy, it may be maintained with truth, that no grave vices are necessarily incidental to such a character, that it guarantees the absence of some hateful qualities, and is a security even for some useful virtues.

For, first, the humorist is usually free from malignant qualities. He has a safety-valve for his worst passions; and, like Shakspeare's Menenius Agrippa, “what he thinks, he utters, and spends his malice in his breath.”

But I am, I confess, more disposed to prove the virtues than the innocence of the humorist. To the point: he is certainly, generally speaking, independent in his opinions, and thus may be, by no far-strained construction, considered as a useful subject and natural supporter of civil liberty. A very acute and distinguished French statesman at least proves the converse of the proposition where he observes, that no one is so cut out for a courtier as a man “*sans honneur et sans humeur*,” observing that it is a mistake to translate the last word by *ill-humour*, the expression meaning, in older French, what is properly explained through synonyms in the Dictionnaire de l'Academie as *fantaisie*, *caprice*. If the humorous man then is to be considered as of some utility in society, why is he in such bad odour with those among the serious, who do not come under the definition of solemn asses? Or why (and this seems the most inexplicable difficulty) if he be free from rancorous passions, does he so generally offend, while the interested or malicious man ordinarily makes few enemies in comparison? Why these different characters should produce such different and unde-

served effects in society, may be illustrated more shortly than explained. The humorous man may be compared to one, who guards his grain with powder only ; he kills none of the fowls who forage in his fields, but he flashes, and blazes, and scares, and irritates all. The worldly man, on the contrary, arms himself with an air-gun, which neither lightens nor thunders, and stings only the enemies whom it strikes. But the abstract unpopularity of the humorous man, who offends even those who need not or cannot fear him, must be found in a deeper source, and may be traced to a cause which seems to pervade all animal nature. Singularity is in itself an offence through all the orders and species into which this is distinguished. Put a paper neckcloth about a sparrow, turn him out, and he will become the victim of his irritated companions. Let but a dog bark in a town more loudly than ordinary, no matter whether in rage or in merriment, and every one makes common cause against the offender. The expediency, indeed, of avoiding this ground of offence has been chronicled by the proverbial wisdom of most nations ; as in the *Pappa Tace* of the Italians, and the *Eat your pudding and hold your tongue*, of the English. Observe this maxim in all its latitude, and every thing will be permitted to you. A dignitary of the church, who had made hunting the amusement of his youth, asked an old and respected member of his order, whether he might pursue his favourite sport after being elevated to the prelacy ? His counsellor answered in these memorable words, which may indeed serve as a rule of life,—*My Lord, you may hunt, but you must not holla.* I have been sometimes tempted, like the Eastern Prince in the story, to have this maxim of worldly wisdom engraved on every piece of plate, and burnt into every piece of porcelain in my possession ; that at every hour of the day I may have presented to my eyes, the memento of, “ you may hunt, but you must not holla.”

MONT BLANC.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR.—THE following account of a late attempt to reach the summit of Mont Blanc may, perhaps, be interesting to some of your readers. It is the only original account published in this country, and contains the substance of a narrative drawn up, soon after my return to England, for the satisfaction of my friends.

I remain, &c.

Oriel College, Oxford.

J. D.

ABOUT the middle of last August I arrived at Geneva, accompanied by my friend H— of Brazenose, whom I had fallen in with at Bern, and who was, like myself, devoting a part of the long vacation to a Continental tour. I had, before leaving England, set my heart upon ascending Mont Blanc, and found no difficulty in prevailing on my companion, who had already made the tour of the greater part of Switzerland, to accompany me. Having called on a gentleman of Geneva, to whom I had an introduction, with a view of making the necessary enquiries, I learnt from him that a small party were then on the point of setting out with the same intention. I lost no time in finding them out, and proposing to share in their undertaking; and the following afternoon, August 16, we set off together, in a hired calèche, for the valley of Chamounix. Our party consisted of four persons. Our new acquaintances were Le Chevalier Hamel, a Russian, then employed by the Emperor in making some philosophical observations in the neighbourhood, and M. Sellique, an optician of Geneva, and native of Paris, a man of considerable attainments in various branches of natural philosophy. His grand object in accompanying us was to make trial of a new barometer, of his own construction, in measuring the height of Mont Blanc, the accuracy of some former observations for the same purpose having been recently called in question. Dr. Hamel had already made, ten days before, an unsuccessful attempt to reach the summit by a different route, being the same which Saussure attempted in 1785 with no better success*.

We reached St. Martin, the place for which we had engaged our calèche, at one o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and having engaged two sharabands† for the journey through the valley, we arrived at Chamounix at two o'clock in the afternoon. From a balcony of the house where we slept, we had the first distinct view of Mont Blanc; and Dr. Hamel pointed out to us the formidable Aiguille de Gouté which he had lately succeeded in scaling. H. and myself set off from St. Martin on foot through the valley, being desirous of preparing ourselves a little for the fatigues of the following day. We walked nearly seven miles before we were overtaken by our party with the sharabands, and took the opportunity of visiting a beautiful fall of water, at a short distance on our left, which amply repaid us for the fatigue

* An account of this has already appeared in an article of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, a monthly publication edited at Geneva, in which Dr. Hamel has given a minute account of his two attempts, and of the observations which he intended to have made on the summit.

† Sharaband is the name for a very low narrow car on four wheels, drawn by one or more mules, which is the only kind of vehicle in use in the valley. Indeed the road, if it may be called one, is frequently so rugged as to oblige the traveller to descend, which he may do with a single step, and support his carriage with the hand.

which it occasioned. From this spot the road becomes the most romantic that can be conceived ; and when our companions overtook us, they found us reposing on the green margin of a small transparent lake, surrounded by a group of beautiful peasant-girls and boys, who were pressing upon us beakers of a most delicious water, drawn from a fountain at some short distance.

On our arrival at Chamounix, at the excellent hotel de l'Union, we immediately sent for Mathieu Balmat, and Joseph Marie Couttet, guides of the valley, to whom we had been recommended to apply ourselves. After a good deal of bargaining, which we were glad to leave to Dr. Hamel, we finally agreed with twelve guides, who were to receive forty-eight francs apiece : the choice of the ten others was left to the two leaders, who appointed them all to muster in marching order at four o'clock the following morning. We found a large and genteel party at the table d'hôte, and spent a very pleasant afternoon. The rumour of our intended expedition was soon spread abroad, and we found ourselves treated with something of that kind of respect, which is paid to the leaders of the forlorn hope on the eve of the storming of a town. Many jokes were interchanged about making our wills, which we afterwards reflected upon with very different feelings.

At length, the long-expected morn arrived : at four o'clock we were summoned from our beds, where we had not enjoyed much sleep, and about five we all set off on foot, making with the guides a party of sixteen. These latter were each furnished with a knapsack pretty well loaded, in which were placed provisions for three days for the whole party, mathematical instruments, additional clothing for ourselves on the following day, four blankets, and a variety of other things, among which were a carrier-pigeon from Bonneville, to convey to that place the earliest tidings of our arrival on the summit, and a live fowl destined to be cooked at the same height. We had also with us some rockets and Bengal-lights, which we had promised the ladies below to exhibit from our halting-place for the night. This was to be the summit of a rock called by the guides *Le Grand Mulet*, which is a very conspicuous object from the hotel. After returning on the road to St. Martin for nearly a league, we began the ascent in a wood, which skirts the mountain for some distance. But previous to this we stopped for a few minutes at the cottage of Joseph Marie Couttet, which is at the base of the mountain, to provide ourselves with spiked-poles ; and at his suggestion I exchanged an ordinary hat for one of the kind usually worn by the peasants, and which, he informed me, had already been twice on the summit of Mont Blanc. Our caravan now assumed a most romantic appearance ; the costume of the guides, each with a French knapsack, and one or two with old pelisses, being de-

cidedly military. It reminded me strongly of a party of Guerillas in the Pyrenees, where uniformity either in dress or appointments was considered as an unnecessary refinement. We had each a large straw hat tied under the chin, and a spiked-pole, about eight feet long, in our hands. Besides this, our shoes were furnished with short spikes at the heels to assist us in the descent. We were clothed as lightly as possible, that the motion of our limbs might not be impeded, for we were told to expect a march of eleven or twelve hours, the latter half of which was to be spent in climbing.

The ascent, at first, is so far from being laborious, that the guides were constantly obliged to repress our ardour, and compelled us to halt every ten minutes, lest we should not husband our strength sufficiently. In about two hours, we reached the last human abode, being a *chalét* or summer-cottage, inhabited by François Favret, who had been one of Saussure's guides, and whose son was in our party. A few minutes before, one of our guides pointed out to us Mademoiselle Favret, reclining fearlessly on a very precipitous part of the pasture, where her goats were feeding, and singing with the greatest apparent unconcern. During a halt of five minutes, which we made at the *chalét* for the purpose of taking a draught of goat's-milk, Julien Devoussoux, one of our guides, son-in-law to Dr. Paccard*, swallowed a mouthful of sulphuric acid, which he had bought at Chamounix by mistake for acetic acid, which on these excursions the guides ordinarily drink diluted with water. He suffered acutely for some minutes, until Dr. Hamel thought of making him swallow a quantity of wood-ashes and water, which were fortunately at hand. The alkali neutralized the acid, and he was soon in a condition to enter into the railleries of his companions, who, on his informing them in answer to their numerous enquiries, that a young woman had served him at the shop, and had mistaken the one acid for the other, were very merry on the occasion, and insisted on its having been intentional on her part, and proceeding from *malice prepense*. When we resumed our march, the veteran-mountaineer, Favret, accompanied us about three hours higher up to the edge of the glacier, to carry his son's knapsack, and then followed us with his eyes till we disappeared in one of the awful fissures, with which it is every where intersected. He was accompanied by his dog, over whom no one but his master seemed to possess the least influence, being as wild in appearance as the goats, which he amused himself occasionally with pursuing. These animals, however, as we were told, were all under com-

* An inhabitant of Chamounix, who, in 1786, first succeeded in reaching the summit of Mont Blanc. His sole companion was Jaques Balmat, who derived from that circumstance the cognomen of Mont Blanc.

mand, and at the approach of winter were recalled to the more sheltered spots nearer the base of the mountain.

Since our departure from the chal  t, we had been ascending, in a zig-zag direction, towards the Aiguille du Midi, a mountain to the left of Mont Blanc, and which, for a long time, appears to rival it in height. We had left the wood behind us just before we reached the chal  t, and the ascent was now considerably steeper. We trod for some time a very precarious path along the brink of an awfully deep and precipitous ravine, where I occasionally felt some tendency to dizziness. This feeling, however, I concealed so successfully, that I believe neither the guides nor my companions had any suspicion of it; and, by following Saussure's advice, in the published account of his ascent, and fixing my eyes steadfastly upon the precipice, I gradually accustomed myself to the view, and was soon enabled to pursue my path with the greatest confidence. This was a very necessary preparatory discipline, to fit us for the infinitely more formidable passage of the glacier, during the whole of which I was perfectly cool and collected. I mention this for the purpose of encouraging those, who may shrink from such an undertaking, from a distrust of the strength of their nerves. It was my first attempt at climbing for several years; and yet, by the time we reached the Pierre de l'  chelle, a large round stone, where we halted for breakfast, on the edge of the glacier, I felt quite at home, and resigned myself completely to the delightful sensations, which our situation inspired.

In a cavern below this rock, our guides found a ladder, which they had left there the year before, and which they employ in the passage of the glacier de Bossons, now close before us. It was about half-past nine when we reached this resting-place, and we felt disposed to do justice to a couple of cold fowls, which were produced from the knapsack of one of the guides. These were soon dispatched, together with a bottle of light French wine, and in twenty-five minutes we resumed our march. The baggage was adjusted afresh; one of the guides had charge of the ladder, and another carried a load of straw, which we had procured at the chal  t, and which was destined to furnish our bed for the night. The view became now more and more sublime; we had left far beneath us all human abodes, and were now in regions where no animal but the chamois could tread securely. We had a distinct view of the summit of the mountain, though the Aiguille du Midi, from the base of which we were now diverging towards the right, still appeared to equal it in height. Our steps had been long encumbered by fragments of this latter mountain, rent probably by lightning from its summit. Behind us, at a great depth, lay the valley of Chamounix and the village of the Prieur  , the white walls of the hotel

where we slept making it a very conspicuous object. Before us was the "monarch of mountains," apparently inaccessible; for the glacier de Bossons, which lay immediately in our path, seemed an insurmountable barrier; and the ascent on the other side was so precipitous, as to be, in parts, almost perpendicular. Our spirits, however, were now elevated to such a pitch, by the pure air, which we had inhaled since we left the chalet and emerged from the wood, that we felt equal to any thing; and if a thought of the danger of the enterprise crossed the mind, it was only to give an additional zest to the proud consciousness of having a heart that could brave it.

Five minutes march from the Pierre de l'échelle brought us to the edge of the glacier de Bossons, and we entered immediately on a track, which baffles all description. The Mer de glace, which has been compared to a sea suddenly congealed in the midst of a storm, cannot, our guides assured us, enter into competition with it. The fissures are so frequent, so wide, so deep, the different views, varying every instant, which the scenery presents, are so awful, so fantastic, that no adequate idea of them can be presented to the mind by the most eloquent pen. At one time, the traveller finds himself denied apparently all further progress by an immense precipitous tower of ice: this is surmounted by a staircase of notches, which one of the guides cuts in the ice with a hatchet, which he carries for that purpose. Then he must descend into an awful chasm, from which he must emerge in the same manner. Again he meets with fissures, called by the guides *crevasses*, of unknown depth, which are crossed by laying the ladder over them, and passing on all fours. If the crevasse be too wide for the length of the ladder, the traveller must descend down one side, and re-ascend the opposite one, which is the most formidable method of all. On one or two occasions when we came to crevasses of this description, we were obliged to descend by the ladder upon a wall of ice, not above a foot in breadth, which divided the crevasse longitudinally. This would not hold above one or two at a time, so that the first party were forced to mount the opposite brink, before the second party descended; and the ladder was thus passed backwards and forwards until all had crossed, one of the guides remaining all the time stationary on the wall to move the ladder. Here the least giddiness would probably have been fatal, but happily we were by this time so well broken in, that we contemplated the blue gulfs on each side with tolerable composure. Excess of caution, indeed, in these cases, defeats its own purpose. The body must be left, so to speak, to find its own equilibrium, and recourse should rarely be had to the pole *for support*. I have found, by experience, that the grand use of the pole is in restoring the balance. The spikes in

the shoes will render the footing pretty secure, and the motion of the limbs must not be cramped, or the body bent, which is an attitude one is very apt to fall into, and which is sure to destroy the balance.

During the first part of the passage of the glacier, we were exposed to the fall of some globular masses of ice, which, from the velocity with which they whizzed past us, must have come from a considerable height. One of the guides, however, stood sentry on an elevated post, to advertise us of their approach, and we evaded several by availing ourselves of his warning. In several places, bridges of snow, of very different degrees of strength, are formed across the crevasses. These the guides reconnoitre with the utmost caution, before they trust the weight of their bodies upon them. On one occasion, Pierre Carrier, one of the guides, who was in the front, came to a bridge of this description, which his experience convinced him was not to be trusted. Dr. Hamel was impatient, and offered to shew him the way over, for, to our eyes, there seemed to be no danger; but our guide persisted in his opinion, and obliged us to return some distance to find another method of passing over the crevasse. In about ten minutes, we arrived at a spot considerably lower, from whence we could see the bridge in profile; and we then saw that his suspicions were well-founded, the farther side of the bridge not being above six inches thick; so that had we persisted, one or two of the party must have fallen through. I mention this as an instance of the extreme caution of the guides, where there is any real danger, and to prove the falsehood of a charge, which was afterwards brought against us, of having forced the guides to proceed contrary to their better judgment.

In about three hours, we reached the farther side of the glacier, a distance of somewhat less than a mile, in horizontal distance. The sun was now very hot, and we were glad to repose for a few minutes beneath the shade of a huge mass of snow, and refresh ourselves with some of the delicious water, which the traveller finds, at every turn, in his passage over the glacier. One or two of our party feeling some apprehension from the impending mass, which was considerably out of the perpendicular, we soon resumed our march. A few hours after, this mass of snow fell over the spot where we had been reposing, and formed a bridge over a large chasm, which had cost us nearly half an hour to cross, and which, on our return, was hardly the work of a minute. We now ascended several slopes of snow of different elevations, from thirty to sixty degrees, in a zig-zag direction. I think this method of proceeding brought the danger more home to my mind than any other. The surface being quite hard, the guides were obliged to cut notches for our steps, and these being very irregular, the difficulty of maintaining the

balance was much increased : a single false step might have been fatal, and the view of the immense distance we must in that case inevitably fall, tended to unnerve the mind. From the excessive slowness of our progress, we had ample time to contemplate the awful depths below, for we were obliged to pause perpetually, while the guides were making the steps. After proceeding in this way for about an hour, we arrived, by a very steep slope, at the base of the Grand Mulet, a name given to a ridge of rocks, or rather a single rock, which rises almost perpendicularly to a great height, out of the eternal snow which surrounds it on all sides, and which is, from the nature of its construction, generally bare of snow itself. In ascending this ridge, we had a new species of danger to contend with. Our steps were all upon loose fragments of the rock, which was schistous. These occasionally gave way beneath our tread, and fell, with a tremendous noise, into the depths below. Owing, however, to the caution of our excellent guides, who perpetually warned us against *suspicious* stones, we surmounted this perilous ascent without any accident. Once or twice, indeed, a few stones from above alarmed us by whizzing past us, but some one of the guides being constantly on the look out, advertized us in time of the danger, which we evaded by crouching down in some of the hollows. On the whole, we found the ascent of this rock less formidable than we had anticipated from its first appearance ; for though we occasionally had to climb round projecting points, where we seemed to be suspended in mid air, yet, for the most part, a false step would have only carried us down to some shelf a few feet lower, which would have received us. I must except, however, the last twenty or thirty yards, which lay over a ridge exactly like Striden-edge on Helvellyn, in the north of England ; from which we had a view of a precipice on each side of the most awful depth, and with very precarious footing ; for here the guides could not make the usual notches, from the hardness of the rock.

At half-past four we reached the summit of the ridge, where we were to pass the night ; having been about eleven hours and a half walking and climbing, almost without intermission. We did not, however, feel much fatigue, and the slowness of our late progress, had probably prevented our suffering, from shortness of breath, though we had now risen into an atmosphere of considerable rarity.

Here, we discovered evident traces of the *bivouac* of the preceding year : some charcoal still remained, which had served for fuel, and even some scanty remnants of the straw, on which the party had slept. Our guides soon constructed for us a kind of tent. Being lodged on a sort of shelf on the western side of the ridge, and about ten feet below its summit, we sloped the ladder

and a few of our walking-poles against the perpendicular rock, the lower ends resting on a low barrier, partly artificial and partly natural, which raised itself between our couch, and a frightful precipice. The width of this ledge was hardly five feet, so that we preferred arranging ourselves longitudinally. Some canvass was stretched over the poles, the straw was spread on the ground, and the blankets upon it, and thus we prepared to pass a very comfortable night; but scarcely had we got under cover than it began to rain, and in about an hour we had a violent thunder-storm, which continued, with but little intermission, during the whole night. This made us congratulate ourselves that we had been over-ruled by the guides to halt here for the night; for Dr. Hamel, fearful lest, by the present arrangement, he should not have sufficient time on the summit for his experiments, had proposed our mounting still higher. The guides expressed great reluctance to leave the Grand Mulet, telling us, that higher up there was no shelter for us against the avalanches, which might fall during the night, and thus induced us to remain. After all our labour for so many hours, we did not feel much fatigued, which we attributed to the bracing air of the mountain. The evening now closed in upon us so fast, that we were obliged to eat our dinner nearly in the dark, and arrange ourselves for the night, without much regard to personal convenience. Indeed, the roof of our tent was so low, that we could only move on our hands and knees, and that at the imminent risk of bringing it all down upon us, by displacing the poles with our back, which, as we had disposed large stones on the outside to keep the canvass steady, would not have been very agreeable. This induced me to submit, without repining, to a very inconvenient place on the shelf, being that nearest to the precipice, where the covering of the tent was so low, that it touched my head as I lay, and, during the night, owing to the bagging of the canvass from the rain, I received more than my proper share of water. The storm preventing us from making the promised display of fireworks to the ladies below, we were obliged to content ourselves with drinking their healths in some excellent Burgundy; but we found one bottle of this heat us so much, that we did not venture upon any more without first diluting it with water. The novelty of our situation, and our great flow of spirits, occasioned partly, no doubt, by the Burgundy, left us little inclination for sleep for some hours. These were spent in listening alternately to the peals of thunder, which seemed to hover round us, and the roaring of the avalanches, now near, now more remote. The more practised ear of the guides distinguished readily between these sounds, which we were perpetually confounding. From an experiment, which Dr. Hamel made with his electrometer, he found all the surrounding atmosphere so highly charged

with the electric fluid, that he was glad to withdraw it instantly within the canvass. All this time; our tent was every now and then lit up by the vivid flashes of the lightning, and as often left in the deepest gloom. At length, we ceased even to watch this interesting spectacle, and gradually dropped asleep, with the comfortable conviction, that we need not leave our beds at a very early period, since it must be some hours, at least, before the snow would be fit to support our weight. The prospect in the morning was dreary enough; a thick fog shrouding from our view all the neighbouring heights, as well as every thing below us. Our situation resembled that of some shipwrecked mariners, whom the morning finds sheltered on some precipitous rock, in the midst of the sea. After a few minutes spent in contemplating our position, and speculating on the chances of extricating ourselves from it, we all agreed in postponing the discussion till after breakfast, for which we now felt a strong appetite. Having kindled our charcoal, and boiled some portable soup; which reminded me strongly of melted glue, though on that occasion we all rated it to be excellent, and dispatched two more of the roasted fowls, we felt quite recruited, and ready for any attempt except that of returning, at the very thought of which our spirits revolted. The way was now equally dangerous to advance or retreat; or rather the latter, on examination, was found impossible; and it was soon too late to proceed upwards, since it is absolutely necessary to return to the same rock to sleep; so that, at length, we made up our minds to pass another night in our present *bivouac*. About noon, the weather cleared up, and two of the guides were dispatched below to the Prieuré, for a fresh supply of provisions, as well as to convey tidings of our safety to our friends below; who, as we had anticipated, had suffered much alarm on our account. They were to meet us on our return from the summit the following day, at this place. It was long before we could acquiesce in the necessity of spending the whole day on the summit of the Grand Mulet. The space allotted us was so confined, and the arrangement of our shelter so inconvenient, having barely room enough to sit upright, that we were prepared to encounter any difficulty, rather than continue in our present situation. Four of the guides, including our two leaders, slept under the same canvass with ourselves; the remaining eight disposing themselves in clefts of the rock, the apertures to which they blocked up with stones, were posted at different intervals below us. During the morning, being desirous of stretching my limbs, and practising a little climbing about the rock, I paid them all a visit, and conversed with them on the state of the weather, and the possibility of advancing to a point higher up against the approach of night. This was strongly objected to by them all, for the reasons above specified. On regaining our

own elevated post, I felt quite exhausted for a short interval, which I referred to the weakness arising from the exertions of the day before, but the guides assured me it proceeded entirely from the rarity of the atmosphere, and had been experienced by a party of themselves, whom we had sent a short distance downwards in search of water. Soon afterwards, I saw Pierre Carrier set off by himself, in the direction of our ascent, to examine the state of the snow. We followed him with our eyes for above half a mile, as he proceeded, very laboriously, up to his knees at every step; and thus received a palpable proof of the impossibility of proceeding further, which was confirmed by his own statement on his return. We had all received abundant proof of the intrepidity and address of this man during the ascent of the preceding day. During the passage of the glacier, he was the oracle of the party, being generally one hundred yards in advance to explore the way, and carrying the hatchet to make the steps. Oftentimes, we discovered him standing, with the greatest apparent unconcern, on some elevated point of ice, from which he made his *reconnaissance*, and directed us, accordingly by a motion of his hand. On ordinary occasions, he frequently suffered others to take the lead; but I observed that, on every occasion of perplexity, he found himself at the head of the party; and while others, and especially poor Pierre Balmat, were eloquent in recommending this or that passage, a single word or wave of the hand from Carrier settled the point at once. This man was by trade a blacksmith, and did not exercise the profession of guide on common occasions, but always accompanied travellers in the ascent of Mont Blanc. He had already made the ascent eleven times; having been several times with one or two other guides, merely for the sake of exploring the passage. Alas! this was destined to be his last attempt: but I must not anticipate.

Shortly after our arrival on the Grand Mulet, we put on our additional clothing, and dried our shoes and stockings, which were completely saturated with moisture, from our long march over the snow. In consequence of these precautions, we did not suffer much from cold during the whole of our stay; for at night, the canvass being closed, and eight persons crowded into a very small compass, we felt comfortable enough. Our amusements, during the day of our compelled halt, were very similar to those of a picquet on an outpost, which commands a view of the enemy's camp; for the greater part of the time was spent in looking through an excellent telescope belonging to M. Sellique, and in reconnoitring the ground below. From our elevated post, we saw distinctly the windows of our hotel at the Prieuré, and sometimes fancied we discovered some one there watching us in a similar manner. Sometimes, we lounged over a pamphlet

of Saussure's* ascent, from which we gathered that he had taken a day and a half to arrive at our present situation, accompanied by eighteen guides. We made arrangements for letting off our rockets at night, and some considerable time was occupied in mending one of Dr. Hamel's barometers, an air-bubble having found its way into the tube during the ascent of the day before. I was employed in making a bottle of lemonade for the following day, when it was pronounced excellent, and proved an admirable substitute for the wine, against which our feverish palates revolted.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ON HAMLET.

MR. EDITOR—The following extract, translated from a popular romance of the celebrated Goethe, on the subject of Shakspeare's Hamlet, may be acceptable to those of your readers, who are unacquainted with the original work. The title of the book is "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre;" or, the Apprenticeship of William Meister. It is a fictitious biography of an actor; and the principal topics it embraces relate to the stage. The translator has ventured to subjoin a few ideas of his own on the same subject.

"In this enquiry," replied William, "the first idea that presents itself is that of a prince, whose father died unexpectedly, and in whom the ruling passion is not ambition. He had lately experienced, in their plenitude, all the advantages that belonged to his situation as a king's son: but his eyes are now, on a sudden, opened to the wide interval, which separates the monarch from the subject. The crown of Denmark was not hereditary, it is true; yet, had his father been allowed a longer life, that circumstance alone would have greatly strengthened the pretensions of an only son to the succession, if not entirely secured it; whereas the intervention of his uncle (notwithstanding his specious behaviour towards Hamlet) has probably excluded him from it for ever. He sees himself, at the same time, deprived of all influence in the state, and a stranger to those privileges, which he had, from his infancy, considered as his birthright. Here is the commencement of his melancholy. He perceives that he is of no more consequence, perhaps of less, than any other nobleman of the court.

* As this name has already occurred more than once, it will be proper to inform the reader, that he was a gentleman of Geneva, who, in August 1787, succeeded in reaching the summit of Mont Blanc. This was the year following the first ascent, made by Dr. Paccard. Since that time, there have been five or six successful attempts, amidst a great number of failures. During the course of thirty-three years, no fatal accident had ever occurred; two accidents only are mentioned, from both of which the sufferers recovered.

In his carriage he is submissive to all. It is not affability; it is not condescension. No—he feels himself humbled; he feels himself destitute. In vain his uncle endeavours to remove his dejection; in vain would he persuade him to view his situation in a more promising aspect. The consciousness of his insignificance never leaves him.

“The second misfortune that awaits him is his mother’s marriage; and this inflicts a deeper wound, and serves to humble him still more effectually. Upon the death of his father, he naturally expected, as an affectionate son, to derive some consolation from the tenderness of his surviving parent. He might reasonably have hoped to participate, with a respectable mother, in rendering due honour to the memory of his great and heroic father. But he is destined to lose *her* also, and in a manner more painful to his feelings, than if he had been deprived of her by death. That confidence, which a well-disposed son naturally reposes in his parents, is destroyed in him. From the dead there is no hope—upon the living he cannot depend. Besides, is she not a woman, and consequently subject to the general reproach of her sex—frailty? Now it is, that he feels himself, at length, entirely subdued;—wholly an orphan. No change of fortune, however favourable, can restore what he has thus lost. By nature, neither gloomy nor reflecting, grief and reflection are to him a burthen. It is under such circumstances that he makes his appearance upon the stage. I do not believe I exaggerate any part of the picture.

“Imagine, then, you see before you this loyal youth, and recollecting the peculiar situation in which he is placed, observe his conduct when he first hears of his father’s spirit having appeared. Observe him, too, on that awful night, when the venerable form appears to himself. An extraordinary terror instantly seizes him. He ventures, however, to address the spectre; and, on its beckoning him to follow, he obeys. The tremendous charge against his uncle rings in his ears—followed by the urgent excitement to vengeance;—and the concluding solemn injunction, ‘Remember me!’

“When the ghost has departed, what have we before our eyes? A youthful hero, panting for revenge? A rightful prince, exulting in the summons he has just received to raise his arm against the usurper of his throne? No such thing—astonishment and grief seem now wholly to possess him. He expresses himself, indeed, in bitter language against the ‘smiling villain,’ swears not to forget the ghost’s command, and finally suffers the following remarkable exclamation to escape him:

“The time is out of joint:—O, cursed Sprite!
That *I* was ever born to set it right!”

“In these few words, I think, the key to the whole of Hamlet’s conduct may be found; and it is clear to me, that Shakspeare’s

intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action, imposed as a duty upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment: in which sense, I find the character consistent throughout. Here is an oak-tree planted in a China vase, proper only to receive the most delicate flowers. The roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul, which constitutes the hero, sinks under a load, which it can neither carry, nor resolve to abandon altogether. *All* his obligations are sacred to him; but *this* is above his powers. An impossibility is required at his hands; not an impossibility in itself, but that which is so to him. Observe, how he turns, shifts, hesitates, advances, and recedes! How he is continually reminded, and reminding himself, of his great commission, which he, nevertheless, in the end, seems almost entirely to lose sight of; still without ever recovering his former tranquillity!"

The main idea on which the foregoing estimate of Hamlet's character is supported, appears to me to be very accurately conceived, whatever may be thought of some of the colouring bestowed upon it by the German writer. The charge of inconsistency has been sometimes urged against this character; but surely without sufficient reflection: for it is only such inconsistency as may be said to be inseparable from the particular character which Shakespeare intended to represent, and of which it constitutes, in truth, a very essential part. Without attempting to justify the extravagancies committed by Hamlet, in a moral point of view, or as amiable in themselves, they are certainly not incompatible with the poet's obvious design, viz. to exhibit the strugglings of an irresolute mind, under very peculiar circumstances of irritation, and where the very consciousness of its inferiority had, of itself, a tendency to increase the irritability. If this opinion were not confirmed by the whole tenor of Hamlet's conduct, it would be amply justified by the soliloquy in act 2, beginning with,

"Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!"

and, again, by that towards the close of the 4th act,

"How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge!" &c.

We are also to take into the account the degree of gloom necessarily created by the supernatural vision, and the general distrust of mankind, which the circumstances of his father's murder, and his mother's subsequent conduct, would naturally have awakened in *such* a mind. Thus we perceive, that the only individual in whom he reposes any confidence, is Horatio; and even to him he does not, in the first instance, seem disposed to unbosom himself; unless, indeed, we are to presume that he might have been checked by the presence of Marcellus.

There are persons who have endeavoured to account for the inconsistency of Hamlet's conduct, by supposing that his intellect was in some measure disordered; but where do we discover a single passage in the play that at all countenances such an inference? That his madness was merely feigned, not only appears from his own confession, but from the whole tenor of the piece. In this respect, Shakspeare did no more than follow the old story, on which the play is founded. Doctor Johnson has remarked, that Hamlet's assumed madness seems unnecessary, inasmuch as "he does nothing, which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity;" but there does not appear to be any good reason why he should not have adopted this disguise, to protect himself from suspicion, whilst meditating the accomplishment of his revenge. In this particular the author has also conformed to the "*Historie of Hamblet*."

His behaviour, in the scene with Ophelia, is one of the least defensible of Hamlet's eccentricities. But is not this equally referable to the state of mind in which he is described to be throughout, and of which a general distrust of all about him is one of the leading features? No where does it appear, that his love for her was of that high-wrought complexion which occasions the disregard, not only of the most important duties, but of all sober discretion. We may, therefore, easily imagine, that after he had reluctantly imparted his secret to Horatio, whose prudence he had so well ascertained, he should be unwilling to throw off an assumed character, designed to impose on the whole court, before an inexperienced girl, whose very simplicity so easily had betrayed him. He might even have suspected that she had been employed by others to observe him, as was really the case; for to a mind circumstanced like Hamlet's, suspicion is ever on the alert, and there is no pronouncing where it may not fall. It may, however, be objected, and I am afraid with truth, that nothing could justify the harshness of his manner towards an innocent young creature, who was fondly attached to him, as it was by no means necessary to support the character of insanity; and it is, perhaps, to be regretted, that the poet should not have differently modelled this scene. All I deny is the inconsistency of Hamlet's conduct, in this instance, with reference to his general character. Such inconsistencies are even necessary to preserve its *unity*.

His conduct over the grave of Ophelia may be considered as open to a similar reproof; but he explains the matter sufficiently himself, in a subsequent conversation with Horatio, by attributing this behaviour (which he acknowledges to have been highly indecorous) to a violent degree of excitement, into which he had been surprised, at the moment:

"The bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion."

Fully impressed with the belief that he had much greater cause for sorrow than Laertes, his irritability seems to have been proportionably excited by the vehement lamentations of the latter. All such exhibitions of clamorous grief have a tendency to produce a feeling of disgust, where sorrow is intensely felt: and surely such an emotion was likely to vent itself in the irritable and splenetic mind of Hamlet, as it does, when he exclaims,

“Nay, an thou’lt rant,
I’ll mouth as well as thou!”

Seneca has observed, that “*curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent* ;” and the silence, that belongs to severe affliction, is no where more beautifully described than by our author himself, in Macbeth :

“The grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o’er-fraught heart, and bids it break.”

He afterwards, it is true, makes an apology to Laertes on the score of temporary madness; and this may be, as Johnson observes, an unworthy subterfuge; but is it the less in character, when we recollect, that it was his interest to keep up the belief in his occasional insanity, under which, indeed, he had so recently sheltered himself from the murder of Polonius? It seems idle to arraign Hamlet, upon his responsibility as a *man*, without advert-
ing to the particular *character*, which the poet intended to set before our eyes, “with all its imperfections on its head.” Such a mode of criticism is surely less applicable to Shakspeare than to any other writer.

As to the confession of his love for Ophelia, in the burial-scene, such a feeling, had it ever existed in his breast, would naturally enough have been revived on this solemn occasion; although it might have lain in a state of comparative torpor before, smothered, as it were, by his other afflicting considerations. It may also be observed, that the excitement, under which he then laboured, would necessarily lead to exaggeration.

The character of Hamlet, though perfectly true to nature throughout, is one to which Shakspeare alone, perhaps, could have done justice. It seems to be chiefly wanting in what is commonly called *interest*; and in this lies its principal difficulty. It will not, it is true, appear sufficiently interesting to those who alone look for that quality in the exhibition of an inflexible sternness of soul, or an undeviating career of virtue, uniformly sustained, even upon the most trifling occasions. But, to such as are gratified by a faithful representation of human nature in a highly-cultivated, and, in many respects, a highly-gifted, though irresolute, mind, pursued through all its intricacies, and clothed with all its infirmities, the picture will be interesting indeed!

SEBASTIAN BACH, AND HIS MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS.

BACH, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, may justly be termed the four cardinal pillars upon which the magnificent edifice of modern Harmony bids fair to rest for ages in unassailable security. To the three latter the fullest meed of justice has been awarded, both by the adepts in the art, and by the mass of the uninitiated; while the genius and the transcendent merits of Sebastian Bach are scantily acknowledged by the chosen few alone, and frequently admitted only with considerable qualifications. "He was a giant," we have heard it remarked, "for the age in which he lived; but the art has made giant strides since his time, and taste has undergone great changes: what may have been beautiful in music nearly a century ago, has naturally become antiquated or trite at the present day."

The production of the baptismal register of Handel, who was born twenty-six days later than Bach, would probably be of little avail against heterodox opinions like these. The abettors of them, in their radicalism, are quite prepared to include even Handel, with some allowance in his favour, in their qualified praise of what they term the old school. To such persons, that is, to men not destitute of a certain degree of cultivation and skill in musical matters, it may be worth while to offer a remark or two on this subject.

But there exists another class of beings, the fashionable "fanatici," who, with the most slender pretensions, *profess* the greatest enthusiasm for the art, and conceive themselves gifted with a plenitude and correctness of taste, which entitles them to a decisive judgment on every musical production of the past and present ages. To these pseudo-critics the works of Bach have but a small chance of giving satisfaction. Their case, indeed, is generally this: they either condemn, without a hearing, for fashion's sake; or they have heard once in a way, or have themselves dared to *spell*—with stiff fingers on perhaps a mistuned old instrument—a fugue of poor Sebastian. A fugue, that odious *seccatura*, at which their heart would misgive, were a Wesley or Bach himself to play it!! "What is a fugue, when compared with a *zitti, zitti*, or a *batti, batti*? What, but a dreary Ice-berg beyond Croker's Mountains against a tulip-show of Chandler and Buckingham in the Wandsworth-road—German Pumpnickel contrasted with a Paté de Perigord?"

These are the coxcomb critics of the art; their sensitive but-terfly organs suck nought but the *exquisite*. It were cruel to distress them with food beyond their peristaltic powers. Leave we them, and turn to our more weighty opponents, those votaries of harmony, who, with a strong tincture of musical feeling, with a respectable share of sense and judgment, are too much ab-

sorbed in their idol, the modern school, to value any composition of former times; who pronounce every thing stiff and antiquated, which does not precisely agree with the models, upon which their individual taste has formed itself.

We are prepared to concede one point to our adversaries; we are aware that taste in musical matters is subject to certain changes. Of this the history of the art furnishes sufficient evidence. But, without the aid of facts, it must be obvious that our ideas of the beautiful, in any art, must be more or less liable to variation, in proportion as such art is deduced from first principles, more or less founded in nature; and, when so deduced, carried to a greater or less degree of maturity and perfection. Thus it is, that in painting and sculpture the path of the artist is the least liable to uncertainty. Nature is, or at least ought to be, his principal guide. If he follow her, with a heart open to her beauties, and a mind sufficiently pure and lofty to reject all that is low and ignoble, he can scarcely err. The path of the poet, with some variation, arising from the difference of form and means, is similar. The architect appears to stand on less solid ground; and, in music, the data towards a theory of the beautiful seem to be still less defined, or at least less obvious, and unquestionably less explored.

Music, an art entirely of man's creation, the darling offspring of his imagination, conjured into being, as it were, by the spell of one single acoustic experiment, although subjected, in the course of its culture, to the laws of numbers, to the rules of rhythm and symmetry, unquestionably offers some points, upon which the opinions of different individuals and different ages may be, and have been at variance. But the fundamental principles of music have undergone as little change, since the time of Sebastian Bach, as the science of mathematics since Newton. Not a single new harmonic combination, not any tenable innovation in measure or rhythm, has been added to the science for this century past. The melodies of modern composers may have assumed greater softness—perhaps greater effeminacy; and some of the *ultras* in the profession may have ventured to try how far the ear can bear a temporary fit of eccentricity, if it be immediately restored to good humour by a reviving cantilena. But, granting the existence of some minor changes in the forms connected with the art, are we warranted in slighting the productions of great men of former times, merely because they differ in *some* points from the taste of the present age? Are we to sneer at the majesty of the Doric, because a gaudy Chinese shed takes more our fancy? Besides, what right have we to maintain that our present taste is more correct, more cultivated, than the taste of such men as Sebastian Bach? There was a period—not a very remote one—when the stern chasteness of Michael Angelo,

and even the tranquil sublimity of the Grecian chisel, were held cheap, in comparison with the flirting prettiness of the Bernini school. Why should music be exempted from the influence of false taste, that spurious divinity, ever on the watch to intrude her sway, in the arts, in literature, and, to judge from contemporary events, even in politics?

But what if we should produce specimens of Bach's composition, which, in point of style, not only do not vary in the least from modern works of acknowledged excellence, but carry on the face of them a bloom of freshness and novelty, that would deceive a person who never heard them before, into a belief, that they are of quite modern date? This pledge we can make good, by referring to a number of Bach's preludes, to many of his variations, to some of his sacred compositions, and to his Chromatic Fantasia.

The fact is, Bach's works are of that gigantic nature, that none but performers of skill and deep feeling can execute them satisfactorily. Hence they are but seldom heard properly, and often mangled in a piteous manner. No wonder then, that, with so many chances against him, the author should not be a general favourite; that he should be cherished only by those who cultivate the art with zeal, and possess a head and heart capable of discerning and feeling what is great and beautiful. Mozart was an enthusiastic admirer of his countryman; Bach was the principal model upon which he formed his taste, and the prototypes or embryos of some of his finest thoughts may be traced in the works of his great predecessor. Haydn entertained the same profound veneration for our author, and derived the same advantages from the study of his works, many of which he copied, when he had not the means of purchasing them.

As Bach was a contemporary of Handel, the question of their relative excellence has frequently formed the subject of animated controversy, especially in this country. In Germany scarcely a doubt prevails as to the superiority of the former. To attempt a comparison between men of genius in the same department, is at all times a hazardous, and often a presumptuous undertaking. And in this country, where adherence to opinions once established, forms so strong a feature of nationality, that celebrity gained among the progenitors seldom fails to ensure admiration from the descendants, for many generations to come—in England, we fear, it will be deemed an act of musical heresy to compare any composer with the man who, for nearly a century, has continued the musical idol of the nation at large, and the imitation of whose style constitutes the ambition of many a writer of the present day. Fully aware, as we are, of these difficulties, we shall, nevertheless, venture to state our own sentiments with candour and impartiality.

In the personal character, the career, and in the productions of these two luminaries of harmony, there are some striking points of distinction, which may assist our view of their respective merits. Handel's ambition sought the widest possible field for the display of his talent; he panted for renewals; and, when he had attained the object of his anxious desire, no competitor dared infringe the rights of the patentee of compositorial fame. Cherished by the favours and patronage of George I., his talent soon obtained him a celebrity in England, which his ambition succeeded in converting into a kind of dictatorial supremacy in the empire of harmony. But, however great Handel's success may have been under so favourable a concurrence of circumstances, it may reasonably be doubted whether his fame would have reached the degree of eminence which it acquired, and has maintained to this day, if that fame had to rest solely on his dramatic or instrumental compositions. His sagacity soon discovered, in the character of the nation and of the times, a serious and devout tendency; and to this disposition his judgment suggested the idea of rendering his talent preferably applicable. It is through his *Oratorios* that Handel became, and at this day remains, the favourite of the nation.

Bach's character was cast in a widely different mould: his modesty, his almost infantine simplicity, was free from any pretensions; to vanity and ambition he was an utter stranger. He moved, with perfect contentment, in the narrowed orbit of a few petty German courts, contiguous to each other—for he loved his art more than fame. Thus circumstanced, we are not to wonder that he wrote little for a full orchestra, but devoted his genius and his time, almost exclusively, to the organ and clavichord.

If we were, therefore, to direct our comparison between Handel and Bach to those departments of the art in which they both excelled—and such a mode of comparison seems fair enough—it would be difficult to withhold the prize from the latter. It is admitted that, in point of execution on the organ and clavichord, as well as in extempore playing, Handel was far less skilful, and his compositions for those instruments are equally inferior to Bach's; indeed they are almost forgotten, while the works of Bach stand at this moment as models; and excite the admiration and wonder of every lover of harmony. They form, in their kind, a standard of musical perfection; like the bow of Ulysses, they seem bequeathed to posterity to try the strength of performers and composers of future ages.

Even on a more general comparison of the labours of these two composers, taking in style, science, artifice, thought and feeling, an impartial judge, while he admits the greatness of Handel, will discover features, in which Bach shewed a decided superiority. Handel's energy and grandeur remain undisputed;

but he certainly falls short of his rival in sublimity of conception, depth of thought, and pathos ; he is his inferior in regard to the scientific arrangement, original combination, and development of harmony. In Handel every thing is more plain, lies more on the surface, while Bach is elaborate, profound, and finished in all his productions, from a certain period of his age. Bach knew more, thought more, and felt more ; he had penetrated farther into the sanctuary of the art. Handel's fame, as has already been stated, now rests on his Oratorios. Bach, too, is said to have written Oratorios of the highest merit ; but, in this particular, we are under the necessity of taking the word of his biographer. We are not acquainted with them ; indeed they are little known, and probably were planned on a limited scale. But we can fully imagine what he might have produced in this department, by referring to some sacred compositions of his that have come under our notice. A solemn, pious simplicity, is their distinguishing feature ; they abound with melodies of the most select and elevated cast ; the accompaniments are of the first order ; and the chorusses, although on a more limited scale than Handel's, are equally grand and impressive.

Bach entertained the highest opinion of Handel's talents. Whether that feeling was reciprocal on the part of the latter, may fairly be doubted. So much is certain, that they never saw each other, although Bach sought, more than once, to contrive a meeting, during Handel's journeys in Germany. This wish was never gratified, and there is great reason to believe that Handel evaded the invitations of the only man in Europe whose works could fill him with any apprehensions for his compositorial supremacy ; especially when the interview was to take place on his paternal soil, where he well knew that competent and unbiassed judges would not be wanting to pronounce an impartial verdict.

John Sebastian Bach was born at Eirmach, in Thuringia, in the year 1685. His family had, for several generations, been distinguished for musical talent, and he was himself the father of thirteen children, all of whom manifested a decided genius for music, while several rose to eminence in different branches of the art*. Sebastian Bach died in his 66th year, having devoted his whole life to the study and cultivation of musical science and composition.

Bach had enjoyed supremacy in the empire of harmony for nearly a century, when Vogler, in his work entitled *The Choral System*†, ventured to attack him, and pretended to discover a

* John Christian Bach, called Bach of Milan, who was a popular composer in London, was the youngest son of Sebastian Bach, by his second wife. He had not the good fortune to enjoy the instructions of his father ; but he became an excellent harpsichord player, under the tuition of his brother C. Ph. Em. Bach.

† This of course is not John Caspar Vogler, who was a pupil of Bach's, but

fault in every bar of his *Four-part Choral Songs*. It cannot be denied, that in some instances Vogler has rested his opinions on very strong grounds, so as to shew that Bach occasionally committed faults, which future composers may learn to avoid. The inaccuracies charged against Bach may be regarded either as deviations from the practice of the old school, or as errors of musical expression and taste. With the latter it would be unjust to reproach Bach, considering that mistakes of this kind are inseparable from the imperfection of human nature, and in the age in which he lived the philosophy of musical expression, little understood at this time, was a thing scarcely thought of. Melody has made considerable advances towards perfection during the last hundred years. Even in harmony every thing like harshness and formality is now superseded by softness and flexibility, perhaps to a fault; and modern ears have thus become unaccustomed to many combinations of former times, however good in themselves. As to the supposition, that Bach has deviated from the system of the old composers, the observation may, perhaps, be a matter of pride to his admirers; at all events it involves a question of too complicated a nature to be easily settled. There must be a general standard established before deviations can be made a subject of well-founded charge. No one, however, will venture to deny, that Bach's works have established a boundary in art, which no composer can even approach without attaining much towards perfection. Vogler, a man of sense no doubt, but an eccentric enthusiast, is the author of a *Theory of Choral Harmony*, founded on a system of his own, and, we will admit, on the true nature and principles of the ancient church-modes; and, tried by such a test, it is not surprising that Bach should sometimes be found defective.

The late celebrated Dr. Forkel* published, in 1802, an essay entitled *Ueber Joh. Sebast. Bach's Leben, Kunst und Kunstwerke*. Für patriotische Verehrer echter musikalischer Kunst †. (On J. S. Bach's Life, Art, and Compositions. For patriotic venerated of genuine musical art.) From this work we shall quote a few passages, which seem well calculated to afford an adequate idea of Bach's peculiar style of composition.

"From the manner in which Sebastian Bach treated harmony and modulation, his melody necessarily assumed a peculiar form. In the combination of several concurrent melodies, which are all to be flowing and expressive, no single one can be so prominent as to attract ex-

George Joseph Vogler, the eminent composer, and the author of many celebrated works on the theory of music.

* Dr. Forkel died at Gottingen about two years ago. He was one of the most learned musical theorists of the present day, and likewise a man of extensive general information.

† An English translation of this Essay has lately appeared.

clusively the attention of the hearer. This prominence must be, as it were, dispersed through the whole; so that, sometimes the one, sometimes the other, may shine, though its brilliancy seems to be diminished by the concomitant parts. I say seems to be diminished, because, in reality, it is not diminished, but rather increased when the hearer has had practice enough to overlook and comprehend the whole at once.

"This union of many parts, moreover, obliges the composer to use certain turns in the single melodies, which he is not obliged to adopt in homophonic composition. A single part never needs to force itself through, but several must, in their combination, occasionally turn and yield, in a very artificial and delicate way. This necessarily gives rise to new and uncommon turns in the melodies, and is probably one of the causes why Bach's melodies bear so little resemblance to those of other composers, and are so strikingly distinguished above them all. When this singularity does not degenerate into the extravagant and unnatural, but is mingled with fluency, and preserves the character of the true cantabile, it is an additional merit in him, who is capable of producing it, and is what is properly called originality: the only disadvantage attending this style of composition is, that it is not suited to the general taste, but only to that of persons well-versed in the art.

"All Bach's melodies, however, are not of this description. Though originality of thought always prevails, yet the melodies of what are called his free compositions, are so open, clear, and intelligible, that their effect is totally different from the melodies of other composers, but yet are comprehended and felt by the most unpractised hearers, on account of the spirit that pervades them. The originality, which characterizes his melodies, is also to be found in his passages, as they are called, individually: they are so new and uncommon, and at the same time so brilliant and surprising, that nothing of the kind appears in the works of any other composer. Here again all depends on the abundance of the ideas. As all passages are nothing but dismembered chords, their contents must necessarily be more rich and singular, in proportion as the chords are so on which they are formed.

"How far Bach's study and penetration, in the treatment of harmony were carried, and how much he was inclined to exhaust the resources of both, appears from his attempt to contrive a single melody in such a way that it could not be harmonized by any part set to it, which likewise contained a melody. In the age in which Bach lived, it was an established rule that every union of parts must make a whole, and exhaust all the notes necessary for complete expression, so that no deficiency should be any where perceptible, which might admit of the possibility of another part being added. Till Bach's time, this rule had been applied only to compositions in two, three, or four parts, and that but very imperfectly. He not only adhered strictly to this rule in two, three, and four-part compositions, but he attempted also to extend it to a single part. To this attempt we are indebted for six solos for the violin, and six for the violoncello, without any accompaniment, and which admit of no second part being set to them, which is itself a melody. By particular turns in the melody, he has so combined, in a single

part, all the notes required to make the modulation complete, that a second part is neither necessary nor possible.

"It is not a quality, but rather a consequence of its qualities, that Bach's melody never grows old. It remains 'ever fair and young,' like Nature, from which it is derived. Every thing that Bach mingled with his earlier works, in conformity to the taste of his time, is now antiquated; but where, as in his later works, he has developed his melodies, from the internal sources of the art itself, without regard to the dictates of fashion, all is as fresh and new, as though it had been produced but yesterday. There are few compositions, equally old, of which any thing similar can be said."

The following was Bach's mode of playing the clavichord, which may be advantageously adopted in the practice of the piano-forte :

"According to Sebastian Bach's manner of placing the hand on the keys, the five fingers are bent so that their points come into a straight line over the keys, which lie in a plane surface under them, in such a manner that no single finger has to be drawn nearer when wanted, but that every one is ready over the key it may have to press down. From this manner of holding the hand, it follows, 1st. That no finger must fall upon its key, or (as often happens) be thrown on it, but must be placed on it, with a certain consciousness of internal power and command over the motion. 2dly. The impulse thus given to the keys, or the quantity of pressure, must be maintained in equal strength, and that in such a way, that the finger be not raised perpendicularly from the key, but suffered to glide off the fore part of it by gradually drawing back the tip of the finger towards the palm of the hand. 3dly. In the transition from one key to another, this gliding motion causes the quantity of force or pressure, with which the first tone has been kept up, to be transferred with the greatest rapidity to the next finger, so that the two tones are neither absolutely disunited nor blended together. The touch is, therefore, neither too long nor too short, but just what it ought to be.

"The advantages of this touch and position of the hand are very various, not only on the clavichord, but also on the piano-forte and organ. I will here mention only the most important. 1st. The holding of the fingers bent renders all their motions easy, and prevents that scrambling, thumping, and stumbling, so common in persons who play with their fingers stretched out or not sufficiently bent. 2dly. The drawing back of the tips of the fingers, and the rapid communication thereby effected of the force of one finger to that following it, produces the utmost degree of clearness, in the expression of the single tones, so that every passage performed in this manner has a round, rolling and brilliant effect. It does not require the least stretch of attention to understand a passage thus performed. 3dly. By the gliding of the tip of the finger upon the key with an equable pressure, sufficient time is afforded for the vibration of the string; the tone therefore is not only improved, but prolonged, and the performer is enabled to execute in proper connexion even long notes, on an instrument so poor in tone as the clavichord. In fact, Sebastian Bach is said to have played with so easy and slight a motion of the fingers, that it was scarcely perceptible.

Only the first joints of the fingers were moved: the hand retained its rounded form, even in the most difficult passages; the fingers rose very little from the keys, scarcely more than in a shake, and while one was employed, the other still retained its position. Still less was motion perceptible in any other part of his body, as happens with those whose hands are not sufficiently light."

"The natural disparity in the size as well as strength of the different fingers, frequently induces performers, wherever it can be done, to use only the stronger fingers and neglect the weaker ones. Hence arises not only inequality in the expression of successive notes, but even the impossibility of executing certain passages, where no choice of fingers can be made. Bach was soon sensible of this; and to obviate so great a defect, wrote for himself particular pieces, in which all the fingers of both hands must necessarily be employed in the most various positions, in order to perform them properly and distinctly. By this exercise, he rendered all the fingers of both hands, equally strong and serviceable, so that he was able to execute not only chords, and all running passages, but even single and double shakes with equal ease and delicacy. He was perfect master even of those passages, in which, while some fingers perform a shake, the others on the same hand have to continue the melody."

Bach entertained the idea that he could play any thing without hesitation, at first sight. In this, he was, however, mistaken, as the following anecdote will shew:

"A friend invited him one morning to breakfast, and laid upon the desk of his instrument, among other pieces, one which, at first glance, appeared very easy. Bach arrived, and, according to custom, went immediately to the instrument, partly to play, and partly to look over the music that lay on the desk. While he was turning over and playing several pieces, his friend went into the adjoining room to prepare breakfast. In a few minutes Bach came to the piece, which was intended to make him change his opinion, and began to play it. He had not, however, proceeded far, when a passage occurred at which he stopped. He looked at it, began anew, and again stopped at the same passage. 'No,' he exclaimed to his friend, who was laughing to himself in the next room, 'one cannot play every thing at first sight; it is impossible.'"

This sufficiently disproves a notion many have, that it is possible to play at first sight. As well might it be expected that an actor should deliver his part at the first reading with due effect, as that a performer on the piano-forte should execute off hand a piece, which he had never seen before.

The father, and one of the uncles of Bach, who were twins, are said to have borne so much resemblance to each other, that they realized many of those mistakes, which Shakspeare and Plautus have imagined on the stage; they were alike in their musical compositions, and died nearly about the same time.

THE SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Continued from page 335.

CORN LAWS.

It is intended to be shewn how the principles, which have been mentioned, and also how the Corn Laws, as they are called, operate on the RENT OF LAND, ON PROFITS, and on the WAGES OF LABOUR.

SECTION I.

RENT OF LAND.

For the more easy elucidation of the subject, Rent of Land has been separated into two parts. 1. REAL RENT. 2. ARTIFICIAL RENT.

1. REAL RENT is the difference, or the value of the difference, of the produce *per* acre of the worst land in cultivation, and that of better quality; when the same amount of capital has been expended on each, in the same space of time.

If there were no restrictive laws, this would be the only rent paid.

I. It would be the fair equivalent to the landlord.

II. It could not be raised, and would not be lowered, at the option of the parties interested.

III. Its amount would not at all depend upon them, but would be wholly regulated, by circumstances beyond their controul. These circumstances are denominated *principles*.

IV. It makes no part of the price of Corn.

2. ARTIFICIAL RENT is the difference between the amount of the *real rent*, which would be paid were there no restrictive laws, and that which is paid in consequence of those laws. It increases the price of corn.

I. *Artificial Rent* is a tax upon the consumer;—levied upon the food he eats. It is equal in amount to the difference between the present price of corn, and the price at which it would be sold were the trade in corn wholly free.

II. Corn is, therefore, as effectually taxed by means of restrictive laws, as it would be, were a stamp affixed to the loaf, as it is to a quack medicine.*

III. Laws, which forbid the importation of corn under a certain price, beget the necessity for other laws raising the price still higher and higher, and ultimately the total exclusion of foreign corn.

IV. Those laws cannot benefit the farmer; on the contrary, they tend towards his ruin.

* In the case of a tax, the money raised goes to the exchequer. In the case of the corn laws, it goes into the pockets of the land-owners, the whole community being injured for their advantage, solely.

For greater ease in explaining the theory of Rent, the reasonings in this essay will be confined to the produce in corn only; they are, however, equally applicable to other farm produce.

1. *REAL RENT is produced by the cultivation of land of different qualities.**

In order the more clearly to elucidate this proposition, we will suppose a community to be placed upon an extensive spot of land of different degrees of fertility, but hitherto uncultivated. That this community consists of persons who, by means of their capital and labour, are capable of supplying all their wants. Some are handicrafts, and some are farmers. Now if this community were to permit its government to sell portions of land, to raise a revenue for the state, it would be in precisely the same circumstances as some of the newly-settled states in the North American republic. Those of the community, who were mechanics and traders, would build towns, where whatever was necessary for the wants of the community, either for use among its members, or for exportation, would be manufactured; while those who were farmers, would erect farm-buildings, and proceed to cultivate the land. In this state of society (as in every other state of society) *there could be BUT ONE RATE OF PROFIT* on all the ordinary employments of capital and labour. For if any one branch of industry was found to be more profitable than another, some of those who followed the less profitable branches would, in course of time, leave them, and embark their capital in the more profitable one. This has always been, and must continue to be the course pursued: the most profitable concerns always inducing people to embark in them; the less profitable always inducing people to quit them. But any one branch of industry can only be more profitable than another while the produce of that particular branch is insufficient to supply the demand, and consequently to raise the price of the article produced above its proper level. So, on the contrary, one branch of industry can only be less profitable than another, while the produce of that particular branch is more than sufficient to supply the demand, and consequently to depress the price of the article produced below its proper level. But as capital leaves that branch which produces the least profit, and goes to that which produces the most profit, so the quantity of articles produced by the one will be lessened, and those produced by the other will be increased, and so will the price of the articles produced by the one be reduced, and those produced by the other be increased, and so will the profit on the one be reduced, and on the other be increased; and thus the profit of every branch of industry will be the same.†

* Real Rent may also be produced by the application of additional capital to land already in cultivation.

† It is not pretended that it will be mathematically exact, but that there will be a continual approximation.

It follows, necessarily, that *there can be but ONE RATE OF PROFIT* in all the ordinary employments of capital and labour.

To this rate of profit the cultivator of the land must conform. His rate of profit will be the same as that of the manufacturer, one law necessarily governing the whole, and equalizing the profit of all.

In the state supposed, none but lands of the first quality, as to production, would be cultivated. The widest choice possible would exist, and the farmer would, of course, choose the best land, and from the cultivation of this land he would obtain the common rate of profit, and no more; and for this rate of profit he would be willing to continue to cultivate the soil, since it would be impossible for him to turn his capital to better account by employing it in trade, manufacture, or commerce.

So long as corn enough for the consumption of the community could be raised from land of the first quality, the farmer must continue to cultivate the land himself; he could not let it, since no one would pay rent for it. Let it, however, be *supposed* that some one could be found to take it at an annual rent; the consequence would be, that he would lose from his profit the whole amount of the rent he paid, and would thus voluntarily have consented to make the employment of his capital the least productive in the community. The supposition is, therefore, absurd.

So long as any land of the first quality, in eligible situations, remained uncultivated, no rent would be paid, since there would always be persons willing to bring it into culture, as the increase of people required additional food to be produced, for the average or common rate of profit. No rent could therefore be paid.

This may be called the FIRST STAGE.

The SECOND STAGE may be said to commence when all the land of the first quality has been brought into cultivation; but when, from the increase of population, the whole of its produce does not fully satisfy the demand, recourse must then be had to land of a worse or second quality.

Let us enquire how this is brought about.

When, by an *increase of people*, the produce of all the land of first-rate quality is consumed without satisfying the demand, scarcity will have commenced, and the price of corn, following the general law, will rise. As the expense of producing corn on the best land will still remain as it was, the farmer's profit will be increased by the amount of the rise in price; and as land of the first quality is limited in quantity, and as the whole has been brought into culture, no means exist by which the price can be lowered*, and the increased profit will be the property of the farmer, as long

* It may be presumed, that there can be no importation until all the land of the first quality is in tillage. It is necessary also to suppose the population to be increasing.

as he continues to be the owner as well as the cultivator of the land.

It has been stated that, in the first stage, none but land of the first quality would be cultivated; and the cause is obvious. If from an acre of land of the first quality, twenty-five bushels could be produced, and if from an acre producing twenty-five bushels, nothing beyond the common rate of profit could be obtained, it follows, that if the same quantity of labour, and the same amount of capital, which produced twenty-five bushels from land of the first quality, would only produce twenty bushels if applied to land of the second quality, there would be a loss of five bushels *per acre*—a diminution from the common rate of profit in the community, and an effectual bar to the cultivation of land of the second quality. And this bar would continue, not only while any land of the first quality remained uncultivated, but until the increased demand had raised the price of all the corn produced so high, as to afford the common rate of profit on land of the second quality, from which twenty bushels only were produced, by the application of the same quantity of labour, and the same amount of capital, as had been employed to produce twenty-five bushels from land of the first quality.*

When, however, the price had been raised so as to enable the possessor of land of the second quality to obtain the common rate of profit from cultivating his land, he would begin to cultivate. This would not, however, reduce the price of corn, since no more land of the second quality could be kept permanently in cultivation than was just sufficient to supply the increased demand.† It would be possible, by cultivating a large quantity of land of the second quality, to increase the supply so far beyond the demand, as to reduce the price of all the corn produced; but as this would also reduce the profit on land of the second quality below the common rate of profit, the whole quantity could not be kept in tillage for any considerable length of time, and no more would remain in that state than was absolutely necessary to supply the demand.

When, by the increase of population, the demand for corn had increased, and the price had been raised, so as to enable those who held land of the second quality to obtain the common rate of profit from their cultivation, the whole of the difference of the produce between land of the first, and land of the second quality, might be taken as rent; and as, in the case supposed, the difference would be five bushels *per acre*, five bushels would be the amount of the rent, land of the first quality could pay; while, for the reasons before given, why land of the first quality could pay no rent during the first stage, no rent could be paid from land of the second quality, during the second stage.

* See "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation," by Mr. Ricardo.

† Unless it could be exported.

The third stage would commence when all the land of the second quality had been brought into culture, and population continuing to increase, scarcity had been again produced, and the price of corn had been again increased, so as to enable those who held land of third-rate quality to obtain the ordinary rate of profit from its cultivation, when the steps described in respect to land of second-rate quality would be again taken.

If we suppose that from land of the third quality, only fifteen bushels *per acre* could be produced, then five bushels might be taken as rent from land of the second quality, and ten bushels from land of the first quality.

Thus, it is made apparent that RENT IS PRODUCED *by an increase of the population producing scarcity*, and consequently a permanent rise of price, so as to afford the common rate of profit on the cultivation of worse and worse land—the most fertile land paying the most rent, the least fertile land paying no rent at all.

REAL RENT is then the value of the difference of the produce *per acre* of the worst land in cultivation, and that of better quality, when the same amount of capital has been expended on each in the same space of time. Which was to be proved.

REAL RENT makes no part of the price of corn.

This might be inferred from what has already been stated; but it may be advisable to make this important circumstance as clear as possible.

It cannot be supposed that, when land of different qualities was cultivated, the holders of the more productive lands would, for any considerable period, continue to cultivate those lands themselves. The love of ease and of distinction would induce them to let the land to others, and to live themselves; without toil, upon the rent. But, whether they let the land, or continued to cultivate it themselves, the price *per bushel* of the whole quantity of corn produced, would be regulated by the price at which it could be grown on the worst land in cultivation, which paid no rent. For if, as was before supposed, the worst land produced only fifteen bushels *per acre*, and the best produced twenty-five bushels *per acre*, the price of the whole produce must be such as to give to him who cultivated the land which produced only fifteen bushels, the common rate of profit on his capital. If it failed to do this, he would cease to cultivate it. Thus, there could be but one price for all the corn produced, and that price would remain the same whether rent was paid or not from the more productive soils.

REAL RENT, therefore, makes no part of the price of corn, which was to be proved.

REAL RENT is regulated in its amount by causes beyond the controul of the landlord and tenant.

It is taken for granted, that the landlord would desire to receive as much rent as he could possibly obtain, and that the tenant would be desirous to pay as little as possible.

It has been proved that *real rent* is the value of the produce of different qualities of land, and with this the landlord must be satisfied he could obtain no more*, and the farmer would pay no less: If the produce were ten bushels per acre on land of the first quality, and five bushels per acre on land of the second quality, more than was produced on land of the third quality; and if land of the third quality was the worst in cultivation; then five bushels on the one, and ten bushels on the other, would be the quantity the landlord might receive as rent. If, not satisfied with this, he were to demand six bushels from the one and twelve bushels from the other, his demand would not probably be complied with; but if, from the inconvenience of removal, or from any other cause, the farmer were to comply with the demand, his profit would be reduced far below the common rate of profit; and as capital, according to the general rule, leaves the less profitable occupations, and goes to those which are more profitable, so in this case, it would in time be drawn from the cultivation of land thus overburthened with rent, and would compel the landlord to take his fair equivalent, the difference of the produce of the land, above the worst in cultivation, and no more. It is unnecessary to prove that the tenant would not be allowed to hold the land for less than its value. Thus it is proved that real rent is regulated by causes not within the controul of landlords and tenants.

2. ARTIFICIAL RENT is the difference between the amount of the *real rent*, which would be paid, if there were no restrictive laws, and that which is paid in consequence of those laws.

1st. It increases the price of corn.

2d. It is a tax upon the consumer.

It may be safely concluded, that, so long as the community could be supplied from land of the first quality, the price of corn would be so low as altogether to exclude importation. But when, from the increase of population, the community could no longer be supplied from land of the first quality, the price of corn would rise, and it might be found profitable to resort to land of an inferior quality, to importation, or to both. If any very considerable quantity of corn could be imported, it might, by keeping down the price, retard the period when it would be necessary to resort to lands of second-rate quality; it would still further postpone the period when land of the third quality would be resorted to, and it might even prevent the rise of price beyond a certain sum for an almost indefinite period†.

If we suppose that wheat could be produced in this country at

* It must be borne in mind that the country is supposed not to be oppressed by corn laws.

† How this would benefit the community will be shewn when we come to speak of profit and wages.

48s. the quarter (which was the monopoly price in 1773), but that a quantity fully equal to the demand could not be produced without resorting to land of worse quality, a quantity equal to the deficiency could be imported; and, as it is admitted by the petitioners for further restrictions, that it could be imported for that price, or rather below it, 48s. may be taken as the price at which the whole produce would probably be sold.

If, in this state of things, government were to pass an act prohibiting importation under 66s., importation would wholly cease, scarcity would be produced, land of worse quality would be cultivated, and the community would be again supplied from its own soil. In time the average price would rise to 66s. the quarter. It is manifest, that in this case the whole difference in the price, 18s. per quarter, would be caused by the law, and by it, would be extorted from the consumer. It would be a monstrous tax on the people, and would differ in no respect from a direct tax on the corn itself, except in the mode in which it was levied. If levied as a tax, it would go to the Exchequer, if raised by a corn-law, it would go into the pockets of the landlords, under the name of rent. It would not benefit the farmer *, but, in the long run, do him serious injury. He would receive no more than the common rate of profit on his capital, even if the corn laws wholly forbade importation; *all beyond the common rate of profit would be taken by his landlord as rent.* But as the price of corn rose, the common rate of profit would fall, and the farmer, as well as every other person not a landlord, would be a loser. Those who, like the farmer, were traders, would lose, 1. by the rise of prices on farm produce, on the amount consumed. 2. In the diminution of profit on their trade.

But another very important consequence follows from the legislature raising the import price of corn from 48s. to 66s. and thus forcing land of worse and worse quality into cultivation. A considerable portion of the corn consumed must, in that case, necessarily be grown upon land, which would only afford the common rate of profit to the farmer, without paying any rent, and that only while the price continued at 66s. During the time, which would be required to bring as much land into cultivation as would fully supply the demand, the price per quarter would never be below 66s. although it might be above it, and during this period the farmer would appear to flourish, and rent would rise on all but the worst quality of land, so as to take from the farmer, on superior soils, *all but the common rate of profit.* But, when as much land had been cultivated as fully to supply the demand, the price would immediately fall below 66s. and the farmer would no longer obtain

* See this fully and clearly elucidated in "Principles of Political Economy and Taxation, Chap. V. on Profits," by Mr. Ricardo.

the common rate of profit. If the quantity produced should exceed the demand, even by so small a proportion as is necessary to produce the appearance of an eagerness to sell, the price would fall so low as to spread dismay and ruin among the farmers. To stay the evil, the land-owners and farmers would again demand another law, forbidding importation under 80s. the same steps would again be taken, and the same results would again follow; and, in a few years, application would be made for a law to raise the import price to 97s. as has actually been done; and, following this course, a law must at length be passed, forbidding importation altogether*; and this law, when obtained, would be the certain destruction of every farmer in the kingdom, and would, were it possible to continue such a vile system, reduce the whole community to a state of bondage, in which state the farmers would be slaves attached to the soil, as the peasants in many parts of Russia are.

Had the legislature refrained from interfering, the average price of wheat would probably have been about 48s. the quarter, and rents would have been proportioned to that price. In years of scarcity wheat would have been imported, and in years of abundance wheat would have been exported, and the price would have remained as steady as the price of a commodity, the quantity of which, in some measure, depends upon the seasons, could possibly be. It was, we were told in 1815, to keep prices steady, that the law was passed forbidding importation under 80s. The price had been made unsteady by previous laws; so another was added to the evil to remedy the former, and this was called *wise legislation* †.

Instead of the average price being 48s. it appears by the returns laid before parliament in the last session, that, since the passing of the last corn law in 1815, the average price has been 78-5, thus shewing that there has been paid, on every quarter of wheat consumed, a tax of upwards of 60 per cent. and that, too, not only on wheat but on every sort of farm produce, and to this amount has the community been injured for the sole advantage of the land-owner.

* That laws forbidding the importation of corn must rapidly follow each other so long as the present system is continued, is proved by what has taken place during the last half century.

By stat. 18 G. III. 1778, the import price was fixed at 48s.	} a rise of 6s. in 18 years.
81 G. III. 1791, at 54s.	
44 G. III. 1804, at 60s.	
55 G. III. 1815, at 80s.	
 of 12s. in 13 years.
 of 14s. in 11 years.

Being a total rise of 32s. in 42 years.

A further demand is now made to fix the price at 97s. a rise of 17s. in 5 years.

Making a total rise of 49s. in 48 years.

More than 100 per cent. or double the monopoly price in 1773.

† The price is now about 55s.

ARTIFICIAL RENT is the difference between the amount of the *real rent*, which would be paid if there were no restrictive laws, and that which is paid in consequence of those laws.

1. It increases the price of corn.

2. It is a tax upon the consumer :—which were the points to be proved.

[Section II, "*Profit and Wages*," is, unavoidably postponed till our next.]

DANAE.

FROM A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

WHEN the lone ark, in darkness lost,
Reel'd on the ocean tempest-tost;
When down her cheeks began to flow
Tears that betray'd a mother's woe;
Pale Danae close and closer press'd
Her babe in anguish to her breast,
And o'er him said, " Deep woes are mine :
But peace, my child, and slumber thine.

" Thou sleepest in a joyless home,
Thy cradle the sea-billow ;
Thou sleepest where the wild waves foam,
My troubled breast thy pillow ;
While, darkly arching o'er thy brow,
The swoln surge casts its shade below.

" Thou slumber'st, heedless of the flash,
While lightnings round thee sweep ;
Thou slumber'st, reckless of the crash,
While thunders rouse the deep ;
Nor, while soft flows in sleep thy breath,
Hear'st in each wind a voice of death.

" The dew of sleep thy eye-lid closes,
But tears from mine o'erflow ;
A glowing on thy cheek reposes,
But mine is pale with woe.
Fair child ! beneath thy purple vest,
How beautiful, how sweet thy rest !

" Ah ! if my terror moved thy fear,
If heard a mother's sigh,
My kiss should steal away thy tear,
My soothing lullaby
Should softly breathe, ' Sleep on, my child !
And with thee sleep the sea-storm wild !
Sleep on, my child ! and with thee sleep
The woe that bids me wake and weep ! "

THE COMPLAINT OF "LE CAVALIER SEUL."

SIR, — One of the most pitiable objects in civilized life is a bashful man ; mortification is ever at his right hand, and ridicule tracks his steps. A woman, however overcome by timidity, looks neither silly nor awkward ; her fears and tremblings excite interest, her blushes admiration. Oh ! that I had been born of that privileged sex, or that Nature, when she gave me a beard, had given me a proper stock of ease and assurance, by which I might support its dignity ! I am fond of society ; I love conversation ; I enjoy dancing : but wherever I go, my confounded sheepishness goes with me, keeps me in a constant nervous flurry, and turns my very pleasures into pains. The height of a bashful man's ambition, when he enters a room full of company, is to hurry over his salutations as quickly as possible, to creep into some obscure corner, and to stay there, very quietly, as long as he is permitted. How I have hated the officious kindness, which makes tiresome old ladies, and pert young ones, notice me in my retirement, and fix the eyes of every soul in the room upon me, by fearing I am very dull, and asking if I have been to the Play lately, or seen the new Panorama. I believe they call this "drawing me out," and I dare say think I ought to be obliged to them for their notice. I wish I could teach them that *notice* is the very thing I most earnestly desire to avoid.

One unavoidable consequence of my dislike to putting myself forward is, that I am accused of being very rude and bearish in my manners. I am never sufficiently alert in handing old ladies down to dinner, or asking their daughters to drink wine. I never ring a bell, snuff a candle, or carve a chicken, till the office is forced upon me, and all the merit of the performance destroyed by my previous incivility. Then, I have a tormenting habit of fancying myself the object of general notice, "the observed of all observers." If a girl giggles, she is laughing at *me* ; if another whispers, she is animadverting upon *my* words, dress, or behaviour ; and when two grave old ladies are discussing family matters, or a few steady old men shaking their heads over the state of the nation, I often imagine that *my* faults and follies are the occasion of so many serious looks, so many uplifted eyes and hands.

Boileau has said that

"Jamais, quoiqu'il fasse, un Mortel ici-bas
Ne peut aux yeux du monde être ce qu'il n'est pas."

But Boileau is wrong ; for I know I am supposed proud by some, cross by others, and silly by all ; and yet I think I may with truth affirm, that each of these charges is false.

I learned dancing in early youth; and, while country-dances were in fashion, I could join in them with considerable comfort. Long habit had accustomed me to the performance; many persons were moving at the same time, and no extraordinary grace or dexterity was requisite in the dancers. But alas! peace came, and with it my worst enemies — quadrilles. "*Maledetto sia il giorno, e l'ora, e'l momento.*" Gradually they encroached upon their less elegant predecessors, and at length gained complete and exclusive possession of the ball-room. Country-dances were banished to the kitchen, and I deprived of my favourite amusement. Some of my friends endeavoured to persuade me to put myself under the tuition of a dancing-master, but really this was too much to expect of a shy man. What! skip about a room in broad day-light, turn out my toes, and arrange my elbows at command? My cheeks are even now tingling at the notion.

Last Christmas I was staying at the house of an uncle in the country; my cousins danced quadrilles every evening, and at length they partly forced, partly persuaded me to stand up with them, assuring me that it was only necessary to use my old steps and mind the figures. My cousin Ellen, too, one of the loveliest and liveliest of her sex, engaged to be my partner and instructress; and added, in her easy, sprightly manner, that she hoped we should dance together in the spring, as we used to do some years ago. This temptation, this bribe, was irresistible; I suffered her to lead me to the set, and I made my *début* in quadrille-dancing. My performance, of course, met with most encouraging praise. I was urged to persevere in my new accomplishment; and ere I came to town, I gave Ellen a parting promise that I would dance at the first ball, to which I should be invited. I did *more* than keep my word — I have danced at several; and I do verily believe that habit, all-powerful habit, might in time enable me to derive more pleasure than pain from my performance, were it not for one odious and awful figure, invented, I suppose, for the peculiar misery of modest men. In this cruel quadrille, I am positively required to dance, (*horresco referens*) during eight entire bars, *alone*—yes, quite alone; it appears scarcely credible, but so it really is. I am expected to figure away by myself, while no other creature is moving. The other actors and actresses in the quadrille have nothing to do but to stare and to quiz; and three of them are ranged in a line opposite to me, in order to look as formidable as possible. Why, the strongest nerves might tremble, the wisest man look silly, the most elegant appear awkward, in such a situation; and I—what I suffer is far beyond description; and I am often tempted to exclaim, in the words of one who seems to have suffered occasionally from my wretched complaint, "Thinks I to myself, I wish I was dead and buried."

Let no one suppose that I am inclined to jest upon my suffer-

ings. Alas ! they are much too serious a subject ; and I hope I have never made myself an enemy whose rancour must not subside into pity, when he beholds me preparing to submit to that tremendous sentence, "*Le Cavalier seul, en avant deux fois.*" Move I must ; to stand still would be so ridiculous ; but my feet seem tied together — every action is tremulous and indecisive — my ear no longer catches the tune — my eyes refuse to quit the ground — my cheeks redden into flames — and, after the dreadful task is over, I fancy I read derision in every countenance, and endeavour, in vain, to hide myself from the finger of scorn. Once, in despair, I wrote to my cousin Ellen, stated my distress, and asked her advice. With her usual kindness she sent me an immediate answer, and directed me, when next I danced my solo, to turn round several times. At first I found this an excellent plan ; I had some definite mode of action, and I thought that the whirling motion had a sort of numbing effect, which deadened the acuteness of my feelings. But alas ! I am afraid I exceeded Ellen's instructions, and turned *too often*, for I certainly used to feel very giddy ; and one evening I heard a lady whisper the word "*tetotum*" to my partner, which put a speedy and complete termination to my rotatory movements. I have never danced a quadrille since. Ellen is come to town, but is the partner of bolder and happier men ; and I can hope for no change in these vexatious circumstances, unless some little compassion is shewn towards bashful dancers, and "*Le Cavalier seul*" is allowed a companion. Surely, this would not be a very unreasonable sacrifice to the weakness and distress of others, and it seems a most unjust regulation to prevent a man's dancing *at all*, because he cannot make up his mind to dance *a hornpipe*. From the observations I have made, I am convinced that nine men out of ten would rejoice in the demise of that unnatural character—" *Le Cavalier seul* "—And unnatural he is. Men were never intended either to live or to dance alone ; and when they persevere in opposing their proper destiny, they generally become absurd or unhappy. Yet some anomalies there are in a ball-room, as in life, and instances are to be found of bachelors and of Cavaliers-seuls, who appear to take pleasure in their solitude. I have seen dancers, who would regret to share their glory with another pair of feet, and who are all animation and delight at that identical period, and in those very circumstances, which to me are so appalling. Heavens ! how they will skip and fly about, as if anxious to crowd as many capers as possible into the eight masculine bars. What bounding, what pirouetting, while the body is slightly bent, the arms are a little extended, the face flushed with exercise, the eyes flashing triumph ! But I do not envy these performers their glory, a lurking contempt mingles with the admiration they excite, and I have often heard Ellen quote and approve the words of some wise man, who

once said, "To dance too exquisitely is so laborious a vanity, that a man ought to be ashamed to let the world see, by his dexterity in it, that he has spent so much time in learning such a trifle."—These few wonderful persons excepted, however, I am quite convinced that the rest of my sex will rejoice in the permission to assume no more their solitary character. Many, who move gracefully and easily at other times, are but awkward cavaliers-seuls; notwithstanding an air of indifference, which they attempt to put on, a lurking constraint proves them to be uncomfortable, and various are the methods to which they have recourse, in order to pass through the dancing ordeal with tolerable credit. Some perform numerous finikin steps on the same spot, while their arms have a kind of tremulous jerking motion; others move with straggling strides over the whole extent of their domain, and seem to say, "you see *we* are not frightened," but they cannot deceive me, well read as I am in the symptoms of my own disorder. Many have recourse to the tetotum system; some appear quite undecided, and entirely at the mercy of chance; and a few miserable creatures positively stand still, cast a few puzzled glances around them, as if in ignorance what ought to be done, then appear to awake from their fit of absence, put on a faint and forced smile, and hurry forward to take their place in the sociable *tour de quatre*. Upon all these, and upon me, above them all, the publication of this letter will confer a considerable favour, as it may, perchance, awaken the compassionate part of the dancing public to a sense of the misery inflicted upon a few, the discomfort upon many, and the awkwardness upon nearly all, by that odious figure—" *Le Cavalier seul.*" Upon the tender feelings and kind sympathies of the ladies, I throw myself and my companions in misery; surely they will not be inexorable to the petition of those, who thus humbly acknowledge their power and intreat their society, who have a mortal antipathy to being *single*, even for three minutes, and who feel the want of the grace of woman's presence, the comfort of woman's support, even through eight bars of a quadrille.

With every feeling of respect I am,
and fear I shall always remain,
your obedient servant,

A BASHFUL MAN.

LECTURES ON POETRY, BY T. CAMPBELL.

LECTURE II. PART II.

Hebrew Poetry.

THE last years of David's reign, and the whole of Solomon's with the exception of its conclusion, form the most brilliant epoch of Hebrew history. The nation then attained to a degree of wealth, importance, and security, from which it afterwards irrecoverably declined by the separation of the ten tribes. Solomon confirmed his possession of the throne by the deaths of his brother Adonijah and of the veteran Joab; and although Jeroboam is mentioned* as having "lifted up his hand against him" during his life-time, yet his efforts were neither successful, nor even formidable.† David's conquests in Idumæa had extended the national territories as far as the Red Sea; and the acquisition of a harbour on the Arabian coast excited the ambition of Solomon to make his country a maritime power. The alliance of the Tyrians supplied him with seamen for equipping his navy, as well as with artisans for adorning his capital. He built magnificent cities—he enriched himself by commercial imposts—and he was said, in the bold phraseology of the East, to have "*made silver in Jerusalem as stones, and cedars as the sycamore-trees that are in abundance in the vallies;*"‡ so that the refinement which began with David was fostered by him into absolute luxury. It is true that his civil government was not unburthensome to the people, as we find by their address to his son and successor Rehoboam§; and even before his lapse into idolatry he had swerved from the true spirit of the Mosaic system, by his encouragement of trading intercourse, and by his example of intermarriage with foreigners. Yet still, taken all in all, his reign was flattering to the public pride, and propitious to the cultivation of literature. It was peaceable and magnificent; and the popular mind seems to have bowed, during his life-time, before his splendid prosperity and gifted endowments. For he adorned royalty with an intellectual reputation that was not obliterated from his memory, even by his religious apostacy. We look back, therefore, to Solomon's reign as to a bright and tranquil noon-tide in Hebrew history. The remaining day

* 1 Kings xxi. v. 26.

† Hadad, or Ader, is also spoken of, both in the Scriptures and in Josephus, as an adversary who made some incursions into the territory of Israel; but his hostilities, together with Jeroboam's, form but slight exceptions to the general peace of Solomon's reign.

‡ 2 Chron. ix. 27.

§ 1 Kings, xi. 4.

of the national existence, with but few and short intervals, was overcast with tempestuous calamities; and the voice of Poetry reaches us from those times only in the thunders of prophecy.

The writings ascribed to Solomon * certainly coincide with the conception which History affords us of his personal character, and of the circumstances of his reign. Such circumstances give a leisure at once favourable to the intellect, and dangerous to the indulgence of the passions. It was the fate of the wisest and most eloquent of moralists to experience this two-fold and opposite influence of peace and prosperity. His poetry is accordingly an antithesis, in its different parts, of the soberest moral thought and the most luxuriant imagination. It breathes no oracular terrors—it glows with neither martial images nor heroic enthusiasm—but abounds either in intellectual reflections, or in allusions to the blandishments of pleasure. In the Proverbs we see the sagacity that was imputed to him; in the Song of Songs, the sumptuous revelry of his fancy; and in the Preacher we meet with a mind satiated with human happiness, and convinced of its vanity, exhorting us to value nothing but the fear of God, and the obedience of his commandments.

It would be departing presumptuously from the object of these Lectures, to examine the mystical religious meaning supposed to be couched under the erotic poetry of Solomon. But as the Song of Songs is completely a pastoral and amatory poem in its imagery and structure, we may appreciate its value as a work of imagination, without interfering in the least degree with its typical sense. Considered merely as a relic of national poetry, it has been sometimes preferred to the most beautiful idyls of classic antiquity. In the warm colours and profusion of its imagery, it may be allowed to be superior to the pastoral productions of the Western Muse; but it is by no means their equal in taste, design, or execution. The pictures of Nature in Theocritus and Virgil charm us by their perfect distinctness and keeping. We converse familiarly with their living objects; and their landscapes,

* The whole of the Proverbs are not ascribed to Solomon, even in the scriptural titles which they bear; and of those imputed to him, a part are expressly stated to have been copied out by the men of Hezekiah King of Judah—Proverbs, Chap. xxv. The 30th chapter is entitled the Words of Agur the Son of Jakeh; and the 31st is called the Prophecy which was taught King Lemuel by his Mother. Lemuel is understood by some to be only the poetical name of Solomon, and the admonishing mother to have been Bathsheba. But this is pure conjecture.

Elaborate dissertations have been endited, by the Hebraists of the German school, on the probable amount of the share which Solomon had in the writings received under his name. I should have been ashamed, whilst paying any attention to Hebrew literature, not to have perused the most eminent works of erudition on this subject in every language that was accessible to me. But it would be at variance with the popular object of these Lectures to burthen them with such disquisitions, and some of their opinions it would answer no good purpose even to discuss.

situations, and characters, are all defined to the imagination. But in the Song of Solomon a mystery and vagueness hangs over our conception of the being who (in a human sense) utters the passion of the poem, and who is addressed as its object. The voices and responses of love murmur around us, but the speakers and their circumstances shift ambiguously and abruptly. At times, undoubtedly, we have delicious glimpses of scenery, and seem to breathe in the very air of a rich oriental landscape. "*The winter is past, the rain is over and gone: the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a goodly smell. The singing of birds and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.*" Yet the poet's touches, sweet and magnificent as they are, rather supply the fancy with a desultory dream of luxury, than impress the heart with an intelligent interest in human manners and feelings.

When we turn to the Proverbs, however, we find a monument of Hebrew genius, superior to every production in the same walk of composition. David fostered the poetical enthusiasm of his people, and was, in a stricter sense than Solomon, their poetical sovereign and representative. But the Hebrew mind was now become more fitted than formerly for intellectual impressions from literature; and Solomon employed his genius in giving the maxims of morality a diction pointed to the understanding, as well as electrifying to the fancy. The proverbs of a people always form their first step of advance towards philosophy; and the state of the Jews, at this period, may be compared to that of the Greeks, when they received the sayings of Solon, Pythagoras, and Theognis. But the gnomic or sententious remains of the Pagan moralists, as rudiments of philosophical literature, appear insignificant, when compared with those of the Hebrew Monarch, who drew the ethical spirit of his poetry from a grand and simple religious creed. Hence he has no division of doctrines for the initiated and the profane. His precepts are clear, consistent, and elevated truths, tersely expressed, and spiritedly illustrated. In one or two expressions, perhaps, may be traced something to remind us of the old enigmatical form, in which it was usual with the Jews, as with all early nations, to couch the sayings of the wise—a custom exemplified by the riddles which Sampson prided himself in proposing to the Philistines*. But Solomon, to look at the Proverbs as a whole, stripped his wisdom of all fan-

* And it would appear, from the Queen of Sheba putting hard questions to the King of Israel (1 Kings, ch. x.) that the amusement of enigmas had not fallen into disuse even in Solomon's days.

tastical mystery, when he addressed himself to the instruction of his people. The book has nothing abstruse*, nothing jarring in doctrine, and nothing ascetic. On the contrary, it recommends, in the most pointed manner, to cherish a cheerful heart; and if the idea of levity could be separated from wit, we might almost venture to attach the latter term to the animated ingenuity of the Proverbs. Without either formal reasoning, or arrangement of parts, the book embraces a code of instruction directly applicable to all the duties of life. Does the Poet inculcate temperance, how emphatic is the question, "*Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contentions, who hath wounds without cause—who hath redness of eyes, but they that tarry at the wine?*" Does he speak of humility, how brief and weighty is the apophthegm, "*Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honour goeth humility.*" How impressive is his saying on temper, that "*he who is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth*

* The imagery of the Proverbs is, in general, strikingly lucid. It is not so in Ecclesiastes, the diction of which is obscure, and by no means eminently poetical. The description of old age, in the last chapter, is a singular instance of quaint and elaborately artificial allegory, in a book so full of simple poetry as the Bible.

Verse 1. *Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, &c. &c.*

Verse 2. *While the sun, or the light of the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain—i. e.* (I follow the explanation of Dr. Clarke) before thine eyes grow dim with age, so that thou shalt not see the sun, moon, and stars, and before the evils and miseries of life succeed one another in woeful vicissitude.

Verse 3. *In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened—i. e.* before thine arms, which are the guards of the bodily mansion, shall tremble with palsies; and thy legs, which are thy strong supporters, shall bow themselves; and thy teeth grind slowly and with difficulty, because they are few; and thine eyes, which are as glasses in the windows of thy head, are dusky and darkened.

Verse 4. *And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the sound of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low—i. e.* when the doors shall be shut upon thee, as now retired to thine own home, without care of other's visits or business; when thy slow feeding shall make thee unfit for other men's tables; when every little noise, even that of a bird, shall waken thee out of thy sleep; and when thy spirits shall be so dull and dejected, that thou shalt take no pleasure in hearing the most melodious music.

Verse 5. *And when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burthen, and desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets—i. e.* when thy decrepid age shall make thee so unfit to move, that thou shalt be afraid to stumble upon or to ascend any rising ground that lies in thy way; when the blossoms of age shall cover thy head, and the lightest thing shall be burthensome.

Verse 6. *Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern—i. e.* before all thy natural and vital spirits be exhausted, and all the functions and offices of life be quite discharged, as water ceases to be drawn when the cord is loosed, and the bucket and wheel broken at the cistern.

One might imagine that Fletcher in his *Purple Island*, and Gawin Douglas in his *King Heart*, had formed their tastes on this dimly allegorical effusion of Solomon.

his spirit than one that taketh a city." How emphatical are the few words recommending humanity, "*Whoso mocketh the poor, reproacheth his Maker :*" and can there be a more striking admonition to industry than "*Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise ; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."*

It is true that it was not within the inspired commission of Solomon (at least the Proverbs give us no proof of it) to inculcate the soul's immortality. On the contrary, his morality is founded solely on the rewards of virtue, and the stings and poisons of vice, during our present state of existence. But there is nothing inconsistent with the doctrine of immortality in this maxim, which he bids the young man "*bind upon his heart and tie round his neck :*" namely, that "*Wisdom is more precious than rubies, and that all the things that can be desired are not to be compared unto her ; that length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour ; that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."*

After Solomon's death, the kingdom was immediately divided. The frightfully despotic answer of his son Rehoboam to the people, who, having assembled in the free spirit of the Mosaic constitution, demanded if he meant to rule them with moderation, cancelled the allegiance of the whole nation*, with the exception of the powerful tribe of Judah, and the weak and adjacent one of Benjamin. Jeroboam, who had given some disturbance to the kingdom even in the former reign, now returned from exile, and was set at the head of the ten revolted tribes ; so that the history of the Hebrews is from this period divided into that of Judah and Israel. The sovereigns of the latter kingdom, a considerable time after the revolt, established their capital at Samaria ; and hence the term Samaritan was ultimately applied both to the people and their language. Rehoboam was thus left with a remnant of the Hebrews, inferior to the population he had lost ; but the possession of Jerusalem, hallowed as it was by so many religious associations, gave him an advantage which the folly of his rival Jeroboam turned to double account. When the feast of the tabernacle approached, the tribes who had shaken off the yoke of the son of Solomon, could not forget that Zion still contained the ark and the temple ; and Jeroboam, fearful of his subjects visiting the sacred city, established idolatry throughout his dominions. The consequence was, that the priests and Levites of Israel, whose honour and interests were thus vitally

* 2 Chronicles, ch. x. 14, 15, 16.

wounded, went back in a body from their scattered habitations to Rehoboam, and were followed by all the faithful friends of the true religion*; so that Judah was strengthened into a power which eventually survived the existence of the Samaritan monarchy.

From the time of the Hebrews being thus rent into two kingdoms, until that of the ten tribes† being carried into captivity by Shalmaneser, a period of between two and three hundred years, Judah and Israel, menaced and invaded as they were by formidable enemies, had seldom the policy to abstain from sanguinary contests with each other. Meanwhile, their perpetual proneness to idolatry called forth in both nations the loud and reiterated remonstrances of their prophets. Jerusalem, though on the whole less idolatrously inclined than the rival capital Samaria, had also her apostate sovereigns; and even under those Jewish Kings, who "*did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord,*" we read of high places, that is, heathen altars, being suffered to remain, "*for there the people offered sacrifice, and burnt incense to idols.*"‡ But in Israel the spirit of prophecy was called upon to be peculiarly active and bold, as it had to maintain a struggle against Paganism, among a people where the Mosaic religion was bereft of its hereditary hierarchy, and of all the advantages resulting from a solemn national temple. Accordingly we read, in the annals of Israel, of numerous and devoted prophetic bands, encountering the fate, and displaying the heroism of martyrs—of their being slaughtered by merciless pursuers, or fed in deserts and caverns by the pious and charitable.§ There stood forth Elijah, to confront the priests of Baal, and to pronounce sentence on the tyrant Ahab, "that the dogs should lick up his blood." Elisha also, on whom Elijah's mantle descended, was a prophet of Israel. But it appears, that those inspired individuals were not limited in their mission to the one kingdom or the other, by their being its native inhabitants; for when the Jewish king Jehoram raised high places on the mountains of Judah, the prophecy of his destruction arrived to him from Elijah, who was of Gilead in Israel.|| Amos, who was a native of Tekoah, a city visible in a clear day from Jerusalem, prophesied against the corruptions of the court of Samaria; and Micah declares, that he spoke alike to Israel and to Judah.

For an hundred and fifty years after Solomon's death, during

* 2 Chron. chap. xi. verses 13, 14, 15, 16.

† The people of Israel, who seceded from Rehoboam, are always denominated the ten tribes: it would certainly be more correct to call them the nine tribes, as it is evident by the text in 2 Chronicles, which has been just quoted, that the Levites returned collectively to Rehoboam.

‡ 1 Kings, chap. xxii. v. 23.

|| 2 Chron. chap. xxi. v. 12.

§ 1 Kings, chap. xviii. v. 4.

nine reigns in Judah and ten in Israel, we have historical notices of many prophets, whose oracles were never embodied into distinct collections. The series of the prophetic books of the Old Testament begins, in point of chronology, with Jonah, about eight hundred years before Christ, and concludes with Malachi, nearly four hundred years later. At the commencement of this historical space, Uzziah reigned in Jerusalem, and Jeroboam the Second in Samaria. The abilities of both of those sovereigns threw some lustre over their contemporary annals. Uzziah promoted the agricultural as well as the military habits and skill of his people, and Jeroboam was a considerable conqueror. But nothing was done to bring the two nations together by the bond of their ancient religion and Hebrew patriotism; and their prosperity was more in show than in substance. The idolatrous Jeroboam's reign was, according to the prophet Amos, one of those periods of luxury, pride, and misnamed prosperity, "that see the rich man's joys increase the poor's decay:" for he declares, "*that the righteous were sold for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes.*" At the death of Jeroboam, the hollow semblance of Israel's strength gave way to misrule and degradation; and Pekah, one of the violent successors to the Samaritan throne, allied himself with Rezin, king of the Syrians, for the purpose of extirpating the state of Judah. On this, Ahaz, the successor of Uzziah, threw himself with desperate impolicy on the protection of the Assyrians, who made an easy conquest of Syria, and thus brought their inundating empire into fearful vicinity both with Israel and Judah. Samaria soon fell, and the ten tribes were dragged into captivity by Shalmaneser. The Jewish monarchy, to all appearance, would have speedily shared the same fate, if the wisdom and piety of Hezekiah had not preserved it. But he defied the King of Assyria, and "*served him not;*" he "*smote the Philistines even unto Gaza;*" he brought back the national worship to its ancient splendour and purity; and before the final calamity of the sister nation, he endeavoured to establish with her a religious connexion, which, if earlier adopted, might have protracted the independence of the Hebrew name. Hezekiah invited all Israel to celebrate the feast of the Passover at Jerusalem, not as a mark of submission to him, but as a gratification to themselves. Three of the tribes, as Josephus informs us, accepted the invitation, and Zion saw, when it was too late, in the setting gleam of her welfare, the affecting spectacle of Jews and Samaritans meeting like brothers before the Temple, and forgetting the antipathy of generations, in homage to the God of their fathers.

It is necessary to recollect those facts, in order to take an historical interest in the earlier part of Hebrew prophecy.

The chronological order of the prophets may, for the most

part, be ascertained from internal testimony ; but the dates of one or two of them are involved in considerable obscurity.* Without entering into special arguments on this subject, I shall venture to class them in the following successive groups:—Jonah, Amos, Hosea, Micah, and Isaiah, fill up an historical space from the reigns of Uzziah in Judah, and of Jeroboam the Second in Israel, down to the earlier part of Hezekiah's reign in the former kingdom. Next came Nahum, Joel, and Habakkuk, the first of whom appears † to have prophesied soon after the captivity of the ten tribes, probably in the latter years of Hezekiah. Joel may be assigned to the reign of Manasseh, when the clouds of danger were thickening over Jerusalem ; and as Habakkuk speaks of the Chaldeans, he may be supposed to have prophesied after the capture of Nineveh, when the storm of Judah's destruction was impending still nearer.

Obadiah, Zephaniah, and Jeremiah, were almost contemporary witnesses of the destruction of Jerusalem—the last of them composed his elegies amidst its ruins.

Ezekiel spoke his oracles in exile upon the shores of the Chaboras, and Daniel was educated at the Chaldean court.

Haggai, Zachariah, and Malachi, belong to the last period of Hebrew literature, after the return of the Jews from their Babylonish captivity.

The book of Jonah is entirely prosaic recital, except a few verses of prayer in the second chapter.

The simple Amos interests the heart by his fellow-feeling for the poor and oppressed, and his hatred of tyrannical opulence ; whilst he pleases the fancy by the rural wildness of his imagery, and impresses the memory by a circumstantial distinctness in his graphic touches. When he describes the danger of Israel, for instance, by saying that it shall be "*as if a man did flee from a lion and met a bear, or went into a house and leant his hand upon the wall and a serpent did sting him,*" the mind needs but one perusal of such a passage to feel and retain it. He was a shepherd in Judah, who, uneducated in any school of prophecy, boldly ventured into Israel, and rebuked the corruptions of her state under the haughty Jeroboam the Second. His truths naturally offended the high-priest of Bethel, Amaziah, who told the King that *the land could not bear Amos's words*, and the prophet was accordingly dismissed back to his native country.

The patriotic Hosea is remarkable for confining his predic-

* Joel for instance, whom Drusius places in the reign of Manasseh, is put by De Wette at the head of the list, even before Jonah ; because the prophet mentions neither Syrians nor Assyrians, but only Philistines, Egyptians, and Edomites, as the enemies of Judah. Dr. Lowth suspects Hosea to precede them all in point of antiquity.

† Nahum, chap. ii. v. 2.

tions to the destiny of the Hebrews, without interfering with the politics of other nations. His style is concise, but abrupt; and he is obscure in the perspective arrangement of the blessings and calamities which he portrays. It is usual for Hebrew prophecy to open with threats, to proceed to promises, and to conclude with anticipations of triumph to the people of God. In this climax Micah is peculiarly grand and graceful. The commencement and close of his book are almost dramatically impressive. He calls upon the inhabitants of the earth—he appeals to God himself to bear witness against them. He wraps himself up in denunciations upon Israel—he lightens the gloom by a picture of the overthrow of her enemies, and he dispels it by an affecting prayer to Omnipotence—“*Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy. * * * * He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us—he will subdue our iniquities, and cast our sins into the depths of the sea.*”

The highest rank in Hebrew poetry is, by universal consent, assigned to Isaiah. He received the gift of divination in the last year of Uzziah, King of Judah†; and surviving the reigns of Jotham and Ahaz, lived to be the friend and counsellor of Hezekiah. On that reviving age of Hebrew patriotism he seems to have impressed the stamp of his own character; and, uncertain as his personal history is, it may be confidently assumed that the Jews were indebted for no small share of the zeal which they displayed in their struggle against Sennacherib to the inspiring influence of his genius. I speak of his poetry on the assumption that the book is entirely his which bears his name‡; and, collectively viewed, it forms the greatest tablet both of awfully solemn, and of joyfully beautiful, conceptions, ever exhibited in poetic prediction. In parts of the scene we behold the calamities impending over Judah; but a far larger portion is occupied by the desolation of her proud enemies, and the downfall of their thrones and cities. The Assyrian King is laid low. “*Hell itself is moved from beneath to meet him—it stirreth up the dead at his coming,*” and the spectred monarchs of all the nations rise from their shadowy thrones to salute and reproach him. “*Art thou also become weak as we? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the Morning!*” In brilliant distance beyond the gloom, Immanuel’s kingdom is presented to our conceptions, where *the sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself*; and where we ima-

† Isaiah, ch. vi. v. 1.

‡ Eichorn, Gesenius, and others, strongly contend that the predictions of the fall of Babylon, and of the return from captivity, were composed by some other prophet.—Eichorn, however, allows that those passages are apparently strict imitations and echoes of his style.

gine the halleluiah of rapture to arise. "*Sing, O ye Heavens, for the Lord hath done it! Shout, ye lower parts of the Earth! Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forests, every tree therein, for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel.*"

Isaiah is far from surpassing all the Hebrew poets in individual passages; but in his fulness, force, majesty, and propriety, he comprehends more excellencies of the poetical character than any one of them. Joel may be deemed to surpass him in concinnity; and both Joel and Habakkuk are, at moments, more sublime. But their compositions are much shorter than his, and give us not the same conception of copious and unwearied inspiration. Isaiah's genius goes further on an even wing, and burns longer with an unwavering fire. When he has merely to narrate, his language has the utmost plainness, and his expositions are remarkably clear; considering the nature of oracular poetry. He unites the same simplicity with his rich and high visionary scenes, which are neither meagre like Jeremiah's, nor ambitiously overwrought and complex like Ezekiel's. A deliberate air, a divine self-possession, turns the very scorn and wrath of his spirit into movements of grace and beauty. And scornful he is even to bitterness, whether he reprobates idolatry, or mocks the wretched policy of his countrymen, in trusting to Egyptian alliance rather than to their God and their patriotism. Nor does any prophet scatter the predictions of vengeance that shall overtake the heathen over so large a compass. But his intense zeal never ruffles his majestic manner. Even when rapt into the beatitude of the golden age, he retains a tranquil command of his own inspiration; and with a painter's eye in prophecy, minutely tracing circumstance after circumstance, sets futurity before us like a present scene—"*The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den.*"

The book of Nahum* contains a spirited prediction of the siege of Nineveh, and he is ranked among the most classically poetical of the Minor Prophets. Joel's few but precious relics are also highly finished and flowing, and abound in sweet and elevated touches. It is he who has so briefly and beauti-

* Josephus speaks of Nahum belonging to the reign of Jotham. It may be concluded, however, from chap. ii. verse 2d, of his book, that he had witnessed the subversion of Israel by Shalmaneser, so that he probably lived till the close of Hezekiah's reign, rather less than 700 years before Christ.

fully described the plague of locusts, "*Before them the land is as the garden of Eden, and behind them is a desolate wilderness.*" The composer of the Revelations has borrowed many images from Joel, as well as from Ezekiel; and when he speaks of the locusts, the wine-press of destruction, the sickle applied to the full ear of the harvest, and of the darkening of the sun and stars, evidently reminds us of Joel*.—Habakkuk's tone of prophecy accords with the probability of his having lived very near the crisis of Jewish calamities†. His warning is like the sound of an alarm-bell at dead of night: yet he is not without a magnanimous and pious confidence; and his third chapter has been justly distinguished by Dr. Lowth, as a model of lyrical sublimity.

Far different was the effect of his country's sufferings on the tender mind of Jeremiah. His genius seems to bend, and his voice to falter, under the burden of prophecy; and though sometimes pleasingly affecting, he generally prolongs the accents of grief to monotony, and seldom avoids tautology, or reaches compression, except when he abridges the predictions of other prophets‡. Jeremiah appeared early in life as a prophet, and continued to prophesy for fifty years. A strenuous opposer in Jewish politics of his countrymen's alliance with the Egyptians, he constantly foreboded their destruction from the Chaldean arms, for which he was rewarded with persecution, imprisonment, and chains. When Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem, he respected the prophets' sacred character, and, whilst he dictated their place of exile to others, allowed Jeremiah to choose where he should reside. Honours and emoluments would have even awaited him at Babylon; but even the ashes of Jerusalem were dearer to him than the splendours of a victor's court, and he preferred remaining among the ruins of his country. Fresh oppressions, however, robbed him at length even of that melancholy consolation; and he was forced to fly into Egypt, where, it is probable, he ended his days.

From this period commenced the decline of the Hebrew language, and its mixture with Chaldaic. It has no other subsequent great poet but Ezekiel, and even his grandeur is not of the simplest and purest character. We are told indeed by Dr. Lowth, that "Ezekiel is not excelled by Isaiah himself in sublimity—that he employs frequent repetitions only from the vehemence of his passion and indignation." But with the utmost respect for Dr. Lowth's general authority, I subscribe to

* Joel is also frequently imitated both by Ezekiel and Zacharias.

† Probably in the reign of Jehoiakim, between the taking of Nineveh and the fall of Jerusalem—as he prophesies of the Chaldeans and not the Assyrians.

‡ His oracle against the Moabites is evidently taken from Isaiah 15th and 16th: the latter part of the chapter is borrowed from Numbers, chap. xxi. v. 27.

the very opposite opinion of Michaelis, that "Ezekiel displays more luxuriance in amplifying and decorating his subject, than is consistent with true poetical fervour." It must be owned, however, that his fancy is daring and ingenious. Compare the vision of Isaiah's inauguration with that of Ezekiel in his 10th chapter; and how luminously and distinctly shall we be struck with the former picture, which the mind embraces at a single glance. In Ezekiel, on the contrary, we are lost in objects that stun and dazzle the imagination. He is still, however, a powerful though elaborate poet, and his fancy and ingenuity are inexhaustible.

Daniel, educated under a foreign clime, and even writing partly in Chaldaic, departs still farther from the old simplicity of Hebrew taste, in his perpetual visionary and angelic machinery.

Haggai was the first of the prophets who comforted the Jews after their return from captivity, and Malachi was the last. In both of them the spirit of poetry manifestly declines, as the reign of divination draws towards its conclusion—when the words were destined to be fulfilled to Judah, *That the sun should go down upon her prophets, and that there shall be night unto her so that she should have no visions.*

MEMOIRS FROM 1754 TO 1758.

BY JAMES EARL WALDEGRAVE, K. G.

LORD WALDEGRAVE is better known to the reading part of the public by the amiable picture which Horace Walpole has given of him in his letters, than as one of his Majesty's Privy Council in the reign of George II. and Governor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. His public career, though short, was honourable to himself in every respect; and was indeed long enough to afford him a lesson, which he had the wisdom to take with him into private life, and to act upon ever afterwards, which was, not "to envy any man either the power of a minister, or the favour of princes."

"The constant anxiety and frequent mortifications," says he, at the close of his Memoirs, "which accompany ministerial employments, are tolerably well understood; but the world is totally unacquainted with the situation of those whom fortune has selected to be the constant attendants and companions of royalty, who partake of its domestic amusements and social happiness.

"But I must not lift up the veil; and shall only add, that no man can have a clear conception how great personages pass their leisure hours, who has not been a prince's governor, or a king's favourite."

Such is the view of the pleasures of a palace, which is given by a man of singular sweetness of temper, and rectitude of principle, not wanting either in a spirit of gratitude, which made him

acknowledge that he had ever found in George II. one of the kindest of masters. Nor, on the other hand, does the situation of these royal masters appear a whit more agreeable, and scarcely a whit more independent, than that of their followers. Lord Waldegrave's account of the political contentions, and party-quarrels, to which he was an eye-witness, between the years 1754 and 1757, is tolerably convincing, that the great maxim of state which holds that "the king can do no wrong," is totally unconnected with any implied argument that he can do as he likes. We are not particularly partial to the character of George the Second, even sketched as it is in the most favourable colours by Lord Waldegrave in his Memoirs; yet, when we see him surrounded on every side by persons whom he actually disliked, and forced, as he was, to enter into confidential communications with members of his cabinet, whose good-will towards himself he had every reason to distrust, we are willing to give him credit for exhibiting quite as much philosophy as may be reasonably expected to lie "within the narrow circlet of a crown," in the following conversation with Lord Waldegrave, respecting the contradictions and vexations to which he was perpetually exposed.

"His Majesty heard every thing I said with great patience, and answered with some cheerfulness, that, according to my description, his situation was not much to be envied; but, he could assure me, it was infinitely more disagreeable than I had represented it. That he believed few princes had been exposed to such treatment; that we were angry because he was partial to his Electorate; though he desired nothing more to be done for Hanover than what we were bound in honour and justice to do for any country whatsoever, when it was exposed to danger entirely on our account.

"That we were indeed a very extraordinary people, continually talking of our constitution, laws, and liberty. That as to our constitution, he allowed it to be a good one; and defied any man to produce a single instance wherein he had exceeded his proper limits. That he never meant to screen or protect any servant who had done amiss; but still he had a right to choose those who were to serve him, though at present, so far from having an option, he was not even allowed a negative.

"That as to our laws, we passed near a hundred every session, which seemed made for no other purpose but to afford us the pleasure of breaking them; and as to our zeal for liberty, it was in itself highly commendable; but our notions must be somewhat singular, when the chief of the nobility chose rather to be the dependents and followers of a Duke of Newcastle, than to be the friends and counsellors of their sovereign.—P. 133.

We must subjoin the portrait of George II. if it be only to shew how exactly it corresponds with the traits of himself in the above-mentioned conversation.

"The King is in his 75th year; but temperance and an excellent constitution have hitherto preserved him from many of the infirmities of old age.

"He has a good understanding, though not of the first class; and has a clear insight into men and things, within a certain compass.

"He is accused by his ministers of being hasty and passionate when any measure is proposed which he does not approve of; though, within the compass of my own observation, I have known few persons of high rank who could bear contradiction better, provided the intention was apparently good, and the manner decent.

"When any thing disagreeable passes in the closet, when any of his ministers happen to displease him, it cannot long remain a secret; for his countenance can never dissemble: but to those servants who attend his person, and do not disturb him with frequent solicitations, he is ever gracious and affable.

"Even in the early part of life he was fond of business; at present it is become almost his only amusement.

"He has more knowledge of foreign affairs than most of his ministers, and has good general notions of the constitution, strength, and interest of this country: but being past thirty when the Hanover succession took place, and having since experienced the violence of party, the injustice of popular clamour, the corruption of parliaments, and the selfish motives of pretended patriots, it is not surprising that he should have contracted some prejudices in favour of those governments where the royal authority is under less restraint.

"Yet prudence has so far prevailed over these prejudices, that they have never influenced his conduct; on the contrary, many laws have been enacted in favour of public liberty; and in the course of a long reign, there has not been a single attempt to extend the prerogative of the crown beyond its proper limits.

"He has as much personal bravery as any man, though his political courage seems somewhat problematical: however, it is a fault on the right side; for had he always been as firm and undaunted in the closet as he shewed himself at Oudenarde and Dettingen, he might not have proved quite so good in this limited monarchy.

"In the drawing-room he is gracious and polite to the ladies, and remarkably cheerful and familiar with those who are handsome, or with the few of his old acquaintance who were beauties in his younger days.

"His conversation is very proper for a tête-à-tête: he then talks freely on most subjects, and very much to the purpose; but he cannot discourse with the same ease, nor has he the faculty of laying aside the king in a larger company—not even in those parties of pleasure which are composed of his most intimate acquaintance.

"His servants are never disturbed with any unnecessary waiting; for he is regular in all his motions to the greatest exactness, except on particular occasions; when he outruns his own orders, and expects those who are to attend him before the time of his appointment. This may easily be accounted for: he has a restless mind, which requires constant exercise; his affairs are not sufficient to fill up the day; his

amusements are without variety, and have lost their relish ; he becomes fretful and uneasy, merely for want of employment, and presses forward to meet the succeeding hour before it arrives.

" Too great attention to money seems to be his capital failing ; however, he is always just, and sometimes charitable, though seldom generous ; but when we consider how rarely the liberality of princes is directed to the proper object, being usually bestowed on a rapacious mistress or an unworthy favourite, want of generosity, though it still continues a blot, ceases, at least, to be a vice of the first magnitude.

" Upon the whole, he has some qualities of a great prince, many of a good one, none which are essentially bad ; and I am thoroughly convinced that hereafter, when time shall have worn away those specks and blemishes which sully the brightest characters, and from which no man is totally exempt, he will be numbered among those patriot kings, under whose government the people have enjoyed the greatest happiness."

The description of our late sovereign, when a young man, is not what those who have been accustomed to contemplate the active habits and valuable qualities of his riper years would exactly expect to find, or will delight to dwell upon ; we lay it before our readers, nevertheless, in order to prove the truth of Lord Waldegrave's own observation, that it would be unfair to decide upon character in the early stages of life, when there is so much time for improvement. At the time that Lord Waldegrave thus described his Royal Pupil, he was entering into his twenty-first year, and had been three years, nominally at least, under his lordship's care.

" His parts, though not excellent," says the noble author, " will be found very tolerable, if ever they are properly exercised.

" He is strictly honest, but wants that frank and open behaviour which makes honesty appear amiable.

" When he had a very scanty allowance, it was one of his favourite maxims, that men should be just before they are generous : his income is now very considerably augmented, but his generosity has not increased in equal proportion.

" His religion is free from all hypocrisy, but is not of the most charitable sort ; he has rather too much attention to the sins of his neighbour.

" He has spirit, but not of the active kind ; and does not want resolution, but it is mixed with too much obstinacy.

" He has great command of his passions, and will seldom do wrong, except when he mistakes wrong for right ; but as often as this shall happen, it will be difficult to undeceive him, because he is uncommonly indolent, and has strong prejudices.

" His want of application and aversion to business would be far less dangerous, was he eager in the pursuit of pleasure ; for the transition from pleasure to business, is both shorter and easier than from a state of total inaction.

" He has a kind of unhappiness in his temper, which, if it be not conquered before it has taken too deep a root, will be a source of fre-

quent anxiety. Whenever he is displeased, his anger does not break out with heat and violence; but he becomes sullen and silent, and retires to his closet; not to compose his mind by study or contemplation, but merely to indulge the melancholy enjoyment of his own ill-humour. Even when the fit is ended, unfavourable symptoms very frequently return, which indicate that on certain occasions his Royal Highness has too correct a memory.

"Though I have mentioned his good and bad qualities, without flattery, and without aggravation, allowances should still be made, on account of his youth, and his bad education: for though the Bishop of Peterborough, now Bishop of Salisbury*, the preceptor; Mr. Stone, the sub-governor; and Mr. Scott, the sub-preceptor, were men of sense, men of learning, and worthy good men, they had but little weight and influence. The mother and the nursery always prevailed."

That some change or other operated "greatly to his Royal Highness's advantage," will, we believe, be acknowledged by most who contrast the activity, the sincerity, the many virtues of our late beloved monarch, with this most unpromising portrait of him when Prince of Wales. It must be remembered, that Lord Waldegrave, notwithstanding the excellence of his character, and the suavity of his manners, was never a favourite with either the Princess of Wales or her son; probably from being the acknowledged one of the King: hence they treated him with a degree of injustice, which it was not in human nature entirely to forgive. He acknowledges himself, with a candour which does him honour, and secures him the confidence of his readers, that though he will advance no fact that is not strictly true, and does not mean to misinterpret any man, he will yet make no professions of impartiality, because he takes it for granted that it is not in his power to be quite unprejudiced: we may, therefore, reasonably suppose his delineation of the Prince of Wales to be one of the few instances, in which private feeling somewhat warped his otherwise dispassionate judgment. That he was not apt to suffer this to be the case, his impartial portraits of the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Fox, the Earl of Bute, and others, whom he politically and almost personally disliked, are sufficient and honourable proofs. Nor is his lordship less happy in grouping his figures, than in exhibiting them singly: in describing the agitations and intrigues attendant on a change of ministry, he brings them all into action; his relation of the passing events of his time possesses at once the vigour and the simplicity of truth, and cannot fail to interest, when we recollect that it comes from the pen of one, whose equable frame of mind left him at full liberty to notice the effects of prejudice and passion on the minds of others; who had discernment enough to trace actions to their motives, and integrity enough to describe those motives exactly in the light in which they appeared to him.

* Dr. John Thomas.

MONT BLANC.

(Continued from page 462.)

ON the whole, we amused ourselves so well, that the evening again surprised us before we were aware, and we were obliged to hasten our arrangements for the night. Having learned wisdom by experience, I now disposed myself with my head to the rock and my feet to the precipice; and though we were thus exceedingly cramped for room, and Dr. Hamel and myself shared the same knapsack for a pillow, yet, on the whole, I reposed much better. The evening of this day being also rainy, we reserved our fireworks for the following one, to celebrate our return; but about two o'clock in the morning we saw the stars through the apertures of our canvass, though the fog still seemed rising from the valley. We were thus kept in suspense until five o'clock, when the sun, silvering with its rays the summit of the mountain, appeared, as it were, to invite us onward. The guides were now eager to proceed, and our whole party shared in their ardour, with one exception. M. Sellique had passed a rather sleepless night, during which he had made it out completely to his own satisfaction, that a married man had a sacred and imperious call to prudence and caution where his own life seemed at all at stake; that he had done enough for glory in passing two nights, in succession, perched on a crag like an eagle; and that it now became him, like a sensible man, to return to Geneva, while return was yet possible. All our remonstrances proving ineffectual, though an allusion to his new barometer was not forgotten, we left him, with two of the guides, in possession of our tent at the Grand Mulet. These men were persuaded, much against their inclination, to forego the pleasure of continuing the ascent, and thus adding to their reputation as guides. Two of them who had never been on the summit, and who were, therefore, selected as more proper to remain, actually refused. These were Pierre Balmat and Auguste Tairray, whose names will appear again in the sequel.

Our party was now reduced to eleven, a number sufficiently large at this period of the ascent; and we set off again in much the same order as at first: the tent, however, and the ladder, with all the heavy baggage, were left behind. One blanket only was taken, which was to serve as a carpet during our halt for breakfast on the Grand Plateau*. We were clothed much warmer than on the first day, but yet so as not to encumber our

* A name bestowed upon the last of three level spaces, which succeed one another, after as many steep slopes, in the interval between the Grand Mulet and the Dôme de Gouté, the western shoulder of the mountain. Saussure slept on the second of these the second night of his ascent.

march. The head and neck were well secured, and we each carried a double veil of green crape, to be tied over our faces as soon as the sun should become troublesome. Almost all the danger was now considered as surmounted. The difficulty, it is true, increased with every step as we rose into a rarer atmosphere, and our path was occasionally very steep. The snow, however, was just of the right consistency, as we continued to mount the successive slopes. Perhaps, if any objection could be made, it was, that it was somewhat too soft; but this removed still further from us all idea of slipping while our feet had so firm a hold. The guides marched in front alternately, the first being, of course, the most laborious place, for we all trod precisely in the same steps, which thus soon became firm enough to support our weight without yielding.

At twenty minutes past eight we arrived at the Grand Plateau, where the rug was soon spread, and we were glad to repose for a few minutes. From this height we had a most magnificent view of the scenery below. The morning fog having been gradually dissolved, we now saw every thing with the utmost distinctness. Hitherto we had seen nothing beneath us but a tranquil sea of white clouds, pierced here and there by the summit of some elevated orag, which appeared like an island in the midst of the deep; but now the whole valley was thrown open to our sight. We had a distinct view of the Lake of Geneva and the heights beyond: while the ridge of the Jura bounded the panorama to the west. The Aiguille du Midi, which, during the early part of our ascent, had seemed to vie in height with Mont Blanc itself, now lay at our feet. The Dome de Gouté, on our right, was still a little above us; and we saw several avalanches, which had fallen from thence during the night. The summit of the mountain was before us, and to our experienced eyes promised us many a weary step to reach it. Indeed we now, for the first time, had a clear view of its enormous height, seeing it raise itself so far above all the neighbouring summits. We had not, as yet, suffered much from the difficulty of respiration, partly because we had addressed ourselves to the ascent with empty stomachs, and partly from the steady, deliberate step with which we continued to ascend. Though we felt no great appetite, yet, at the urgent intreaties of the guides, who assured us that we should feel it absolutely impossible to eat as we advanced higher up, we finished two more of the chickens. The lemonade proved much more acceptable, for we had now arrived at a high state of fever, and our thirst was incessant. Our spirits, however, were still good, and we sincerely pitied our timorous friend below, who, we doubted not, had long since repented of his resolution. About nine o'clock we resumed our march, with the expectation

of reaching the summit at half-past eleven, and without another regular halt.

The guides, David Couttet (brother to Joseph) and Pierre Carrier, were in front alternately, for the labour now became so great, that they were obliged to relieve one another perpetually. I followed second in the line, rarely so far behind as third; Dr. Hamel was in the rear of the party, and H—— about the middle. We were soon obliged to lower our green veils to shield us both from the cold wind and the glare of the sun upon the snow—in addition to which my companions had green spectacles. Perhaps the most impressive feature in our present situation was the perfect, and almost appalling silence, which prevailed. Even the buzzing of an insect would have been a relief. This, together with the absence of all traces of animal life (for we had seen no quadruped since the goats of the chalét, and not even a bird had appeared to remind us of the possibility of any aerial visitant), was something altogether new to us. On no former occasion had we ever found the idea of solitude brought so home to our imaginations, as when, amid these vast wastes, we felt ourselves shrink into comparative insignificance by the side of the stupendous objects in our view. We now also began to feel, rather painfully, the effect of the rarity of the air, being obliged to stop every five minutes to recover our breath; and in a short time we found even this too seldom, and three minutes' progress completely exhausted us. At these intervals we turned round, raised our veils, bent down our heads, and, leaning on our poles, absolutely gasped for breath for the space of half a minute. Before the minute had elapsed we were in a condition to proceed. Under these circumstances we advanced in complete silence, finding that we had no breath to spare, and that, in consequence of the rarity of the air, it required a great effort to make ourselves heard. The sky above us appeared of a very dark blue, almost approaching to black, while in the horizon it retained its ordinary appearance. Occasionally a slight drift of snow from the summit obliged us to turn our backs for a few moments; but on the whole, we found our progress, at this part of the ascent, easier than at any former period since we had embarked upon the snow. We were all, to quote Dr. Hamel's own words in the short account which he published, "full of hope and joy at seeing ourselves so near the end of our laborious journey. The glorious weather which prevailed, the awful stillness which reigned around, and the pure celestial air which we inhaled, gave birth in our souls to feelings which are never experienced in these lower regions."

After having proceeded an hour and a quarter according to our usual method, in a zig-zag course, in the direction of the

summit, and having at length reached the level of the Dome de Gouté, still at some distance on our right, we suddenly made an obtuse angle to the left, and thus leaving the Dome behind us, directed our course towards the eastern shoulder of the mountain, called by the guides the Mont Maudit. On our arrival there, we were to make one more bend to the right, and this last tack, to use a nautical phrase, would conduct us to the summit. In turning the corner of the Mont Maudit, we expected to incur some difficulty; but it was the last, the ascent from thence to the summit being very gradual. In encountering these *mauvais pas*, as the guides call them, recourse was to be had to the ropes, to attach ourselves together by threes in a party; but, as this passage was a work of five or ten minutes only, we did not anticipate much danger; or rather, it was hardly possible to think of danger, with the end of all our toils so full in our view. We were now scarcely 400 yards below the level of the summit, and expected to reach it in less than an hour. During our halt for breakfast, Dr. Hamel had prepared two billets, to be attached to the wings of the carrier-pigeon, as soon as we should have reached the summit. We were fearful that the great rarity of the air would prevent its supporting itself on the wing; and we were, at the same time, curious to see whether it would find its way back to Bonneville, a town which we had passed through between Geneva and St. Martin, where its mate was fruitlessly expecting it. We felt an interest in the fate of this poor animal, as well as in that of its companion the fowl, both of which had shared our provisions during the whole of the ascent, and afforded us considerable amusement by the way.* Their carriage was an old kettle on the back of one of the guides, having a hole in it, which served them for a window. Through this aperture they occasionally reconnoitred the country, or demanded food; but a gust of cold wind soon compelled them to withdraw their heads again. A bottle of our best wine had been reserved to drink on the summit to the health of the King and the Emperor Alexander, as well as to the memory of Saussure. H—— and myself, during a short absence of Dr. H. were even arranging between us the *etiquette* of precedence between the two monarchs, and calculating the possibility of a battle on that subject on the summit, in which case the odds were in our favour.

About twenty minutes after the change in our direction above alluded to, the difficulty of breathing gradually increasing, and our thirst being incessant, I was obliged to stop half a minute to arrange my veil; and the sun being at that moment partially

* They were both lost in the subsequent calamity.

concealed by a cloud, I tucked it up under the large straw hat which I wore. In this interval, my companion H—— and three of the guides passed me, so that I was now sixth in the line, and of course the centre man. H—— was next before me; and as it was the first time we had been so circumstanced during the whole morning, he remarked it, and said we ought to have one guide at least between us, in case of accident. This I overruled by referring him to the absence of all appearance of danger at that part of our march, to which he assented. I did not then attempt to recover my place in front, though the wish more than once crossed my mind, finding, perhaps, that my present one was much less laborious. To this apparently trivial circumstance I was indebted for my life. A few minutes after the above conversation, my veil being still up, and my eyes turned at intervals towards the summit of the mountain, which was on the right, as we were crossing obliquely the long slope above described, which was to conduct us to the Mont Maudit, the snow suddenly gave way beneath our feet, beginning at the head of the line, and carried us all down the slope to our left. I was thrown instantly off my feet, but was still on my knees and endeavouring to regain my footing, when, in a few seconds, the snow on our right, which was of course above us, rushed into the gap thus suddenly made, and completed the catastrophe by burying us all at once in its mass, and hurrying us downwards towards two crevasses about a furlong below us, and nearly parallel to the line of our march. The accumulation of snow instantly threw me backwards, and I was carried down, in spite of all my struggles. In less than a minute I emerged, partly from my own exertions, and partly because the velocity of the falling mass had subsided from its own friction. I was obliged to resign my pole in the struggle, feeling it forced out of my hand. A short time afterwards, I found it on the very brink of the crevasse. This had hitherto escaped our notice, from its being so far below us, and it was not until some time after the snow had settled, that I perceived it. At the moment of my emerging, I was so far from being alive to the danger of our situations, that on seeing my two companions at some distance below me, up to the waist in snow, and sitting motionless and silent, a jest was rising to my lips, till a second glance shewed me that, with the exception of Mathieu Balmat, they were the only remnants of the party visible. Two more, however, being those in the interval between myself and the rear of the party, having quickly reappeared, I was still inclined to treat the affair rather as a perplexing though ludicrous delay, in having sent us down so many hundred feet lower, than in the light of a serious accident, when Mathieu Balmat cried out that some of the party were lost, and pointed to the crevasse, which had hitherto

escaped our notice, into which, he said, they had fallen. A nearer view convinced us all of the sad truth. The three front guides, Pierre Carrier, Pierre Balmat, and Auguste Tairray, being where the slope was somewhat steeper, had been carried down with greater rapidity and to a greater distance, and had thus been hurried into the crevasse, with an immense mass of snow upon them, which rose nearly to the brink. Mathieu Balmat, who was fourth in the line, being a man of great muscular strength, as well as presence of mind, had suddenly thrust his pole into the firm snow beneath, when he felt himself going, which certainly checked, in some measure, the force of his fall. Our two hindmost guides were also missing, but we were soon gladdened by seeing them make their appearance, and cheered them with loud and repeated hurrahs. One of these, Julien Devouassoux, had been carried into the crevasse, where it was very narrow, and had been thrown with some violence against the opposite brink. He contrived to scramble out without assistance, at the expense of a trifling cut on the chin. The other, Joseph Marie Couttet, had been dragged out by his companions, quite senseless, and nearly black from the weight of snow which had been upon him. In a short time, however, he recovered. It was long before we could convince ourselves that the others were past hope, and we exhausted ourselves fruitlessly, for some time, in fathoming the loose snow with our poles. When the sad truth burst upon us, our feelings may, perhaps, be conceived, but cannot be expressed. The first reflection made involuntarily by each of us—"I have caused the death of those brave fellows," however it was afterwards over-ruled in our calmer moments, was then replete with unutterable distress. We were separated so far from one another by the accident, that we had some distance to come before we could unite our endeavours. The first few minutes, as may be readily imagined, were wasted in irregular and unsystematic attempts to recover them. At length, being thoroughly convinced, from the relative positions of the party when the accident happened, that the poor fellows were indeed in the crevasse, at the spot pointed out by Mathieu Balmat, the brother of one of them—in our opinion, only one thing remained to be done, and that was to venture down upon the snow which had fallen in, and, as a forlorn hope, to fathom its unknown depths with our poles. After having thus made every effort in our power for their recovery, we agreed to abandon the enterprise altogether, and return to the Grand Mulet. The guides having in vain attempted to divert us from our purpose, we returned to the crevasse, from which, during the consultation, we had separated ourselves to a short distance, and descended upon the new-fallen snow. Happily it did not give way beneath our weight.

Here we continued, above a quarter of an hour, to make every exertion in our power for the recovery of our poor comrades. After thrusting the poles in to their full length, we knelt down, and applied our mouth to the end, shouting along them, and then listening for an answer, in the fond hope that they might be still alive, sheltered by some projection of the icy walls of the crevasse; but, alas! all was silent as the grave, and we had too much reason to fear, that they were long since insensible, and probably at a vast depth beneath the snow on which we were standing. We could see no bottom to the gulf on each side of the pile of snow on which we stood; the sides of the crevasse were here, as in other places, solid ice, of a cerulean colour, and very beautiful to the eye. Two of the guides, our two leaders, had followed us mechanically to the spot, but could not be prevailed upon to make any attempts to search for the bodies. One of these soon proposed to us to continue the ascent. This was Marie Couttet, who had escaped so narrowly with his life; but Julien Devouassoux loudly protested against this, and resolutely refused to advance. Whether or not we could have prevailed on a sufficient number to accompany us to the summit, I cannot say; but we did not bring the point to trial, having now no room left in our minds for any other idea than that of the most bitter regret. I hardly know whether we should then have felt sufficient interest to lead us a hundred yards onwards, had that been the only remaining interval between us and the summit. Had we recovered our lost companions, I am sure the past danger would not have deterred us; but to advance under present circumstances, required other hearts than ours. I believe those who condemn us for having abandoned the enterprise when so near to its accomplishment, (and many have done so) refer all our reluctance to personal fear; but this is a charge from which we do not feel very anxious to clear ourselves. We had soon to encounter a much more serious imputation of an opposite character, that of undue rashness, in persisting in the ascent after the bad weather we had experienced. The best refutation of this charge may be seen in the *procès verbal*, held the following morning by the municipal officer, on occasion of the unhappy catastrophe. I was anxious to procure a copy of this important document before we left the Prieuré; but this being against custom, we made a similar application to the magistrate at Bonneville, the head-quarters of the district. He was obliging enough to forward a copy to each of us, to our address at Geneva. Had this arrived earlier, we should have been spared some very painful scenes in that city; where, by the industry of M. Sellique, some very injurious reports were soon in circulation against us. The reluctance expressed by the guides on our proposing to set off the pre-

ceding day, arose not so much from the danger they anticipated, as from a conviction that our object in the ascent would be defeated by the cloudiness of the weather. As the same wind continued, they anticipated rain, which would have incommoded us exceedingly; but on the third morning all their objections seemed at once to vanish, and they were all so eager to proceed, that, as was observed above, we found some difficulty in selecting two to remain behind at the Grand Mulet.

To return to our narrative. All our endeavours proving fruitless, we at length tore ourselves from the spot, towards which we continued to direct many a retrospective glance, in the vague hope of seeing our poor companions reappear, and commenced our melancholy descent. After a silent march of nearly three hours, which we performed not as before, in one unbroken line, but in detached parties, Dr. Hamel being at some distance behind and H—— in the front, we regained the Grand Mulet, where we found our tent just as we had left it in the morning. Here we met two guides, who were arrived from Chamounix, accompanied by two Frenchmen on a geological tour; they were desirous of joining our party, but on hearing the accident which had befallen us, preferred returning with us to Chamounix. As I was narrating the catastrophe to the party on the rock, one of them, in the warmth of his heart, caught me in his arms, and I was obliged to submit to a salute on both sides of the face, by way of congratulation. Though the day was now pretty far advanced, it being past three o'clock, yet we preferred continuing our descent. After a short halt, during which the guides packed up all the baggage, we once more put ourselves in motion, and addressed ourselves to the formidable task of descending the Grand Mulet. The guides promised us daylight sufficient to conduct us over all the *mauvais pas*, after which we might either take up with a shed and some straw at the chalét, or proceed to the hôtel at Chamounix, according as our strength and inclination should direct. Our mental excitement set us above all personal fear, and we apprehended lest this should be quickly succeeded by a nervousness, which might altogether incapacitate us for exertion. The commencement of the descent over the ridge being achieved with great caution, we soon proceeded pretty rapidly. One of the guides took the lead as usual. He was followed by one of ourselves, with a cord round his waist, which was held by the guide next in the line. By this arrangement, we were each between two guides, and the spikes in our heels gave us additional confidence in treading. M. Sellique had set off on his return as soon as we were out of sight in the morning. The two guides who had arrived with our new acquaintances the Frenchmen, had met him with his two guides in the passage of the glacier,

which both these parties contrived to cross without the aid of the ladder, which remained all the time as the main rafter of our tent above. Nothing remarkable occurred during our rapid descent to the chalêt, excepting that we found a young chamois in the glacier, which appeared to have made a fruitless endeavour to cross it, and lost its life by a fall. Our thirst continued as violent as ever, and we drank every five minutes at the delicious drippings of the glacier. Ever since breakfast we had been in a high state of fever, which our mental agitation had no doubt much increased. Dr. Hamel's pulse was at 128 in the minute, and H——'s and mine were probably at nearly the same height.

We reached the chalêt about seven, where we refreshed ourselves with some milk and wild strawberries. Our new companions, having ascended from this spot in the morning, were now quite exhausted, and remained here for the night. We preferred continuing the descent, though in the dark, by a track which reminded me strongly of a night-march in the Pyrenees, and about nine o'clock arrived at the hotel. Mathieu Balmat had got the start of us about ten minutes, and we found a large party of women loudly bewailing the fate of the unhappy sufferers. We shut ourselves up immediately, not being in a situation to bear company. We found at the hotel some Oxford friends, who arrived on the evening of the day of our ascent, in the midst of the thunder-storm, and were much alarmed at seeing our names in the travellers' book. During the day before they had observed us on the Grand Mulet, and that very morning had seen us on our way to the Grand Plateau. They ascertained our number to be eleven, and a few hours afterwards saw us return with only eight in the party. They even took notice that the two or three last were perpetually stopping and looking behind them. From these signs, the landlord of the hotel anticipated the melancholy tidings first brought by poor Balmat.

The next morning we sent for the relatives of the deceased. Fortunately neither of them was married, but Carrier had left an aged father, who had been wholly dependent on him for support. We left with him what we could spare; and at Geneva a subscription was soon opened for them, under the auspices of the amiable Professor Pictet, who generously exerted himself in their behalf. Our meeting with old Balmat was the most affecting of all. He had been one of Saussure's guides, and was brother to the hero surnamed Mont Blanc. On my commending the bravery of his poor son Pierre, the tears started into his eyes, which kindled for a moment at the compliment, and he grasped my hand with ardour as he replied "*Oui Monsieur, vous avez raison, il étoit même trop brave, comme son père.*" The officer soon attended to conduct the procès verbal. He

was the brother of our host, and noways inclined to abate any thing of the respect due to his office. He dictated from his seat, while his amanuensis wrote. He was a great stickler for grammatical accuracy, and there was a long discussion about the respective claims of an indicative and subjunctive mood, during which he laid down the law with the most ludicrous gravity and self-importance. Dr. Hamel and three of the guides were examined upon oath as to the cause of the misfortune. They all agreed in referring it solely to accident. About two o'clock we set off on our return for Chamounix in two sharabands, and we were glad to recognize in one of the drivers our late captain, Joseph Marie Couttet, who had thrown off his chasseur's pelisse, and now appeared in the costume of postilion. Our parting with the inhabitants of the village was truly affecting. The sympathy which we could not help displaying in the grief of the surviving relatives had won all their honest hearts, and many pressed round our sharabands for the pleasure of wishing us a safe and happy return to England. We slept, as before, at St. Martin, and the following day arrived at Geneva.

I will add a few words in explanation of the immediate cause of the accident. We were taken so completely unawares, and so speedily buried in the snow, that it is no great wonder that our accounts do not in all points agree. Dr. Hamel, according to his own account, besides the impediment of his veil and spectacles, was wholly engrossed in counting his own steps. He was last in the line, and at some distance from the rest; and the suddenness of the accident made him suppose it produced by an avalanche from the summit of the mountain. H—— had the same idea, and accordingly made some abortive attempts to get out of the way, by following the descent of the slope. This probably, united with his subsequent self-abandonment to the force of the snow, caused his being carried down so much nearer the crevasse than myself, who, from the very short distance between us, should have emerged about the same spot. The following, I believe, is the most correct statement of the process of the misfortune. During two or three days a pretty strong southerly wind had prevailed, which, drifting gradually a mass of snow from the summit, had caused it to form a sort of wreath on the northern side, where the angle of its inclination to the horizon was small enough to allow it to settle. In the course of the preceding night, that had frozen, but not so hard as to bear our weight. Accordingly, in crossing the slope obliquely, as above described, with the summit on our right, we broke through the outer crust, and sank in nearly up to the knees. At the moment of the accident a crack had been formed quite across the wreath; this caused the lower part to slide down under our weight on the smooth slope of snow beneath it, and the upper part of the wreath, thus bereft of its support, followed it in a few

seconds, and was the grand contributor to the calamity. The angle of the slope, a few minutes before the accident, was only 28° . Here, perhaps, it was somewhat greater, and in the extreme front probably greatest of all, since the snow fell there with greater velocity, and to a greater distance. Should any one be induced to make another attempt to reach the summit by the same route, he should either cross the slope below the crevasse, and then having passed it by a ladder, mount in zig-zag towards the Mont Maudit; or the party should proceed in parallel lines, and not trust all their weight to a surface, which, whenever a southerly wind prevails, must be exposed to a similar danger. All such plans as that of fastening themselves together with a rope would be utterly useless, besides the insupportable fatigue which this method of proceeding would occasion, as will at once be acknowledged by all who have made the experiment. This plan answers well enough in the descent, and when two or three only are united by the rope; but in other circumstances it would utterly fail. At the moment of the accident, Pierre Carrier, on every circumstance connected with whom I still feel a melancholy pleasure in dwelling, was at the head of the line, and Pierre Balmat, who, as well as his immediate follower and partner in the misfortune, Auguste Tairray, was making his first ascent, was second. Couttet had been on the summit five or six times, and was then, as well as his brother David, in the rear of the party. The behaviour of all the guides on occasion of the accident was such, perhaps, as might be expected from men thrown on a sudden completely out of their reckoning:—their presence of mind, for some minutes, seemed utterly to abandon them, and they walked to and fro uttering cries of despair. The conduct of poor Mathieu Balmat was most heart-rending to witness:—after some frantic gestures of despair, he threw himself on the snow, where he sat for a time in sullen silence, rejecting all our kind offices with a sort of irritation which made it painful to approach him. But this did not last long; he suffered me to lead him a few paces at the commencement of the descent, and then suddenly shaking himself, as if from a load, he adjusted the straps of his knapsack, and resumed his wonted firmness. At times he even chimed in with the conversation of the rest with apparent unconcern; but I observed a sort of convulsion occasionally pass across him, from which he relieved himself by the same gesture of shaking his head and throwing it backwards. It is remarkable, that, from the commencement of the descent until our arrival at the Grand Mulet, he attached himself to my friend H—, and adjusted his steps with the same assiduity as if he had been unengrossed by personal suffering.

Joseph Marie Couttet, who from his former military habits had acquired probably a familiarity with death, betrayed, as we thought, something approaching to insensibility on the occa-

sion.* He was, as has been observed, very near sharing the fate of the poor sufferers, and perhaps this very circumstance made him jealous of displaying too much feeling on the occasion. Yet, on his taking leave of me the following day, he exhibited so much warmth of regret, that I was affected almost to tears. His brother, David Couttet, another of the guides, was equally intrepid, and I believe was the means of preserving my life during the descent, in the passage of the glacier. My feet had slipped from under me, and I had rolled to the edge of a crevasse, when I felt myself suddenly arrested on its very brink by the cord around my waist, which allowed me time to recover myself.

The minute details respecting the guides, with which I have interspersed this narrative, will not, I feel persuaded, be deemed impertinent by those who have ever been acquainted with this highly interesting race of men. There is about them all an honest frankness of character, united with a simple though courteous behaviour, and an almost tender solicitude about the safety and comfort of those committed to their guidance, which cannot fail to make a lasting impression on those who have once known them. The delight which they testify at finding the traveller surmount difficulties, and the looks of congratulation and encouragement which they every now and then direct towards him, contribute highly to keep up his spirit, which else might perhaps desert him at some important crisis. The principal of them are well known and appreciated at Geneva; and the reader will not therefore feel much wonder at the strong feeling which prevailed against us on our return thither. Our former companion had found it necessary to his own credit, to exaggerate exceedingly the apparent danger of proceeding higher; and it must be allowed that his account, supported as it was by the subsequent disaster, possessed strong claims upon the faith of his audience. I am happy, however, to add, that in a very few days this erroneous impression was completely done away with, and ample justice was rendered by all to the conduct of Dr. Hamel, who had been the most obnoxious to their censure, both from his being considered the leader of the party, and from his well-known ardour in similar undertakings.

We suffered very little in our persons from the sharp air of the mountain, in consequence of the precautions we had taken, though violent inflammation of the face and eyes, and even temporary blindness, have sometimes been the result. We felt a slight relaxation of strength for a day or two, and our lips con-

* He had formerly served in the Chasseurs à cheval in the French service, an honour which he duly appreciated. I cannot omit his laconic answer to a question proposed to him by one of the party, on the state of his mind during his rapid descent under the snow:—"Ma foi, j'ai dit à moi-même C'est fini—je suis perdu—voilà tout."

tinued very sore for some weeks. We referred this to our neglect of a prohibition of the guides against eating snow during the ascent of the third day. Our thirst, proceeding as it did from fever, was not allayed for above a minute by the grateful coolness of the application; yet we could not be prevented from repeating it perpetually. I have reason to think, that had we abstained from the snow of the mountain, and the champagne of St. Martin on the following evening, we should have been spared even the annoyance of sore lips. To those who make a similar attempt this may prove a useful hint—to abstain from any inflammatory diet for a few days afterwards.*

WALKS IN THE GARDEN.—NO. I.

Heureux qui dans le sein de ses Dieux domestiques,
Se derobe au fracas des tempêtes publiques,
Et dans un doux abri, trompant tous les regards,
Cultive ses jardins, les vertus, et les arts.

DE LILLE.

A GENTLE fertilizing shower has just fallen—the light clouds are breaking away—a rainbow is exhibiting itself half athwart the horizon, as the sun shoots forth its rays with renewed splendour, and the reader is invited to choose the auspicious moment, and accompany the writer into his garden. He will not exclaim with Dr. Darwin,

“Stay your rude steps! whose throbbing breasts unfold
The legion fiends of glory or of gold;”—

but he would warn from his humble premises all those who have magnificent notions upon the subject; who despise the paltry pretensions of a bare acre of ground scarcely out of the smoke of London, and require grandeur of extent and expense before they will condescend to be interested. To such he would recommend the perusal of Spence's translation from the Jesuits' Letters, giving an account of the Chinese emperor's pleasure-ground, which contained 200 palaces, besides as many contiguous for the eunuchs, all gilt, painted, and varnished; in whose enclosure were raised hills from twenty to sixty feet high; streams and lakes, one of the latter five miles round; serpentine bridges, with triumphal arches at each end; undulating colonnades; and in the centre of the fantastic paradise a square town, each side a mile long.—Or they may recreate their fancies with the stupendous hanging gardens of Babylon—a subject which no living imagina-

* The scientific reader, who will probably rise disappointed from the perusal of this article, may be referred to a pamphlet composed immediately after the ascent by Dr. Hamel, which has already been translated in one or two magazines, and to Saussure's own account of his ascent in 1787. I would likewise point out to the general reader a highly interesting review of the former of these articles, which appeared in the *British Critic* for November 1820.

tion could perfectly embody and depict, unless it be his who has lately realized upon canvass such a glorious conception of Belshazzar's feast.—Or he may peruse Sir William Temple's description of a perfect garden, with its equilateral parterres, fountains, and statues, "so necessary to break the effect of large grass-plots, which, he thinks, have an ill effect upon the eye;" its four quarters regularly divided by gravel walks, with statues at the intersections; its terraces, stone flights of steps, cloisters covered with lead, and all the formal filigree-work of the French and Dutch schools.—If the reader be a lover of poetry, let him forget for a moment, if he can, the fine taste and splendid diction of Milton, in describing the Garden of Eden, the happy abode of our first parents—

"——From that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon,
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy, rural seat of various view."—

Let him also banish from his recollection the far-famed garden of Alcinous, which however, as Walpole justly observes, after being divested of Homer's harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, was a small orchard and vineyard, with some beds of herbs, and two fountains that watered them, enclosed within a quickset-hedge, and its whole compass only four acres. Such was the rural magnificence which was in that age deemed an appropriate appendage to a palace with brazen walls and columns of silver.—Modern times, however, have shewn us how much may be accomplished in a small space. Pope, with the assistance of Lord Peterborough, "to form his quincunx, and to rank his vines," contrived to impart every variety of scenery to a spot of five acres; and might not, perhaps, have been insincere when he declared, that of all his works, he was most proud of his garden.—But a truce to these deprecations and dallyings with our own modesty: the breezes are up, the sky is cloudless; let us sally forth, and indulge in the associations and chit-chat suggested by the first objects that we encounter.

This border is entirely planted with evergreens, so benignantly contrived by nature for refreshing us with their summer verdure and cheerfulness, amid the sterility and gloom of winter. This with its graceful form, dark-green hue, and substantial texture, is the prickly-leaved *Phillyræa*, said to have been first brought

into Europe by the Argonauts, from the island of the same name in the Pontus Euxinus. From the river Phasis in Colchis, these voyagers are reported to have first introduced pheasants, though many writers contend that the whole expedition was fabulous, and that all the bright imaginings and poetical embellishments lavished upon the Golden Fleece, resolve themselves into the simple and not very dignified fact of spreading sheep-skins across the torrents that flowed from Mount Caucasus, to arrest the particles of gold brought down by the waters. Our own crusades, however irrational their object, were attended with many beneficial results, not only introducing us to the knowledge of Saracenic architecture, but supplying our European gardens with many of the choicest Oriental productions. While we are on the subject of the crusades, let us not omit to notice this *Planta Genista*, or broom, said to have been adopted in those wars as a heraldic bearing, and ultimately to have furnished a name to our noble English family the Plantagenets. Next to it is the *Arbutus*, the most graceful and beautiful of all plants, and nearly singular in bearing its flowers and strawberry-like fruit at the same time, although the florets be but the germ of the next year's fruit. Virgil seems to have been very partial to this elegant shrub. By its side is a small plant of that particular *Ilex*, or holm oak, on which, in the south of Europe, more especially in Crete, are found those little insects, or worms, called *kermes*, whence a brilliant scarlet dye is extracted, and which are so rapidly reproduced, that they often afford two crops in a year. From these small worms the French have derived the word *vermeil*, and we our vermilion, though the term is a misnomer, as the genuine vermilion is a mineral preparation. The Juniper-tree need not detain us long, now that its berries are no longer used for flavouring gin, the distillers substituting for that purpose oil of turpentine, which, though it nearly resembles the berries in flavour, possesses none of their valuable qualities. Box and *Arbor vitæ*, those treasures of our ancient gardeners, may also exclaim that their occupation is nearly gone, since the taste for verdant sculpture is exploded, and giants, animals, monsters, coats of arms, and peacocks, no longer startle us at every turn*. Yews also, which, from their being so easily tonsile, were invaluable for forming mazes, now only retain their station in our church-yards, where they were originally ordered to be planted

* This false taste, however, may boast the sanction of a most classical age. Pliny, in the description of his Tuscan Villa, might be supposed to be portraying some of the worst specimens of the art of gardening which our own country exhibited in King William's time, dwelling, with apparent pleasure, on box-trees cut into monsters, animals, letters, and the names of the master and artificer; with the usual appendages of slopes, terraces, water-spouts, rectangular walks, and the regular alternations by which "half the garden just reflects the other."

by law, that, upon occasion, their tough branches might afford a ready supply of bows. But this Laurel cannot be so easily dismissed; it is literally and truly an evergreen, for classical associations assure to it an imperishable youth and freshness. Into this tree was Daphne metamorphosed when she fled from Apollo in the vale of Tempe; with these leaves did the enamoured god bind his brows, and decree that it should be for ever sacred to his divinity, since when, as all true poets believe, it has been an infallible preservative against lightning;—and from tufted bowers of this plant did the Delphic girls rush out upon Mount Parnassus, when with music, dancing, and enthusiastic hymns, they celebrated the festival of the god of day. A wreath of laurel was the noblest reward to which virtue and ambition aspired, before the world became venal, and fell down to worship the golden calf. Cæsar wore his, it is said, to hide a defect; and our modern kings have little better plea for their crowns, from the Tartar dandy down to Ferdinand the embroiderer. Yonder is the *Laurus*, or bay-tree, a garland of whose leaves was deemed their noblest recompense by ancient poets; but our modern Laureates, not even content with the addition of a hundred pounds and a butt of sack, must have pensions and snug little sinecures besides. Virgil places Anchises in Elysium, in a grove of sweet-scented bays. Those three shrubs planted close together are the Privet, and two varieties of Holly, so placed that their black, yellow, and red berries might be intermixed:—the Mistletoe, with its transparent pearls, would have formed a beautiful addition; but it is a parasite, and requires larger trees to support it. On new year's day the ancient Druids went out to seek this plant with hymns, ceremonies, and rejoicings, distributing it again among the people as something sacred and auspicious.

Two or three hundred years since this young plant, which has only lately been added to the garden, may become a majestic Cypress: it is of very slow growth, and still slower decay, on which account the ancients used it for the statues of their gods. The gates of St. Peter's church at Rome, made of this wood, had lasted, from the time of Constantine, eleven hundred years, as fresh as new, when Pope Eugenius IV. ordered gates of brass in their stead. Some will have it that the wood gophir, of which Noah's ark was made, was cypress. Plato preferred it to brass for writing his laws on; the Athenians, according to Thucydides, buried their heroes in coffins of this wood, and many of the Egyptian mummy chests are found of the same material. The beautiful youth who killed Apollo's favourite stag, was metamorphosed into this tree.—Those taller trees at the back of the plantation are Firs and Pines, sacred in the olden time to Pan. Unacquainted with brandy, the ancients used to tap these trees for a species of turpentine to fortify and preserve their wines,

whence the Bacchanalian Thyrsus was always terminated with a fir cone. Our garden cannot boast a single Pinaster; but there is a noble one on the lawn of the Episcopal Palace at Fulham, whence these large flakes of smooth bark were lately peeled off, and, by subdividing them into thin laminæ, they may be written on like so many sheets of paper, without the smallest preparation. For this purpose they were used by the ancients, who also formed a papyrus from the bark of the mulberry-tree, whence the Latin word *liber* signified both the bark of a tree, and a book; and the term *folium*, a leaf, was on the same account equally applied to both. From *liber* comes *libellus*, a little book; and hence have we derived our Libel law, with all its difficulties and anomalous inflictions. Who would have thought that, amid all the delightful associations of our garden, the Attorney General would have popped his gown and wig upon our thoughts from behind the peaceful bark of a pine?

Leaving these evergreens, let us for a moment take a seat beneath this beautiful Plane, a tree which was brought originally from the Levant to Rome, and formed such a favourite decoration in the villas of her greatest orators and statesmen, that we read of their irrigating them with wine instead of water. Pliny affirms, that no tree defends more effectually from the heat of the sun in summer, nor admits its rays more kindly in the winter. Its introduction into England is generally ascribed to Lord Bacon, who planted a noble parcel of them at Verulam. Nor can I gaze through its branches upon the blue benignant heavens, without participating that enthusiasm of natural religion, by which Bacon himself was actuated, when he occasionally walked forth in a gentle shower without any covering on his head, in order, as he said, that he might feel the spirit of the universe descending upon him. Mention is made of a plane-tree growing at a villa of the Emperor Caligula, whose hollow trunk was capacious enough to contain ten or twelve persons at dinner, with their attendants; but the most celebrated upon record is that, with which Xerxes was so much smitten, that he halted his whole army for some days to admire it; collecting the jewels of his whole court to adorn it; neglecting all the concerns of his grand expedition, while he passionately addressed it as his mistress, his minion, his goddess; and, when he finally tore himself away, causing a representation of it to be stamped on a gold medal, which he continually wore about his neck.

Some interesting reflections will be suggested by the mere nomenclature of plants, if we attend to a few of the more common sorts, as we stray along the borders, and through the green-house. This little elegant flower, with its hoar and dark green leaves and golden crown, has had two sponsors, having first been honoured with the name of Parthenis, imparted to it

by the Virgin Goddess, until Artemisia, the wife of Mausolus, adopted it, and ordered that it should bear her own. The columns, and obelisks, and towers of the far-famed mausoleum built by this queen have gradually crumbled, until they have become so effectually mingled with the dust, that even the site of one of the wonders of the world is utterly unknown; while this fragile flower, immutable and immortal, continues precisely the same as when her youthful fingers first pruned its leaves in the windows of her palace. In this Teucrium, or tree germander, we recognize the name of King Teucer, who first introduced it among his Phrygian subjects, as well as the worship of Cybele, and the dances of the Corybantes. Black Hellebore, or melampodium, is not very inviting in its associations, if we merely consider its dangerous qualities; but it possesses an historical interest, when we recollect, that with this plant Melampus cured the mad daughters of King Prætus, and received the eldest in marriage for his reward. Euphorbia commemorates the physician of Juba, a Moorish prince; and Gentiana immortalizes a King of Illyria.* These references might be extended among ancient names to the end of our walk; but we will now advert to a few of the more modern derivations. Tournefort gave to this scarlet jasmine the name of Bignonia, in honour of Abbot Bignon, Librarian to Louis XIV. The Browallia demissa and elata record a botanist of humble origin, who afterwards became Bishop of Upsal; and the French, by a Greek pun upon Buonaparte's name, introduced a Calomeria into their botanical catalogue, although it has now probably changed its name with the dynasty. Linnæus, in his *Critica Botanica*, has, in several instances, drawn a fanciful analogy between botanists and their appropriate plants; but as it might be tedious to go more minutely into this subject, the reader can refer to the same authority from which we have already quoted.

Other motives than the natural and laudable one of commemorating distinguished botanists, have sometimes influenced the bestowal of names upon plants, and satire and irony have occasionally intruded themselves into the sanctuary of science. "Buffonia tenuifolia is well known to be a satire on the slender botanical pretensions of the great French zoologist; as the *Hillia parasitica* of Jacquin, though perhaps not meant, is an equally just one upon our pompous Sir John Hill. I mean not to approve of such satires. They stain the purity of our lovely science. If a botanist does not deserve commemoration, let him sink peaceably into oblivion. It savours of malignity to make his crown a crown of thorns; and if the application be unjust, it is truly diabolical."†

* See Smith's Introduction to Botany, p. 374.

† Ibid. p. 382.

But see! this *Convolvulus* begins to shut up its flowers, a sure indication of approaching rain; and the *Calendula pluvialis*, commonly called the poor man's weather-glass, has already closed its petals in anticipation of an April shower. These barometers of nature are seldom mistaken; the big drops are already falling around us;—run, run, let us seek the shelter of the house, and at our next walk we will take the opposite side of the garden, in the hope of gleaning some reflections from its variegated borders.

H.

STANZAS,

EXCITED BY SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE PRESENT STATE
OF GREECE.

GREECE! glorious Greece! what art thou but a name?

The echo of a cataract gone by?

The once victorious voice of all thy fame,

Which awed the world, now trembles in a sigh;

And I will sing thy glory's lullaby—

For I have loved thee, Greece,—and o'er the lyre

Faintly and sadly shall my fingers fly—

The mournful cadence dies upon the wire,

And on the desolate winds, those melodies expire!

Yes! I have loved thee—and my youthful soul

Hath wildly dreamt of glory, and of thee—

Burst the proud links of man's severe controul,

And sprung to sojourn with the great and free!

Oh! who would not thy vot'ry, Græcia, be?

And I have hung upon th' enchanted page

Entranced,—and wept thy fallen liberty—

Till my breast thrill'd with all the patriot's rage,

And soar'd aloft, to greet the hero, poet, sage.

Where art thou, Athens, and what art thou now?

Thy spirit even, exalted land, is free!—

Though wither'd, yet the *laurel* shades thy brow—

The desolate all that now remains of thee,

Mother of arts, and arms, and liberty!

A lovely corse, encircled by a wreath

Of faded flowers, my heart alone can see—

And I will love thee, though despoil'd of breath,

For thou art beauteous, Græcia, e'en in death!

E. B. B.

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENTS.

NO. II.

AUTOMATA.

WE now pursue the account referred to in our last (page 418). "The room where the automaton chess-player is at present exhibited, has an inner apartment, within which appears the figure of a Turk, as large as life, dressed after the Turkish fashion, sitting behind a chest of three feet and a half in length, two feet in breadth, and two feet and a half in height, to which it is attached by the wooden seat on which it sits. The chest is placed upon four castors, and, together with the figure, may be easily moved to any part of the room. On the plain surface formed by the top of the chest, in the centre, is a raised immovable chess-board of handsome dimensions, upon which the figure has its eyes fixed; its right arm and hand being extended on the chest, and its left arm somewhat raised, as if in the attitude of holding a Turkish pipe, which originally was placed in its hand.

"The exhibitor begins by wheeling the chest to the entrance of the apartment within which it stands, and in face of the spectators. He then opens certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front and two at the back; at the same time pulling out a long shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest, made to contain the chess-men, a cushion for the arm of the figure to rest upon, and some counters. Two lesser doors, and a green cloth screen, contrived in the body of the figure and its lower parts, are likewise opened, and the Turkish robe which covers them is raised; *so that the construction, both of the figure and chest, internally, is displayed.* In this state the automaton is moved round for the examination of the spectators: and, to banish all suspicion from the most sceptical mind, that any living subject is concealed within any part of it, the exhibitor introduces a lighted candle into the body of the chest and figure, by which the interior of the chest is, in a great measure, rendered transparent, and the most secret corner is shown. Here it may be observed, that the same precaution to remove suspicion is used, if requested, at the close, as at the commencement, of a game of chess with the automaton.

"The chest is divided, by a partition, into two unequal chambers. That to the right of the figure is the narrowest, and occupies scarcely one third of the body of the chest. It is filled with little wheels, levers, cylinders, and other machinery used in clock-work. That to the left contains a few wheels, some small barrels with springs, and two quarters of a circle placed horizontally. The body and lower parts of the figure contain certain tubes, which seem to be conductors to the machinery.

After a sufficient time, during which each spectator may satisfy his scruples and his curiosity, the exhibitor recloses the doors of the chest and figure, and the drawer at the bottom ; makes some arrangements in the body of the figure, winds up the works with a key inserted into a small opening on the side of the chest, places a cushion under the left arm of the figure, which now rests upon it, and invites any individual present to play a game of chess."

"At the commencement of a game, the automaton moves its head, as if taking a view of the board ; the same motion occurs at the close of a game. In making a move, it slowly raises its left arm from the cushion placed under it, and directs it toward the square of the piece to be moved. Its hands and fingers open on touching the piece, which it takes up, and conveys to any proposed square. The arm then returns with a natural motion to the cushion upon which it usually rests. In taking a piece, the automaton makes the same motions of the arm and hand to lay hold of the piece, which it conveys from the board ; and then returning to its own piece, it takes it up, and places it on the vacant square."*

His motions have an air of great dignity and composure. On giving check to the king, he moves his head as a signal. When a false move is made, as if to puzzle him, he taps with his right hand on the chest, replaces the piece wrongly moved, and proceeds to take the due advantage of moving a piece of his own. At other times he will tap on the chest for his adversary to move ; and at the close of the game he bows gracefully round to the company.

It is a remarkable, and somewhat suspicious circumstance, that neither the present proprietor of this automaton (in a pamphlet circulated by him on this subject), nor the Oxford graduate, from whose observations we have abridged the above account of his performances, takes any notice of the attempted solution of them by Mr. Collinson, a correspondent of Dr. Hutton's, to whom we have before alluded. In the same letter† in

* "Observations," &c. by an Oxford Graduate, 8vo. 1819.

† We subjoin that part of the letter which relates to this subject—

"Turning over the leaves of your late valuable publication, Part I. of the Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary, I observed, under the article "AUTOMATON," the following—'But all these seem inferior to M. Kempelin's chess-player, which may truly be considered as the greatest master-piece in mechanics that ever appeared in the world.' So it certainly would have been, had its scientific movements depended merely on mechanism. Being slightly acquainted with M. Kempelin, when he exhibited his chess-playing figure in London, I called on him, about five years since, at his house in Vienna ; another gentleman and myself being then on a tour on the Continent. The baron (for I think he is such) shewed me some working models, which he had lately made. Among them, an improvement on Arkwright's cotton-mill, and also one which he thought an improvement of Bolton and Watt's last steam-engine. I asked him after a piece of speaking mechanism, which he had shewn me when in London.

which this gentleman describes the automaton inventions of the Droz family, he speaks of a pamphlet presented to him at Dresden, which affirms the whole phenomena to be produced by human agency; a conjecture which is confirmed by a writer in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia. A well-taught boy is said to be partly concealed in the ample drapery of our automaton's lower limbs, and partly in the commode on which the chess-board is placed. He cannot be seen when the doors are opened, we are told, "because his legs and thighs are then concealed in two hollow cylinders, which appear designed to support the wheels and levers, the rest of the body being at that moment out of the commode, and hid in the drapery of the automaton. When the doors of the commode are shut, the clacks which are heard by the turning of a rounce, permit the dwarf to change his place, and re-enter the commode without being heard; and while the machine is rolled about to different parts of the room, to prove that it is perfectly detached, the dwarf has an opportunity of shutting the trap through which he has passed. The drapery of the automaton is then lifted up, and the interior part of the body is shewn, to convince the spectators that all is fair, and the whole terminates, to their great astonishment, and in the illusion that an effect is produced by simple machinery, which can only arise from a well-ordered head."* This writer proceeds to conjecture that the chess-board is semi-transparent, so as at once to conceal the party within, and afford him sufficient light to perceive the moves of his antagonist, which are met by an interior lever, governing the arm of the automaton, on the principles of the pantograph.

With these accounts of the chess-player very distinctly in his mind, and an extract of the supposed method of concealing the dwarf or boy, in his pocket, the writer of this paper went

It spoke as before, and I gave the same word as when I before saw it, *exploitation*, which it distinctly pronounced with the French accent. But I particularly noticed, that not a word passed about the chess-player, and, of course, I did not ask to see it. In the progress of the tour I came to Dresden, where, becoming acquainted with Mr. Eden, our envoy there, by means of a letter given me by his brother, Lord Auckland, who was ambassador when I was at Madrid, he accordingly accompanied me in seeing several things worthy of my attention; and he introduced my companion and myself to a gentleman of rank and talents, named Joseph Freideric Freyhere, who seems completely to have discovered the vitality and soul of the chess-playing figure. This gentleman courteously presented me with the treatise he had published, dated at Dresden, Sept. 30, 1789, explaining its principles, accompanied with curious plates, neatly coloured. This treatise is in the German language, and I hope soon to get a translation of it. *A well-taught boy, very thin and small of his age, sufficiently so that he could be concealed in a drawer, almost immediately under the chess-board, agitated the whole.* This discovery at Dresden accounts for the silence about it at Vienna; for I understood, by Mr. Eden, that Mr. Freyhere had sent a copy of it to Baron Kempelin, though he seems unwilling to acknowledge that Mr. F. has completely analyzed the whole."—HUTTON'S *Mathematical Dictionary, Supplement*.

* Article "ANDROIDES," Brewster's Encyclopædia.

with some friends, a few months ago, to visit, and, if possible, to play at chess with the automaton. His engagements, however, were far too numerous for the writer to obtain that honour on this occasion. Some slight changes had taken place in the manner of exhibiting the automaton (compared with the account of the Oxford graduate): having, therefore, avowed to the proprietor, that his object was to obtain a scientific knowledge of his proceedings, as far as it could be done with propriety, the writer took memoranda of what passed.

From a door in a canvass screen the automaton and commode were wheeled out at the time appointed, and the figure was made to face the company. Then the inferior chamber of the commode (occupying about one-third of its dimensions) was opened *before and behind*, when a taper was held by the proprietor in such a situation, as to throw a full light through the machinery that occupied *this* part of it. He now closed and locked the doors of this chamber, opened the drawer, and took out the men and cushion, as described by the Oxford graduate; after which, he opened the larger chamber of the commode in front, and put the taper through the front door within it. Perhaps one-sixth, or one-eighth of this chamber, was occupied by machinery; the rest was a perfect cavity, lined with green baize. He now shut and locked these doors; then wheeled the commode round, opened and took up the drapery of the figure, and exhibited the body, partly occupied by machinery, and partly left with imperfect imitations of the prominent parts, to the shoulders. The drapery was then carefully pulled down, and the figure wheeled round, so as again to front the spectators, before whom it played a masterly and successful game.

The conviction of the writer and his friends (with the figure before them) was, that the concealment of a small thin boy or dwarf was *barely possible*. The larger chamber would contain him, and that chamber never was opened from behind, nor at the same time that the back of the figure was exposed; while it is observable that the inferior chamber *had* the light of a taper thrown through it. So that it appeared a practicable contrivance that a boy should be concealed in the drapery while the commode was opened, and in the commode while the figure was exposed.

Under these impressions, the writer addressed a letter to the proprietor, in which he stated, that having, with his friends, been highly gratified by the wonderful powers of the automaton chess-player, and intending to communicate the result of his investigation to the public, which must, if satisfactory, prove extremely creditable to the invention,—he requested leave to visit the exhibition, (accompanied by two or three scientific friends and probably in the presence of a member of the Royal Family) in

order to see a game played by the figure, with the doors of the commode open; his object being merely to ascertain the impossibility of any human intervention, and not in any degree to inspect the machinery;—but to this application a polite negative was returned, declining any other than the ordinary public exposure of the machine.* We must therefore leave the question of human agency still undecided, and pass on to the mention of another of M. de Kempelin's ingenious inventions.

"On what do you think M. de Kempelin is at present employed?" says M. de Wendisch, in a letter to a friend on the pursuits of that gentleman, in 1783 †—"on a machine that talks! Acknowledge that he must be gifted with a creative genius bold and invincible, to undertake a project of this kind; and will it be believed that he has every reason to hope for complete success? He has already succeeded so far as to prove the possibility of such a machine, and to deserve, on the part of the learned, that they should dedicate their attention to this new and hitherto unknown invention.

"His machine answers, clearly and distinctly enough, several questions. The voice is sweet and agreeable; there is but the letter R which it pronounces lispingly, and with a certain harshness. When its answer is not understood, it repeats it slower; and if required to speak a third time, it repeats it again, but in a tone of impatience and vexation. I have heard it pronounce, in different languages, very well and very distinctly, the following words and phrases:—'Papa,' 'Mama,' 'My wife,' 'My husband,' 'A-propos,' 'Marianne,' 'Rome,' 'Madam,' 'The Queen,' 'The King,' 'At Paris,' 'Come,' 'Mama loves me,' 'My wife is my friend.'"—This writer then speaks of the machine being at

* Since writing the above, we have seen "An Attempt to analyse the Automaton Chess Player of M. De Kempelin," Lond. 1821. The anonymous author is sanguine enough to add, "With an easy Method of imitating the movements of that celebrated Figure."

The solution of these movements here offered to the public, is so far similar to our own, as that the writer confidently ascribes them to the concealed presence of a living agent. Five lithographic plates illustrate his supposed mode of operation. But this tract suggests, that the operator is introduced into the body of the automaton; that he sees the chess-board, while playing, "through the waistcoat, as easily as through a veil;" and that his left hand actually fills the sleeve of the figure, moving the fingers "with a string." (Surely, to make this sort of agency complete, the chess-player might have been furnished with gloves!)

The author ingeniously finds a space at the back of the drawer, not heretofore noticed, which would relieve the legs of a concealed person. He also makes some pertinent remarks on the illusion which is probably practised on the spectator in the winding-up of the machinery, the ticking of clock-work that is heard, &c. We still imagine, however, that the dimensions of the chest would afford no room for the concealment of a figure that could thus direct the arm; and are certain no such figure could rise out of it into that part of the body supposed, as we saw it displayed in London. A youth coiled up in the commode would much more "easily" play the game. The whole chest is but two feet and a half high, three feet long, and two feet in breadth.

† Bossut's History of the Mathematics.

that time nothing more than a square box, to which was affixed a pair of organ-bellows ; and that, at each answer of this *non-descript* speaker, the inventor put his hand under a curtain that covered it, to touch, apparently, the springs that produced the articulation.

It appears to have been M. Kempelin's design to give to this automaton the form of a child of five or six years of age, as the voice which he produced was that of this period of life. He, however, exhibited it in an unfinished state ; and we have not been able to learn to what figure it was finally adapted. The narrative of his proceedings in accomplishing what he did effect, and which we abridge from a curious treatise of his, "*On the Mechanism of Speech*," appears to us to be amongst the most interesting and useful of all the automatical details. Our modern removers of impediments in speech may work wonders, perhaps, by looking into his artificial jaws !

The first object of M. Kempelin, though upon what ground he reasoned we cannot imagine, was the production of the vowel sounds, rather than those of any of the consonant, which he hardly expected to be able to combine with them. He investigated the affinity between the sound of various instruments and the human voice ; and between the use of the artificial reed-stop, or *voce humana*, (which has sometimes been applied to the natural organs) and the general functions of the glottis. To the honour of our Northern countrymen, after exhausting his patience on qualifying and combining bassoon with clarinet reeds, those of hautboys, &c., he found the reed of the Highland bagpipe to furnish the best practical *basis* of his attempts, and sounds approximating the nearest to the harmony divine of human speech !

He now conceived that the fundamental powers of the voice were in A, the sound of which vowel he easily produced by combining the reed with a tube and a pair of organ-bellows ; but beyond this he could not proceed, until it occurred to him that the organ of developing the sounds desired, demanded his principal attention. He divided, therefore, a deep elliptical box into two parts, which shut upon each other with a hinge, in the manner of the human jaws, connecting his tube with the back of it, and carefully varying their opening and manner of action until he could command the sounds of O, OU, and E. Year after year was devoted to this instrument, we are told ; but I, or the German U, refused to obey his call. K, L, M, and P, however, rewarded his efforts ; when he attempted to form the letters he had obtained into syllabic combinations and words. Here an almost insuperable difficulty occurred ; the sounds of the letters would not flow into each other without a clatter or pause. If too slowly enunciated, they would seem like a child repeating

his alphabet, and have no resemblance to the word intended ; and if the tube was too rapidly supplied, it would produce a catching gust of air in the mouth, which interrupted every letter with the sound of K. An aspirating sound following that of the consonants, was also very troublesome to overcome. In the beginning of the third year of his labour, he could execute, pretty accurately, the words Papa, Mama, Aula, Lama, Mulo. The sounds of most of the other consonants were ultimately obtained. P, K, and T, required the greatest quantity of air, we are told ; and the whole machine about six times the quantity of the human lungs. But the two latter consonants, with D and G, were always imperfectly articulated. Some of his best sentences were, *Romanorum Imperator semper Augustus. Leopoldus Secundus. Vous êtes mon ami. Je, vous aime de tout mon cœur.*

M. De Kempelin finally perfected, 1. Nostrils, which he found of great importance in articulation, and which consisted of two tin tubes, communicating at bottom with the mouth. 2. The mouth, made of elastic gum, and of a bell form, so contrived that the sounds of the reed issued immediately from it, and connected with the air-chest by a tin tube, which kept it always full of air. 3. The air-chest, which was of an oblong shape, and received at one end the voice-pipe containing the reed, and at the other the bellows-pipe, both closed round with leather. In this chest were contained two inferior ones, each having a valve at the top closed by a spring, and a round aperture adapted to receive through the side of the larger chest a tin funnel, and a round wooden tube, which produced the hissing sounds of CH, J, S, and Z. The voice-pipe entered the larger chest between the two smaller ones. 4. The bellows, answering the purpose of lungs, and which acted in the ordinary manner of those belonging to an organ. 5. The reed, which was in imitation of a bagpipe drone, the hollow portion being square, and the tongue of it formed of thin ivory, vibrating horizontally, to produce the various sounds. The square end was inserted, as we have noticed, in the air-chest. Along the upper side of the tongue was a moveable spring, which slightly bent it inward ; and the part on which it fell was covered with leather, to modulate the vibrations. The sounds were more acute as the spring acted toward the outer extremity of the tongue, which was then more rapid in its motions ; as it was withdrawn from this part, the vibrations were slower, and the sounds more grave.

The name of M. Maillardet, a Swiss artist of modern celebrity, is the only one that merits association with that of De Kempelin. He has executed two or three celebrated figures, with whose exploits we must "close this strange eventful history."

One of these is a Lady at her piano-forte. She executes eighteen tunes by the actual pressure of her fingers on the keys ; and while all the natural notes are thus performed, her feet play

the flats and sharps by means of pedals. The instrument, in fact, may be correctly called an organ, as it is mainly moved by bellows; to bring which into proper action is the one important object of the machinery. The whole is impelled by six strong springs, acting on twenty-five communicating levers, and regulated and equalized by a brass fly. The interior of the instrument is, of course, very complicated and minute in its mechanism, which requires to be wound up once an hour. Before commencing a tune, the lady bows her head to the auditors; she is apparently agitated with an anxiety and diffidence, not always felt in real life; her eyes then seem intent on the notes, her bosom heaves, and at a distance it is impossible to discover any semblance of a work of art.

A Magician, that has sometimes accompanied this musical lady, is also a considerable triumph of mechanical skill. He sits at the bottom of a wall, with a long wand in his right hand, and a book in his left. Questions inscribed on thin oval counters, twenty in number, are put into the spectator's hand, who is desired to inclose one or more of them in a drawer, which shuts with a spring. A medallion, for instance, has the question, *What is the most universal passion?* which being put into the drawer, the figure rises with a solemn gait, bows his head, draws a circle or two with his wand, consults his book, and lifts it toward his face, as if in meditation. He then strikes with his wand on the wall above his hand, when two folding-doors open, and discover the inscription *Love*, as the reply. The counters are remarkably thin, and similar in all other respects but their inscriptions, which some of them bear on both sides: certainly the mechanism that can discriminate the one from the other, must be exquisite; and mechanism alone, we have the highest authority for believing, it is.*

M. Maillardet's Writing-boy is hardly less meritorious. He is exhibited kneeling on one knee, and an attendant having dipped his pencil and laid the paper before him, he executes drawings, and French and English sentences, in writing, of a very superior description. Every natural motion of the fingers, elbow, eyes, &c. is correctly imitated.

The first of these figures the artist stated to have cost him the sum of 1500*l.* in its construction.

We have now placed before the reader as complete an account of the most celebrated automata, as the limits of our publication will admit. We believe no remarkable contrivance of this kind has escaped our notice; and as we reminded him of some visionary speculations on the powers of man in the commencement of our sketch, is it too much to ask him for one serious reflection, at the close, upon the wisdom of that Almighty Architect, by

* See the article "ANDROIDES," in Brewster's Encyclopedia, before alluded to.

whom we are so fearfully, so wonderfully, so inimitably made? Without any speculation on the *possible* powers of man, or the *tendency* of his habits and impulses on a large and hypothetical scale, let the entire muscular action of a single youthful arm, in striking a shuttlecock, be perfectly imitated by him, and we could consent to resign to the artist the government of our share of the world!

SONNET ON VISITING DONNINGTON CASTLE,

Said to have been the latest residence of Chaucer, and celebrated for its resistance to the Army of the Parliament during the Civil Wars.

OH for some gentle spirit to surround,
 With clinging ivy, thy high-seated towers,
 Fair Donnington, and wipe from Chaucer's bowers
 The last rude touch of woe! All sight, all sound
 Of the old strife, boon Nature from the ground
 Hath banish'd. Here the trench no longer lours,
 But, like a bosky dell, bedeck'd with flowers,
 And garlanded with May, sinks dimpling round,
 A very spot for youthful poet's dreams
 In the prime hour: Grisildis' mournful lay,
 The " * half-told " tale, would sound still sweeter here.
 Oh for some hand to hide with ivy spray
 War's ravages, and chase the jarring themes
 Of King and State, Roundhead and Cavalier! M.

SONNET WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

FAREWELL, dear haunts of childhood's happy hours,
 The hallow'd Ruin†, and the moss-clad Tree‡,
 Whose boughs of yore form'd Wolsey's canopy
 When fortune frown'd. Adieu, ye greenwood bowers—
 Ye pleasant meads, adorn'd with innocent flowers,
 Scenes of my youth—ye bloom not now for me;
 No more may I your smiling verdure see,
 For fell disease my spirit overpowers.
 Like a faint pilgrim at some distant shrine,
 Foreworn by travel in the tedious way,
 At that dread hour his soul for home doth pine,
 When feeble nature sinks in deep decay—
 Oh! might he *there* his parting breath resign,
 Where life began—but Death brooks no delay.

J. P.

* "Or call up him, who left half told

The story of Cambuscan bold," &c.—MILTON, *Il Penseroso*.

† The Ruins of Cawood Castle, Yorkshire, formerly the Archbishopal seat of the Sec of York.

‡ A large chesnut-tree of great antiquity, which is still standing in Cawood Castle garth. The writer of this heard the late Archbishop Markham observe, that Wolsey used frequently to sit beneath its shade, to ruminate on and lament his disgraceful fall. Wolsey retired to Cawood after his fall, and was there arrested for high treason by the Earl of Northumberland.

A CALL TO THE BAR.

MR. EDITOR,—Your correspondent E. R. in his pleasant paper on the antiquities of the Temple, appears to me scarcely to have done justice to its later dwellers. He has touched but lightly on the grandeur of the Middle Temple Hall, and on the high festivities which are holden within its walls on the call of any of its students to the bar. These things I esteem worthy of more honourable mention; and shall, therefore, with your permission, state my own recollections of them, now softened and deepened by years.

I can never, indeed, forget the feelings with which I was filled on my first entrance into that princely room to which I have alluded. The vastness of its area, the majesty of its proportions, its noble rough-hewn roof, the collected emblems of all those who have there first glowed with generous ambition, and who have added to the most select associations connected with its walls, at once expanded and awed my heart. I felt on the instant an embryo chancellor, and yet the spirit of worldly ambition was strangely softened by the sense of dim antiquity, of the transitoriness of wealth and honours, of the gentle fading away of the "roses of flowers" of those who, by long toils and anxious struggles, carved out for themselves armorial bearings and a pompous sepulchre. So deep was the first impression, that it was some time before I felt any disposition more minutely to examine the decorations of the hall. But when I did so, I found nothing which tended to dissipate or weaken the first great crowd of emotions which were awakened within me. Across the eastern side I found a noble skreen, carved with curious images of antique delicacy and grace. At the upper end a raised platform of oak formed a noble terrace, which terminated at both extremities in recesses. In the southern of these was a painted window overlooking the river, and almost embowered by the venerable trees of the small garden of the Middle Temple, where I almost imagined myself transported to the lone tower of some castellated pile in the inmost regions of romance, and expected to hear the distant roar of artillery, or the lover's lute trembling mournfully on the waters. Over the raised platform was a series of pictures, of which the fine portrait of Charles the First, by Vandyck, was the principal; and far above these, a small pictured window half covered with a curtain of crimson, through which the sun shed the loveliest of roseate hues. At that moment I confess that I missed not the "armed footstep," or the clashing of swords; but, anticipating a series of holier battles for freedom and for justice, exclaimed triumphantly to myself "I too am a Templar."

Those were happy days when I first began to "keep terms" for the bar. Life was then young with me, the season of trial at a distance; and I joyously anticipated those struggles which I still had so long to dream on. I anticipated the dinner-hour with more eagerness than an epicure; for then I was to sit beneath that antique roof, to unfold all my heart to my next neighbour, to see a friend in every face, and to feel the spirit of other days breathing around me. The Irish students were, for the most part, my chosen companions. To their side of the hall I repaired with willing steps. They were more lively and more eloquent—more open to the impulses of the moment—and therefore far more pleasant in temporary intercourse than the students from the English colleges. Many a happy hour have I spent in the society of some of them, whose names I never knew, but who were delightful journeyers with me one brief and gentle stage of life's pilgrimage, and who left behind them, as they passed away one after another, many bright thoughts and cordial witticisms, and snatches of sentiment, for which I shall ever be their debtor. I have loved to fancy them going forward in a course of prosperity and honour in their own generous and unhappy land, while I, in a more fortunate sphere, have resigned hopes for myself, with which my heart overflowed when I was accustomed to meet them.

A Call to the Bar is, however, the great occasion on which the hospitality of the olden time is most nobly revived within the hall of the Middle Temple. The festivities of the other inns of court at this season are very inferior to these in cordiality and comfort. At Lincoln's Inn they are absolutely dreary, and in the Inner Temple too indiscriminate and boisterous. But where there is a large assemblage in the Middle Temple of hearty and ardent spirits, who regard the course which their associate is just entering with mingled anxiety and hope, the general feeling is peculiarly delicious. It is the season long anticipated with trembling hope, and to be remembered for ever after. And it is well to have this pause and resting-place of life sweetened to the memory by the sense of friendly greeting and social joy. Never indeed is the spirit of convivial delight more intense than in moments which are really important—when the past and future are felt on the instant—when tender recollection and tremulous expectation are busy at the heart—and the adventurer snatches a giddy joy from time and from fortune. The world may frown on his wishes, but the cordial pressure of congratulating hands will not be forgotten. The very kindness which would give its finest relish to success, affords him assurance of something which will be untouched by failure. The warm impulse sent into his heart will long invigorate him, and send him on his way rejoicing.

The first half-hour, perhaps, after dinner may be chequered rather by legal conceits and modestly-insinuated puns, than by the expressions of real and deep emotion. There is a certain reserve about Englishmen, which leads them, when conscious of profound enthusiasm, to shun expressing it for a while, and to play with trifles on the surface, rather than to open the depths of the soul. The jests of lawyers are too often precise and technical; and, at the best, have a certain logical air about them, which deprives wit of half its charm. But the time soon comes for those happiest sallies which "will not be remembered." The guests seated around the vast charcoal fire, which casts its broad red glare over them amidst the vast obscurity of the hall, begin to feel the antiquity of the scene strangely heightening their sense of pleasure. The wine seems to have a patriarchal flavour, and to smack of the eldest time. The quickened fancy follows the uncertain light which quivers over the grand irregularities of the roof, and half embodies images of fear in strange sport, and tenderly smiles at its own inventions. The most ardent reformer feels a gentle pity as he turns to the countenance of the kingly martyr, now lighted up with a melancholy smile. The eye rapidly glances over the long lines of escutcheons, and half seems to revive the old hopes and fluttering anxieties of those whose success they designate, because the living are not enough for the enkindled sympathy. And perhaps, to give a holy finish to the enjoyment, far above through the painted window the calm light of the moon appears with a soft green hue, sobering the pleasure with a snatch of calm delight, like a tongue or islet of clear water amidst a rushing stream, which reflects some dainty bit of foliage, or some glory-tinted cloud of the heavens.

The songs, whether they are well or ill sung, are among the choicest pleasures of the evening. They bring the mirth to one focus, and give to the pervading sentiment one expression. But the very speeches made on these occasions, though not the wisest part of the entertainment, nor the most welcome, are entitled to indulgence and esteem. They are of the heart hearty. I would rather at any time be the speaker at his worst, than the sneerer at his wittiest. Towards the end of the evening you may see, perchance, some excellent spirit addressing a small and scattered party--caring nothing for the thinness of his audience--yet trying to wave the hand and raise the voice, which hardly obey their master. Such a one (and such I have known!) seems to me no unworthy successor of "the invincible knights of old;" nor, with all my respect for them, do I desire better company.

I have myself long left the profession, but I delight to recur to these its early scenes. I will not repine while these recollections last. When I revisit the old hall, I am as young as the

best in the presence of such antiquity, and bid, with Sheridan, a gay defiance to fortune :---

“ Half her malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.”

Wishing better success to “ E. R.” and all his companions,
I remain,

Mr. Editor, your’s,

AN OLD TEMPLAR.

LETTER II.

Seville — 1798.

TO A. D. C. ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR—Your letter, acquainting me with Lady ——’s desire that you should take an active part in our correspondence on Spain, has increased my hopes of carrying on a work, which I feared would soon grow no less tiresome to our friend than to me. Objects which blend themselves with our daily habits are most apt to elude our observation ; and will, like some dreams, fleet away through the mind, unless an accidental word or thought should set attention on the fast-fading track of their course. Nothing, therefore, can be of greater use to me than your queries, or help me so much as your observations.

You must excuse, however, my declining to give you a sketch of the national character of the Spaniards. I have always considered such descriptions as absolutely unmeaning—a mere assemblage of antitheses, where good and bad qualities are contrasted for effect, and with little foundation in nature. No man’s powers of observation can be, at once, so accurate and extensive, so minute and generalizing, as to be capable of embodying the peculiar features of millions into an abstract being, which shall contain traces of them all. Yet this is what most travellers attempt after a few weeks’ residence—what we are accustomed to expect from the time that a Geographical Grammar was first put into our hands. I shall not, therefore, attempt either abstraction or classification, but endeavour to collect as many facts as may enable others to perceive the general tendency of the civil and religious state of my country, and to judge of its influence on the improvement or degradation of this portion of mankind, independently of the endless modifications which arise from the circumstances, external and internal, of every individual. I will not overlook, however, the great divisions of society, and shall therefore acquaint you with the chief sources of distinction which both law and custom have established among us.

The most comprehensive division of the people of Spain is that of *nobles* and *plebeians*. But I must caution you against a mis-

taken notion which these words are apt to convey to an Englishman. In Spain, any person whose family, either by immemorial prescription, or by the king's patent, is entitled to exemption from some burdens, and to the enjoyment of certain privileges, belongs to the class of nobility. It appears to me that this distinction originated in the allotment of a certain portion of ground in towns conquered from the Moors. In some patents of nobility—I cannot say whether they are all alike—the king, after an enumeration of the privileges and exemptions to which he raises the family, adds the general clause, that they shall be considered, in all respects, as *Hidalgos de casa y solar conocido*—*Hidalgos*, i. e. nobles (for the words are become synonymous) of a known family and *ground-plot*. Many of the exemptions attached to this class of Franklins, or inferior nobility, have been withdrawn in our times, not, however, without a distinct recognition of the *rank* of such as could claim them before the amendment of the law. But still a Spanish gentleman, or *Cavallero*—a name which expresses the privileged gentry in all its numerous and undefined gradations—cannot be ballotted for the militia; and none but an *Hidalgo* can enter the army as a cadet. In the routine of promotion, ten cadets, I believe, must receive a commission before a serjeant can have his turn—and even that is often passed over. Such as are fortunate enough to be raised from the ranks can seldom escape the reserve and slight of their prouder fellow-officers; and the common appellation of *Pinos*—pine-trees—alluding, probably, to the height required in a serjeant, like that of *freedman*, among the Romans, implies a stain which the first situations in the army cannot completely obliterate.

Noblesse, as I shall call it, to avoid an equivocal term, descends from the father to all his male children, for ever. But though a female cannot transmit this privilege to her issue, her being the daughter of an *Hidalgo*, is of absolute necessity to constitute what, in the language of the country, is called a *nobleman on four sides*—*noble de quatro costados*: that is, a man whose parents, their parents, and their parents' parents, belonged to the privileged class. None but these *square noblemen* can receive the order of knighthood. But we are fallen on degenerate times, and I could name many a knight in this town who has been furnished with more than one *corner* by the dexterity of the *notaries*, who act as secretaries in collecting and drawing up the proofs and documents required on these occasions.

There exists another distinction of blood, which, I think, is peculiar to Spain, and to which the mass of the people are so blindly attached, that the meanest peasant looks upon the want of it as a source of misery and degradation, which he is doomed to transmit to his latest posterity. The least mixture of African, Indian, Moorish, or Jewish blood, taints a whole family to the

most distant generation. Nor does the knowledge of such a fact die away in the course of years, or become unnoticed from the obscurity and humbleness of the parties. Not a child in this populous city is ignorant that a family, who, beyond the memory of man, have kept a confectioner's shop in the central part of the town, had one of their ancestors punished by the Inquisition for a relapse into Judaism. I well recollect how, when a boy, I often passed that way, scarcely venturing to cast a side glance on a pretty young woman who constantly attended the shop, for fear, as I said to myself, of shaming her. A person free from tainted blood is defined by law, "an old Christian, clean from all bad race and stain." *Christiano viejo, limpio de toda mala raza, y mancha.* The severity of this law, or rather of the public opinion enforcing it, shuts out its victims from every employment in church or state, and gives them an exclusion even from the *Fraternities*, or religious associations, which are otherwise open to persons of the lowest ranks. I verily believe that, were St. Peter a Spaniard, he would either deny admittance to people of tainted blood, or send them to a retired corner, where they might not offend the eyes of the *old Christians*. But, alas! what has been said of laws—and I believe it true in most countries, ancient and modern, except England—that they are like cobwebs, which entrap the weak, and yield to the strong and bold, is equally, and perhaps more generally applicable to public opinion. It is a fact, that many of the *grandees*, and the titled *noblesse* of this country, derive a large portion of their blood from Jews and Moriscoes. Their pedigree has been traced up to those cankered branches in a manuscript book, which neither the influence of Government, nor the terrors of the Inquisition, have been able to suppress completely. It is called *Tizon de Espana*—"the Brand of Spain." But wealth and power have set opinion at defiance; and while a poor industrious man, humbled by feelings not unlike those of an Indian *Paria*, will hardly venture to salute his neighbour, because, forsooth, his fourth or fifth ancestor fell into the hands of the Inquisition for declining to eat pork—the proud grandee, perhaps a nearer descendant of the Patriarchs, will think himself degraded by marrying the first gentlewoman in the kingdom, unless she brings him *a hat*, in addition to the six or eight which he may be already entitled to wear before the king. But this requires some explanation.

The highest privilege of a grandee is that of covering his head before the king. Hence, by two or more *hats* in a family, it is meant that it has a right, by inheritance, to as many titles of grandeeship. Pride having confined the grandees to intermarriages in their own *caste*, and the estates and titles being inheritable by females, an enormous accumulation of property and honours has been made in a few hands. The chief aim of every

family is constantly to increase this preposterous accumulation. Their children are married, by dispensation, in their infancy, to some great heir or heiress; and such is the multitude of family names and titles which every grandee claims and uses, that if you should see a simple passport given by the Spanish Ambassador in London, when he happens to be a member of the ancient Spanish families, you will find the whole first page of a large foolscap sheet employed merely to tell you who the great man is whose signature is to close the whole. As far as vanity alone is concerned, this ambitious display of rank and parentage might, at this time of day, be dismissed with a smile. But there lurks a more serious evil in the absurd and invidious system so studiously preserved by our first nobility. Surrounded by their own dependants, and avoided by the gentry, who are seldom disposed for an intercourse, in which a sense of inferiority prevails, few of the grandees are exempt from the natural consequences of such a life—gross ignorance, intolerable conceit, and sometimes, though seldom, a strong dose of vulgarity. I would, however, be just, and by no means tax individuals with every vice of the class. But I believe I speak the prevalent sense of the country upon this point. The grandees have degraded themselves by their slavish behaviour at Court, and incurred great odium by their intolerable airs abroad. They have ruined their estates by mismanagement and extravagance, and impoverished the country by the neglect of their immense possessions. Should there be a revolution in this country, wounded pride, and party-spirit, would deny them the proper share of power in the constitution, to which their lands, their ancient rights, and their remaining influence, entitle them. Thus excluded from their chief and peculiar duty of keeping the balance of power between the throne and the people, the Spanish grandees will not only prove a burden to the nation, but will be ready, at any time, to join the crown in crushing the popular party. But woe to them if the lion-cub should grow up untamed and insulted, and they standing within his grasp, as tempting and as helpless as a fatted calf, while hunger and strength are his counsellors!

Would to Heaven that an opportunity presented itself for remodelling our constitution after the only political system which has been sanctioned by the experience of ages—I mean your own. We have nearly the same elements in existence; and low and degraded as we are by the baneful influence of despotism, we might yet, by a proper combination of our political forces, lay down the basis of a permanent and improvable free constitution. But I greatly fear that we have been too long in chains, to make the best use of the first moments of liberty. Perhaps the crown, as well as the classes of grandees and bishops, will be suffered to exist, for want of power in the popular party; but they will be made worse than useless through mere neglect and jealousy. I am neither a

tory nor a bigot; nor am I enditing a prophetic elegy on the diminished glories of crowns, coronets, and mitres. A levelling spirit I detest indeed, and from my heart do I abhor every sort of spoliation. Many years, however, must pass, and strange events take place, before any such evils can threaten this country. Spanish despotism is not of that insulting and irritating nature which drives a whole people to madness. It is not the despotism of the task-master whose lash sows vengeance in the hearts of his slaves. It is the cautious forecast of the husbandman who mutilates the cattle, whose strength he fears. The degraded animal grows up, unconscious of the injury, and after a short training, one might think, he comes at last to love the yoke. Such, I believe, is our state. Taxes, among us, are rather ill-contrived than grinding; and millions of the lower classes are not aware of the share they contribute. They all love their king, however they may dislike the exciseman. Seigniorial rights are hardly in existence; and both gentry and peasantry find little to remind them of the exorbitant power which the improvident and slothful life of the grandees, at court, allow to lie dormant and wasting in their hands.

The majority of the nation are more inclined to despise than to hate them; and though few men would lift up a finger to support their rights, fewer still would imitate the French in carrying fire and sword to their mansions. For bishops and their spiritual power *Juan Espanol** has as greedy and capacious a stomach, as *John Bull* for roast beef and ale. One single class of people feel galled and restless, and that, unfortunately, neither is, nor can be numerous in this country. The class I mean consists of such as are able to perceive the encroachments of tyranny on their intellectual rights—whose pride of mind, and consciousness of mental strength cause them to groan and fret, daily and hourly, under the necessity of keeping within the miry and crooked paths to which ignorance and superstition have confined the active souls of the Spaniards. But these, compared with the bulk of the nation, are but a mere handful. Yet, they may, under favourable circumstances, recruit and augment their forces with the ambitious of all classes. They will have, at first, to disguise their views, to conceal their favourite doctrines, and even to cherish those national prejudices, which, were their real views known, would crush them to atoms. The mass of the people may acquiesce for a time in the new order of things, partly from a vague desire of change and improvement, partly from the passive political habits which a dull and deadening despotism has bred and rooted in the course of ages. The army may cast the decisive weight of the sword on the popular side of the balance, as long as it suits their views. But if the

* A name denoting the plain unsophisticated Spaniard.

church and the great nobility are neglected in the distribution of legislative power—if, instead of alluring them into the path of liberty with the sweet bait of *constitutional* influence, they are only alarmed for their rights and privileges, without a hope of compensation, they may be shovelled and heaped aside, like a mountain of dead and inert sand; but they will stand, in their massive and ponderous indolence, ready to slide down at every moment, and to bury the small active party below, upon the least division of strength. A house, or chamber of peers, composed of *grandees* in their own right—that is, not, as is done at present, by the transfer of one of the titles accumulated in the same family—of the bishops, and of a certain number of law lords regularly chosen from the supreme court of judicature—a measure of the greatest importance to discourage the distinction of *blood*, which is, perhaps, the worst evil in the present state of the great Spanish nobility—might, indeed, check the work of reformation to a slower pace than accords with the natural eagerness of a popular party. But the legislative body would possess a regulator within itself, which would faithfully mark the gradual capacity for improvement in the nation. The members of the privileged chamber would be themselves improved and enlightened by the exercise of constitutional power, and the pervading influence of public discussion: while, should they be overlooked in any future attempt at a free constitution, they will, like a diseased and neglected limb, spread infection over the whole body, or, at last, expose it to the hazard of a bloody and dangerous amputation. But it is time to return to our *Hidalgos*.

As the *Hidalguia* branches out through every male whose father enjoys that privilege, Spain is overrun with *gentry*, who earn their living in the meanest employments. The province of *Asturias* having afforded shelter to that small portion of the nation which preserved the Spanish name and throne against the efforts of the conquering Arabs, there is hardly a native of that mountainous tract, who, even at this day, cannot shew a legal title to honours and immunities gained by his ancestors at a time when every soldier had either a share in the territory recovered from the invaders, or was rewarded with a perpetual exemption from such taxes and services as fell exclusively upon the *simple** peasantry. The numerous claimants to these privileges among the *Asturians* of the present day lead me to think that in the earliest times of the Spanish monarchy every soldier was raised to the rank of a Franklin. But circumstances are strangely changed. *Astu-*

* My friend Don Leucadio, it should seem, learned this sense of the word *simple* when he visited Scotland. *Gentle* and *simple*, as I find in those inexhaustible sources of intellectual delight, the Novels by the author of *Waverley*, are used by the Scottish peasants in the same manner as *Noble*, y *Llano* (plain or simple) by the Spaniards.

rias is one of the poorest provinces of Spain, and the noble inhabitants having, for the most part, inherited no other patrimony from their ancestors than a strong muscular frame, are compelled to make the best of it among the more feeble tribes of the south. In this capital of Andalusia they have, literally, engrossed the employments of watermen, porters, and footmen. Those belonging to the two first classes are formed into a *fraternity*, whose members have a right to the exclusive use of a chapel in the cathedral. The privilege which they value most, however, is that of affording the twenty stoutest among them to convey the moveable stage on which the consecrated host is paraded in public, on *Corpus Christi* day, enshrined in a small temple of massive silver. The bearers are concealed behind the rich gold-cloth hangings, which reach to the ground from the four sides of the stage. The weight of the whole machine is enormous; yet these twenty men bear it on the hind part of the head and neck, moving with such astonishing ease and regularity, as if the motion arose from the impulse of steam, or some steady mechanical power.

While these *Gentlemen Hidalgos* are employed in such ungente services, though the law allows them the exemptions of their class, public opinion confines them to their natural level. The only chance for any of these disguised *noblemen* to be publicly treated with due honour and deference is, unfortunately, one for which they feel an unconquerable aversion—that of being delivered into the rude hands of a Spanish *Jack Ketch*. We had here, about two years ago, an instance of this, which I shall relate, as being highly characteristic of our national prejudices in point of blood.

A gang of five banditti was taken within the jurisdiction of this *Audiencia*, or chief court of justice, one of whom, though born and brought up among the lowest ranks of society, was, by family, an *Hidalgo*, and had some relations among the better class of gentlemen. I believe the name of the unfortunate man was *Herrera*, and that he was a native of a town about thirty English miles from Seville, called *el Arahal*. But I have not, at present, the means of ascertaining the accuracy of these particulars. After lingering, as usual, four or five years in prison, these unfortunate men were found guilty of several murders and highway robberies, and sentenced to suffer death. The relations of the *Hidalgo*, who, foreseeing this fatal event, had been watching the progress of the trial, in order to step forward just in time to avert the stain which a cousin, in the second or third remove, would cast upon their family, if he died in mid-air like a villain, presented a petition to the judges, accompanied with the requisite documents, claiming for their relative the honours of his rank, and engaging to pay the expenses attending the execution of a *nobleman*. The petition was granted as a matter of course, and the following scene took place. At a short distance from the gallows on which the four *simple* robbers

were to be hanged in a cluster from the central point of the cross-beam, all dressed in a white shroud, with their hands tied before them, that the hangman, who actually rides upon the shoulders of the criminal, may place his foot as in a stirrup*, was raised a scaffold about ten feet high, with an area of about fifteen by twenty, the whole of which and down to the ground, on all sides, was covered with black baize. In the centre of the scaffold was erected a sort of arm-chair, with a stake for its back, against which, by means of an iron collar attached to a screw, the neck is crushed by one turn of the handle. This machine is called *Garrote*—"a stick"—from the old fashioned method of strangling, by twisting the fatal cord with a stick. Two flights of steps on opposite sides of the stage afforded a separate access, one to the criminal and the priest, the other to the executioner and his attendant. The convict, dressed in a loose gown of black baize, rode on a horse, a mark of distinction peculiar to his class, (plebeians riding on an ass, or being dragged on a hurdle,) attended by a priest, and a notary, and surrounded by soldiers. Black silk cords were prepared to bind him to the arms of the seat, for ropes are thought dishonourable. After kneeling to receive the last absolution from the priest, he took off a ring, with which the unfortunate man had been provided for that melancholy occasion. According to etiquette he should have disdainfully thrown it down for the executioner; but, as a mark of Christian humility he put it into his hand. The sentence being executed, four silver candlesticks, five feet high, with burning wax candles of a proportionate length and thickness, were placed at the corners of the scaffold; and in about three hours, a suitable funeral was conducted by the *posthumous* friends of the noble robber, who, had they assisted him to settle in life with half of what they spent for this absurd and disgusting show, might, perhaps, have saved him from this fatal end. But these honours being what is called a *positive act of noblesse*, of which a due certificate is given to the surviving parties, to be recorded among the legal proofs of their rank, they may have acted under the idea that their relative was fit only to add lustre to the family by the close of his career.

The innumerable and fanciful gradations of family rank which the Spaniards have formed to themselves, without the least foundation in the laws of the country, are difficult to describe. Though the *Hidalguia* is a necessary qualification, especially in country towns, to be admitted into the best society, it is by no means sufficient, by itself, to raise the views of every *Hidalgo* to a family connexion with the *blue blood—sangre azul* of the country. The shades by which the vital fluid approaches this privileged hue

* The Cortes have abolished this barbarous method of inflicting death.

would baffle the skill of the best colourist. These prejudices, however, have lost much of their force at Madrid, except among the *grandees*, and in such maritime towns as Malaga and Cadiz, where commerce has raised many new, and some foreign families, into consequence. But there is a pervading spirit of vanity in the nation, which actuates even the lowest classes, and may be discovered in the evident mortification which menials and mechanics are apt to feel, on the omission of some modes of address intended, as it were, to cast a veil on the humbleness of their condition. To call a man by the name of *blacksmith*, *butcher*, *coachman*, would be considered an insult. They all expect to be called either by their Christian name, or by the general appellation *Maestro*, and in both cases with the prefix *Senor*; unless the word expressing the employment should imply superiority: as *Mayoral*, chief coachman—*Rabadan*, chief shepherd—*Aperador*, bailiff. These, and similar names, are used without an addition, and sound well in the ears of the natives. But no female would suffer herself to be addressed *cook*, *washerwoman*, &c.; they all feel and act as if, having a natural claim to a higher rank, misfortune alone had degraded them. Poverty, unless it be extreme, does not disqualify a man of family for the society of his equals. Secular clergymen, though plebeians, are, generally, well received; but the same indulgence is not readily extended to monks and friars, whose unpolished manners betray too openly the meanness of their birth. Wholesale merchants, if they belong to the class of *Hidalgos*, are not avoided by the great gentry. In the law, *attorneys* and *notaries* are considered to be under the line of *Cavalleros*, though their rank, as in England, depends a great deal on their wealth and personal respectability. Physicians are nearly in the same case.

Having now made you acquainted with what is here called the *best sort* of people, you will probably like to have a sketch of their daily life: take it, then, neither from the first, nor the last of the class.

Breakfast, in Spain, is not a regular family meal. It generally consists of *chocolate*, and buttered toast, or muffins, called *molletes*. Irish salt-butter is very much in use; as the heat of the climate does not allow the luxuries of the dairy, except in the mountainous tracts of the north. Every one calls for his chocolate whenever it suits him; and most people take it when they come from mass—a ceremony seldom omitted, even by such as cannot be reckoned among the highly religious. After breakfast, the gentlemen repair to their occupations; and the ladies, who seldom call upon one another, will often enjoy the *amusement* of music and a sermon at the church where it is the turn of service to expose the Host from morning till night, amid a profusion of wax candles, and the din of incessant music, in the intervals of divine worship. This exposition of the Host takes place throughout the year, and draws numbers of

people to every church of the town, in constant rotation. This is called *el jubileo*—the jubilee; as, by a spiritual grant of the Pope, those who visit the appointed church, are entitled to the plenary indulgence which, in former times, rewarded the trouble and dangers of a journey to Rome, on the first year of every century—a poor substitute, indeed, for the *ludi sæculares*, which, in former times, drew people thither from all parts of the Roman empire. The bait, however, was so successful for a time, that *jubilees* were celebrated every twenty-five years. But when the taste for papal indulgences began to be cloyed by excess, few would move a foot, and much less undertake a long journey, to spend their money for the benefit of the Pope and his Roman subjects. In these desperate circumstances, the Holy Father thought it better to send the *jubilee*, with its plenary indulgence, to the distant sheep of his flock, than to wait in vain for their coming to seek it at Rome. To this effort of pastoral generosity we owe the inestimable advantage of being able, every day, to perform a spiritual visit to St. Peter's at Rome; which, to those who are indifferent about architectural beauty, is infinitely cheaper, and just as profitable, as a pilgrimage to the vicinity of the Capitol.

About noon the ladies are at home, where, employed at their needle, they expect the morning calls of their friends. I have already told you how easy it is for a gentleman to gain an introduction to any family: the slightest occasion will produce what is called *an offer of the house*, when you are literally told that the house is yours. Upon the strength of this offer, you may drop in as often as you please, and idle away hour after hour, in the most unmeaning, or, it may chance, the most interesting conversation.

The mention of this offer of the house induces me to give you some idea of the hyperbolical civility of my countrymen. When an English nobleman, well known both to you and me, was some years ago travelling in this country, he wished to spend a fortnight at Barcelona; but, the inn being rather uncomfortable for himself and family, he was desirous of procuring a country-house in the neighbourhood of the town. It happened at this time that a rich merchant, for whom our friend had a letter, called to pay his respects; and in a string of high-flown compliments, he assured his Lordship, that both his town-house and his villa were entirely at his service. My lady's eyes sparkled with joy, and he was rather vexed that her husband had hesitated a moment to secure the villa for his family. Doubts arose as to the sincerity of the offer, but she could not be persuaded that such forms of expression are to be taken, in this country, in the same sense as the *Madam, I am at your feet*, with which every gentleman addresses a lady. After all, the merchant, no doubt to his great astonishment, received a very civil note, accepting the loan of his country-house. But, in answer to the note, he sent an awkward excuse, and never shewed

his face again. The poor man was so far from being to blame, that he only followed the established custom of the country, according to which it would be rudeness not to offer any part of your property which you either mention or show. Fortunately, Spanish *etiquette* is just and equitable on this point; for as it would not pardon the omission of the offer, so it would never forgive the acceptance.

A foreigner must be surprised at the strange mixture of caution and liberty which appears in the manners of Spain. Most rooms have glass doors; but when this is not the case, it would be highly improper for any lady to sit with a gentleman, unless the doors are open. Yet, when a lady is slightly indisposed in bed, she does not scruple to see every one of her male visitors. A lady seldom takes a gentleman's arm, and never shakes him by the hand; but on the return of an old acquaintance after a considerable absence, or when they wish joy for some agreeable event, the common salute is an embrace. An unmarried woman must not be seen alone out of doors, nor must she sit *tête-à-tête* with a gentleman, even when the doors of the room are open; but, as soon as she is married, she may go by herself where she pleases, and sit alone with any man for many hours every day. You have in England strange notions of Spanish jealousy. I can, however, assure you that if Spanish husbands were, at any time, what novels and old plays represent them, no race in Europe has undergone a more thorough change.

Dinners are generally at one, and in a few houses, between two and three. Invitations to dine are extremely rare. On some extraordinary occasions, as that of a young man performing his first mass—a daughter taking the veil—and, in the more wealthy houses, on the saint-days of the heads of the family, they make what is called a *convite*, or feast. Any person accustomed to your private dinners, would be thrown into a fever by one of these parties. The height of luxury, on these occasions, is what we call *Comida de Fonda*—a dinner from the coffee-house. All the dishes are dressed at an inn, and brought ready to be served at table. The Spanish houses, even those of the best sort, are so ill provided with every thing required at table, that wine, plates, glasses, knives and forks, are brought from the inn together with the dinner. The noise and confusion of these *feasts* is inconceivable. Every one tries to repay the hospitable treat with mirth and noise; and though Spaniards are, commonly, water-drinkers, the bottle is used very freely on these occasions; but they do not continue at table after eating the dessert. Upon the death of any one in a family, the nearest relatives send a dinner of this kind, on the day of the funeral, that they may save the chief mourners the trouble of preparing an entertainment for such of their kindred as have attended the body to church. Decorum, however, forbids any mirth on these occasions.

After I became acquainted with English hospitality, my mind

was struck with a custom, which, being a matter of course in Spain, had never attracted my notice. An invitation to dinner, which, by the by, is never given in writing, must not be accepted on the first proposal. Perhaps our complimentary language makes it necessary to ascertain how far the inviter may be in earnest, and a good-natured civility has made it a rule to give national vanity fair play, and never, without proper caution, to trust *pot-luck*, where fortune so seldom smiles upon that venerable utensil. The first invitation "*to eat the soup*" should be answered, therefore, with "*a thousand thanks*;" by which a Spaniard civilly declines what no one wishes him to accept. If, after this skirmish of good breeding, the offer should be repeated, you may begin to suspect that your friend is in earnest, and answer him in the usual words, *no se meta Usted en eso*—"do not engage in such a thing." At this stage of the business, both parties having gone too far to recede, the invitation is repeated and accepted.

I might, probably, have omitted the mention of this custom, had I not found, as it appears to me, a curious coincidence between Spanish and ancient Greek manners on this point. Perhaps you recollect that Xenophon opens his little work called *The Banquet*, by stating how Socrates and his pupils, who formed the greatest part of the company at the entertainment therein described, were invited by Callias, a rich citizen of Athens. The feast was intended to celebrate the victory of a young man, who had obtained the crown at the Panathenæan games. Callias was walking home with his young friend to the Pireus, when he saw Socrates and his daily companions. He accosted the former in a familiar and playful manner, and, after a little bantering on his philosophical speculations, requested both him and his friends to give him the pleasure of their company at table. "They, however," says Xenophon, "*at first, as was proper*, thanked him, and declined the invitation; *but when it clearly appeared that he was angry at the refusal*, they followed him." I am aware that the words in Xenophon admit another interpretation, and that the phrase which I render, *as was proper*, may be applied to the *thanks* alone; but it may be referred, with as much or better reason, both to thanks and refusal, and the custom which I have stated inclines me strongly to adopt that sense.* The truth is, that wherever dinner

* Though my friend Don Leucadio was but a middling Greek scholar, I am inclined to think him right in the interpretation of the passage in Xenophon, which I shall subjoin, that others may form their judgment upon it. 'Οι οὖν ἀμφὶ τὸν Σωκράτην πρῶτον μὲν, ὥσπερ εἰκὸς ἦν, ἐπαυνοῦντες τὴν κλήσιν, οὐχ ὑπισχνούντο συνδειπνήσειν ὥς δὲ πᾶν ἀχθόμενος φανερός ἦν, εἰ μὴ ἔψαιντο, συνηκολούθησαν. Sympos. c. 1. 7. Ernesti is angry at the ὥσπερ εἰκὸς, which is soon after repeated, when speaking of the order in which the guests placed themselves at table. He wants, in the last passage, to change it into ὥς ἔτυχον. But though the emendation is plausible, there seems to be no necessity to alter the reading. Xenophon is, indeed, remarkably fond of that phrase. The εἰκὸς, in both places, probably means *according to custom*. It might be

is not, as in England, the chief and almost exclusive season of social converse, an invitation to dine must appear somewhat in the light of a gift or present—which every man of delicacy feels reluctant to accept at all from a mere acquaintance, or, without some degree of compulsion, from a friend. Besides, we know the abuse and ridicule with which both Greeks and Romans attacked the *Parasites*, or dinner-hunters; and it is very natural to suppose that a true gentleman would be upon his guard against the most distant resemblance to those unfortunate starvelings.

The custom of sleeping after dinner, called *Siesta*, is universal in summer, especially in Andalusia, where the intenseness of the heat produces languor and drowsiness. In winter, taking a walk, just after rising from table, is very prevalent. Many gentlemen, previously to their afternoon walk, resort to the coffee-houses, which now begin to be in fashion.

Almost every considerable town of Spain is provided with a public walk, where the better classes assemble in the afternoon. These places are called *Alamedas*, from *Alamo*, a common name for the elm and poplar, the trees which shade such places. Large stone benches run in the direction of the alleys, where people sit, either to rest themselves, or to carry on a long talk, in whispers, with the next lady; an amusement which, in the idiom of the country, is expressed by the strange phrase, *pelar la Pava*—"to pluck the hen-turkey." We have in our *Alameda* several fountains of the most delicious water. No less than twenty or thirty men with glasses, each holding nearly a quart, move in every direction, so dextrously clashing two of them in their hand, that, without any danger of breaking them, they keep up a pretty lively tinkling like that of well-tuned small bells. So great is the quantity of water which these people sell to the frequenters of the walk, that most of them live throughout the year on what they thus earn in summer. Success in this trade depends on their promptitude to answer every call, their neatness in washing the glasses, and most of all, on their skilful use of the good-natured waggery peculiar to the lower classes of Andalusia. A knowing air, an arch smile, and some honied words of praise and endearment, as *My rose*, *My soul*, and many others, which even a modest and high-bred lady will hear without displeasure, are infallible means of success among tradesmen who deal with the public at large, and especially with the more tender part of that public. The company in these walks presents a motley crowd of officers in

applied to the order of precedence in England, and it should seem to have been used by Xenophon to denote the Greek sense of propriety in taking a place at table. In Spain, where there is no established order, a great deal of bowing and scraping takes place before the guests can arrange that important point. But, without any settled rule, there is a tact which seldom misleads any one who wishes not to give offence. This is probably the second *δωρεα* *εξιδος* of Xenophon.

their regimentals, — of clergymen in their cassocks, black cloaks, and broad-brimmed hats, not unlike those of the coalmen in London,—and of gentlemen wrapped up in their *capas*, or in some uniform, without which a well-born Spaniard is almost ashamed to shew himself.

The ladies' walking-dress is susceptible of little variety. Nothing short of the house being on fire would oblige a Spanish woman to step out of doors without a black petticoat, called *Basquina* or *Saya*, and a broad black veil, hanging from the head over the shoulders, and crossed on the breast like a shawl, which they call *Mantilla*. The *mantilla* is, generally, of silk trimmed round with broad lace. In summer-evenings some white *mantillas* are seen; but no lady would wear them in the morning, and much less venture into a church in such a *profane* dress.

A shewy fan is indispensable, in all seasons, both in and out of doors. An Andalusian woman might as well want her tongue as her fan. The fan, besides, has this advantage over the natural organ of speech—that it conveys thought to a greater distance. A dear friend at the farthest end of the public walk, is greeted and cheered up by a quick, tremulous motion of the fan, accompanied with several significant nods. An object of indifference is dismissed with a slow, formal inclination of the fan, which makes his blood run cold. The fan, now, screens the titter and whisper; now condenses a smile into the dark sparkling eyes, which take their aim just above it. A gentle tap of the fan commands the attention of the careless; a waving motion calls the distant. A certain swirl between the fingers betrays doubt or anxiety—a quick closing and displaying the folds, indicates eagerness or joy. In perfect combination with the expressive features of my countrywomen, the fan is a magic wand, whose power is more easily felt than described.

What is mere beauty, compared with the fascinating power arising from extreme sensibility? Such as are alive to those invisible charms, will hardly find a plain face among the young women of Andalusia. Their features may not, at first view, please the eye; but they seem to improve every day till they grow beautiful. Without the advantages of education, without even external accomplishments, the vivacity of their fancy sheds a perpetual glow over their conversation; and the warmth of their heart gives the interest of affection to their most indifferent actions. But Nature, like a too fond mother, has spoilt them, and Superstition has completed their ruin. While the activity of their minds is allowed to run waste for want of care and instruction, the consciousness of their powers to please impresses them with an early notion that life has but one source of happiness. Were their charms the effect of that cold twinkling flame which flutters round the hearts of most Frenchwomen, they would be only dangerous

to the peace and usefulness of one half of society. But, instead of being the capricious tyrants of men, they are, generally, their victims. Few, very few Spanish women, and none, I will venture to say, among the Andalusians, have it in their power to be *coquettes*. If it may be said without a solecism, there is more of that vice in our men than our females. The first, leading a life of idleness, and deprived by an ignorant, oppressive, and superstitious government, of every object that can raise and feed an honest ambition, waste their whole youth, and part of their manly age, in trifling with the best feelings of the tender sex, and poisoning, for mere mischief sake, the very springs of domestic happiness. But ours is the most dire and complex disease that ever preyed upon the vitals of human society. With some of the noblest qualities that a people can possess (you will excuse an involuntary burst of national partiality) we are worse than degraded—we are depraved, by that which is intended to cherish and exalt every social virtue. Our corrupters and mortal enemies are religion and government. To set the practical proofs of this bold position in a striking light, is, undoubtedly, beyond my abilities. Yet such, I must say, is the force of the proofs I possess on this melancholy topic, that they nearly overcome my mind with intuitive evidence. Let me, then, take leave of the subject into which my feelings have hurried me, by assuring you, that wherever the slightest aid is afforded to the female mind in this country, it exhibits the most astonishing quickness and capacity; and that, probably, no other nation in the world can present more lovely instances of a glowing and susceptible heart preserving unspotted purity, not from the dread of public opinion, but in spite of its encouragements.

I am, &c.

L. D.

MELODY.

Cum animus Eudemi ex corpore excesserit, tum demum domum revertissae videatur. CICERO.

A SAD and lonely wanderer here,
 From land to land, from year to year;
 No welcome home, no pallet spread
 For wearied limb, and aged head;
 No friend like widow's cruse to be;—
 And yet, there is an Home for me.

Spirit, that in this breast canst trace
 A rent and rifled dwelling-place;
 I see thee bright and brighter glow
 'Mid withering limbs, and locks of snow;—
 I feel thee struggling to be free;—
 Away! there is an Home for me.

Z. Z.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER II.

NOTHING is now talked of in London but Miss Wilson, the new singer. If you go out to dinner, and are in the act of descending from the drawing-room to the dining-room, arm in arm with a lady, you are invariably asked if you have seen Miss Wilson : if you enter a glover's shop in the Strand, notwithstanding the oppression of your elbow in the pit of his stomach, the vender of doe-skin finds breath enough to enquire how you like Miss Wilson : if walking onward to Lincoln's Inn, you endeavour to ascertain from your solicitor the state of the chancery-suit in which you are engaged, the managing clerk asks, how you like Miss Wilson in Mandane : and if, descending into Fleet-street, you desire your shoemaker to make your new pumps rather easier than their predecessors, he doubts whether Miss Wilson's Rosetta be equal to Miss Stephens's.

It is proverbial that the London public can only think of one thing at a time. How bold a man, then, was the author of *Waverley* to produce *Kenilworth* in the zenith of Miss Wilson's cadenzas ! One of the two must go to the wall ; which of the two, time only can determine.

The western end of Cheapside is a spot which, to a ghost like myself, possesses peculiar claims to consideration. I beg to explain that I neither allude to the trunk-maker's shop at the one corner, nor to that of the vender of patent medicines at the other : the former of whom adroitly equips the traveller on his journey to Paris or Naples, and the latter to "that bourne" from which, thanks to Mercury, I have recently returned. No ; the interest created by the spot in question arises from its being the central point from which many a civic son of the counter diverges toward Piccadilly or Oxford-street, at four o'clock, and at which the same parties meet on the morrow, on their return to the duties of day-book and ledger. Here, at nine o'clock in the morning, may be seen the brisk merchant's clerk, in black neckcloth and blue trowsers, listening, with anxious ear, to a memento from the clock of St. Paul's Cathedral : then snatching out his watch, as though a glance at Time would retard his progress ; and afterwards quickening his pace, and trotting toward the Exchange, in defiance of dustmen and chimney-sweeps. Here, at ten o'clock, may be seen the junior partner, clad in white corded breeches and jockey-boots, more intent on avoiding a splash than on gaining time : and here, at eleven o'clock, may be seen the bulky senior partner, in black silk breeches and stockings, so evidently fatigued by his length of march, as to give himself full time to bestow a penny upon the old soldier who sweeps the crossing.

I have more than once noticed two elderly gentlemen of the last-mentioned description, one of whom, issuing from St. Paul's Church-yard, passes the trunk-maker's at about the same moment in which the other, issuing from Newgate-street, crosses over the way, and reaches the corner of Bow-lane. For several mornings past, the two Peripatetics have cast courtly glances toward each other. Last Wednesday the ice was broken, and the thaw produced the following stream of colloquy. "A warm morning, Sir."—"Very, Sir."—"Have you walked far, Sir?"—"Yes, Sir, all the way from Grosvenor-place: have *you* walked far, Sir?"—"Oh yes, Sir, all the way from Baker-street, Portman-square."—"You carry on business in the city, I presume, Sir?"—"I do, Sir, in St. Mary Axe: I presume, Sir, you do the same?"—"I do, Sir, in Old Bethlem."—"It's a long way, Sir, to be trudging twice a day."—"Ah, Sir, I have often thought it."—"I take it for granted, Sir, we are both married."—"Yes, Sir, that's pretty clear: my father and grandfather lived in Old Bethlem upwards of fifty years."—"And so did mine in St. Mary Axe."—"If the four old gentlemen could pop their heads out of their graves in Bishopsgate church-yard, and see our goings on, what would they call us?"—"A couple of fools."—"So they would, Sir: good morning!"

I have since noted the two traders making their exit westward, arm in arm, at about four o'clock in the afternoon; and from the stray words that I have been able to catch from them, I guess that they are plotting rebellion against their "ladies and mistresses." The following ejaculations evidently denote *Jerry-ism* expanding into *Bruin-ism*. "I will if you will—And I will if you will—It's all nonsense—She'll make a terrible *to-do* at first—Back to Bethlem—Auction—Robins—Turn out at Lady-day—I had no business ever to go there—Only laughed at by the great folks. St. Mary Axe much more convenient—Ledger of an evening—Tom's—Glass of brandy and water—Close to one's own house," &c. &c. Fraught with valiant resolutions like the above, I shall be much disappointed if the two traders do not burst from "sinking in the west," and re-occupy their vacant habitations in the city, before the Carbonari have emancipated Naples.

Mr. Justice Blackstone, with reference to landed estates in England, informs his readers, that the law abhors a perpetuity. What the municipal law abhors in freeholds, the law of commerce abhors in personals. The deserted mansions of the two merchants in Old Bethlem and St. Mary Axe (of which the upper apartments have been for thirty years left to me and mine,) exhibit many tokens of faded respectability. In both, the massy brazen knocker, surmounted by a frowning visage carved in the same metal, falls solemnly upon the huge outward door. The two large rooms on the first floor denote an excellent dining-room and drawing-room in days of yore. In both the wainscots are elaborately wrought:

the cornices are gilt: the window-frames are broad and substantial: a spacious window-seat of oak spreads invitingly for such persons as are desirous of enrolling themselves among the "stiff-necked generation:" a large stable, out-house, and hay-loft, are cut and carved into half a dozen counting-houses for as many Jew brokers; and the grandfather of either family, inextricably painted in an oak frame over the drawing-room chimney-piece, seems to frown reproof upon his abdicating posterity.

That perpetuity of wealth which the Law abhors, the Law is not likely long to see. The citizen of London, who, during the late war, hurried from east to west, "proud as Apollo on his forked hill," is now succeeded by his spurious son Phaeton, who drives a paper car where his progenitor drove a golden one. The result is obvious to all but himself. The "starry monsters that beset his track" require more sagacity and stronger axle-trees than he possesses, to elude. Here a Bank-loan lames his off-leader; there a composition-deed loosens a linch-pin; and here "the great seal of Great Britain" trips up car, horses, and all, and lodges the luckless driver in the Gazette.

The London Opera-house, after having been tossed from Marquis to Marquis, like a musical snuff-box, has at length opened under the auspices of Mr. Ebers the Bookseller. Booksellers have, for half a century, been the best patrons of all the Muses, except Euterpe and Terpsichore: and now those two rebel ladies have also enlisted under their banners.

The Italian opera has been a subject of burlesque, in Britain, from the days of "Nicolini and the Lion," down to those of O'Keefe. Pope, who had a nice ear for numbers, but, I suspect, only an indifferent one for quavers and cadenzas, thus personifies the Italian opera of his time:—

When lo! a Harlot form soft sliding by
With mincing step, shrill voice, and leering eye,
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work fluttering, and her head aside:
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo spoke.

And an epigrammatist of a later period gives us the following definition of that species of amusement:

An opera, like a pillory, may be said
To nail our ears down, and expose our head.

All this, as the colloquialists say, is very well for a joke; but to speak seriously, I see no reason why music should not be made as effective a vehicle for expression as speech. I admit that, inasmuch as music is a sensual pleasure, it can never be a fit vehicle

for those tragical emotions that harrow up the soul; I am also of opinion that as the Italian opera is intended to be an elegant recreation for the upper orders of society, it should always preserve a certain air of good-breeding and elegance. Its scenes of song should neither be stained by representations of plots, massacres, and high treasons, nor degraded by shews of vulgarity and petty larceny. The same observations apply to the French dancing, by which it is accompanied. Apollo and the Muses are its favourites; but it turns, or should turn, with disgust, from the skipping hilarity of an Irish wake or a Dutch fair.

Two operas have been represented during the present season. *La Gazza Ladra* (successfully exhibited upon the English stage under the name of the *Maid and the Magpie*) and *Agnese*, a theatrical adaptation of Mrs. Opie's pathetic tale of the *Father and Daughter*. If a "ghost's word" be but worth one tenth of the sum mentioned by Hamlet, the town may rest assured that neither of these subjects is fit for musical representation, in the polished language and polished emporium which Mr. Ebers has selected for their exhibition. A magpie that steals silver spoons is below the notice of the Latian Euterpe: a father who is driven to insanity by the seduction of his daughter is above it. Ambrogetti, who personated the distracted father, acted in a manner too true to nature to be endurable in art. I could illustrate this position by an anecdote of my friend Voltaire; but, as the *bon mot* would itself be looked upon as too natural, I shall omit it. I have no doubt that Ambrogetti might prove to demonstration, that he has paid frequent visits to Bedlam and St. Luke's; that he has seen one madman count numbers on his fingers; another take repeated pinches of snuff from his waistcoat-pocket; and a third trot twenty times round a vacant chair; and, as Dean Swift says, I should "readily believe, but not excuse him." Such actions partake too much of the vulgar to be exhibited at the Italian Opera. This certainly would not be tolerated in a representation of *King Lear*, upon the boards of Drury Lane. I did hope that this hankering after nature had fled, with Kean, across the Atlantic.

The poor magpie who transferred the silver spoons to the belfry of the church, was evidently no *Pie Voleuse* from Paris. That furtive capital would have sent hither a far more accomplished artist. She fled with the stolen property after so innocent a fashion, that I suspect Mrs. Fry had half converted her from the error of her ways. When the source of all the mischief was detected, why did Madame Vestris continue so long in the tower of the church? The three points of interest, namely, her own two legs, and Madame Camporese, were not at that period visible to the audience. Ever, while you live, keep your stage interest alive. After all, since *Nature* is now the cry, I should recommend it to Mr. Ebers to adopt a real *Maid* and a real *Magpie*. Two such stage-rarities would ensure him a brilliant and successful season.

ON THE CHARACTER OF SOCRATES.

THE age in which we live might, perhaps, with some propriety be called—the *doubting* age. Our ancestors have been busied for some thousands of years in discovering and establishing truths, which we, finding that novelty is no longer to be attained by pursuing the same course, seem determined to display our ingenuity in endeavouring to overturn. Every day produces some fresh attack; and we find ourselves continually summoned to defend positions, which we had been taught from our earliest years to consider as absolutely impregnable. It is not long ago that we read the advertisement of an itinerant philosopher, who modestly proposed, in a single course of lectures, to confute the reasonings of Newton, expose the errors of the Copernican system, and restore the earth to her proper station as the centre of the material universe. Still more recently we have seen a literary knight-errant boldly sally forth with his pen in his hand, to write down the omnipotence of gravitation, and set up some crazy theory of his own to explain the planetary movements. We should not, however, quarrel with philosophical doubters, however extravagant their scepticism; for the love of novelty, if confined to those sciences the doctrines of which rely for support upon the proofs of experiment, can be of no disservice to the cause of truth. In such cases there can be no danger of mistaking paradox for aphorism. The superstructure which is built on the real basis of experiment will only be more firmly established by attempts to overthrow it. On the other hand, if there be any unsoundness in the foundation,—experiment, the force of which is not weakened by time, will be as powerful to destroy as to create. The theory of gravitation will be submitted to the examination of future enquirers, without any aid from authority or tradition, to be admitted or denied according to the evidence of facts, which will present the same “ocular proof” to a philosopher a century hence, that they did to Newton a century ago. There are, however, other cases in which no such test of truth is to be found, and these are the regions in which the race of *doubters* love to expatiate. In history, for example, there is scarcely a fact or a character which can be so proved,

“That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
To hang a doubt upon;”—

or the truth of which may not be questioned upon the authority of some contemporary contradiction. What a boundless field then is here offered for their speculations. Horace Walpole introduced this fashion of historical doubting by his amusing speculations on the character of Richard the Third; Dalrymple

followed him in an attempt of an opposite kind, by endeavouring to degrade the honoured names of Sidney and Russell from that consecrated place which they will ever occupy in the recollection of their countrymen; and we should not be much surprised at some future appeal to our sympathy in behalf of the hapless Jonathan Wild, who will, we make no doubt, turn out at last to have been a much-injured personage, and most unfeelingly misrepresented by the partial compilers of the *Newgate Calendar*.

We have been led into this train of reflection by the perusal of a recent outrageous attack upon the memory of Socrates;—a name which has so long commanded the respect and reverence of all nations, as to become hallowed by time; and any attempt at this time of day to defame it is, as it were, to commit a crime against human nature, amounting almost to sacrilege. The weapons for this attack have been borrowed from the preliminary discourse to Mr. Mitchell's admirable translation of *Aristophanes*. Mr. Mitchell, however, has not suffered the natural zeal of a translator in defence of his original, to stifle those better feelings of his nature, which teach him to do honour to the character of the sage of Athens. He does not seek to defend the poet by traducing the philosopher, as he is described to us in the glowing pages of Plato and Xenophon; but suggests a mode of reconciling the difficulties of the case, which ultimately leads to the exculpation of both. Those who deny the conclusions of his reasoning must at least admire its ingenuity; and it certainly derives some support from the admissions of Socrates himself, who is said to have acknowledged an early propensity to all the vices which the Athenian Lavater detected in his physiognomy. Mr. Mitchell's arguments, however, have been borrowed and perverted by a writer, who modestly undertakes to persuade us, that mankind have been cherishing an error for upwards of two thousand years, and that the homage which has been so long paid to the memory of the "Wisest of Men" is a mere school-boy prejudice, for which there is no foundation in truth and in fact. There is, we fear, a certain malignity in human nature, which derives gratification from depreciating whatever is great and exalted above the common standard. Hence it is that living excellence has always to encounter such a host of detractors, who deny its existence, as long as denial is possible, equivocate when they can no longer deny, and, if shamed at last into a tardy acknowledgment, take care to season their recognition with some qualifying clause, that shall furnish a future opportunity of again reducing the object of their jealousy to the same level with themselves. "*Virtutem incolumem odimus*" is a sentiment as old as Horace, and we fear the application of it will never be obsolete. The feeling

expressed in the latter part of the sentence, "*sublatam ex oculis quærimus*," is, we hope, no less natural to mankind; and if so, our readers will be as much shocked as ourselves at this violation of the immunities of the tomb, which has dragged the shade of Socrates from its place of rest, to subject him to a fresh persecution, and arraign him again at the bar of public opinion, upon charges which the malice of his contemporaries never seriously imputed to him.

We subscribe to the authority of the maxim which asserts, that as "antiquity cannot privilege an error, so novelty ought not to prejudice a truth;" but we think that the best mode of ascertaining historical truth is by a careful investigation of contemporary documents. In recurring to such authority on the present occasion, we shall endeavour to rescue the memory of Socrates from the aspersions that have been cast upon it, by recalling the attention of our readers to that picture of him which was drawn and coloured from the life.

To form a just estimate of this great philosopher, it will be advisable to take a brief view of the state of the human mind in the world in general, as well as in Athens in particular, at the period of his birth. About the commencement of the fifth century previous to the Christian æra, nature seems to have been more prolific in minds calculated to instruct and enlighten mankind, than perhaps at any other period of history; and the beneficial effects arising from their efforts, through which a subtle chain of communication might possibly have subsisted, were felt from the confines of Italy to the remotest boundaries of Asia. While Confucius was busied in forming his celebrated system of morals and legislation for the most singular of nations, Pythagoras was soaring from the schools of Magna Græcia into the regions of space, and unfolding to his confiding disciples the true theory of the universe. In another quarter the pure theism of Zoroaster was spreading through the vast provinces of the Persian empire; and the Sicilian Empedocles was enlarging the bounds of human knowledge in the three great branches of natural science. In Athens, the sensorium of Greece, the arts had been carried to perfection under the patronage of Pericles, and the ideas of men were exalted by the sublime speculations of Anaxagoras. The most abstruse points of philosophy began to be discussed. Literature was hastening to its zenith. Thucydides had already surpassed the great father of history; tragedy was now to imbibe new pathos from the soul of Euripides, the contemporary and friend of Socrates, and the most daring flight of the lyric muse was manifested in the wild effusions of Pindar:—

Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air.

But the best things are liable to abuse. The rapid strides made in all departments of knowledge, enabled men of slight but quick parts to attain shewy acquirements, without solid proficiency, who, with these slender qualifications, undertook the task of universal instruction, and by the aid of fallacious reasonings and all the legerdemain of language, taught the art of maintaining any set of principles or opinions, that might be dictated by inclination, passion, or caprice. These men, whose specious talents obtained much consideration, arrogated to themselves the title of *sages*, but were soon distinguished from the real lovers of wisdom by the appellation of *sophists*,—an appellation which still supplies us with a term to characterise that verbal quibbling, which keeps the word of promise only to the ear, and embarrasses without convincing the understanding.

Though thus advanced, therefore, in the arts which embellish life, the most important of all knowledge—that which teaches man to act as a rational being in the various relations in which he stands to his Maker and his fellow men—Athens was yet to learn. And in this science she was to receive lessons, not from one who had ransacked Greece and Italy to cull the choicest fruits of learning, or to whom more extensive travel had opened the rich stores* of Egypt and the East, not from a man of rank and weight, whose doctrines were to be received upon the authority of a name, but from one of the humblest of her own citizens. Born of parents, who even in an Athenian commonwealth could not certainly be above the middle station of life—a statuary of no repute, and a midwife—Socrates was indebted to the native energies of his own mind alone for the celebrity he has attained. Soon convinced, by a calm survey of the amusing but delusive speculations of the philosophers of his day, of the narrow limits within which it has pleased the Author of nature to circumscribe the human mind, he resolved to abandon entirely all abstruser enquiries; and contenting himself with a system of theology, as pure perhaps as mere unassisted reason could have supplied, he devoted his time exclusively to those pursuits by which he hoped to render his fellow-countrymen better citizens and better men;—an undertaking to which it is certain that he fancied himself impelled by an influence preternatural and divine. By endeavouring to impart to others some portion of that fervour which he felt within his own breast, he thought he should best consult the interests of mankind:—so strongly indeed was the sense of ideal perfection impressed upon his imagination, that he maintained virtue needed only to be seen; that when seen and recognised, her beauty would force

* Plat. in Criton.

its way irresistibly to the heart ; and that those fleeting illusions, which are the offspring of the passions and the fancy, would be dispelled by her influence, as the faint beams of an earthly flame sicken and die when exposed to the all-powerful radiance of the sun. The first step to virtue, therefore, was the improvement of the intellectual vision, to enable it to penetrate that mist of error in which all things are enveloped, and through which they cannot but appear confused and magnified. Thus *virtue* was, according to Socrates, knowledge or wisdom ; *vice* ignorance or error ; and the most valuable of all knowledge*, that of our own ignorance. That the conviction and the practice of what is right were considered by him as inseparable ideas†, is indisputable : a principle which, perhaps, may be carried too far, but which proves in the strongest manner how deeply his own soul was imbued with the love of what is just and good.

In propagating his doctrines, we find him, in his conversations with those whom he wished to instruct, leading them by the most skilful means so to detect the crude opinions they had formed on slight or erroneous grounds, as that the exposure of them should seem less the result of his suggestions, than of their own reflections. So familiarly, indeed, were his instructions delivered, so imperceptibly did they steal into the hearts of his disciples, that while few retired from his company without being in a high degree wiser and better, none felt that they had been receiving a *lesson*. Having satisfied his hearers that the notions of good which they had previously entertained were false and untenable, he proceeded to shew what was really desirable, as conducive to happiness ; and they found, to their astonishment, that it was not the treasures which fill the coffers of the rich, it was not the power which encircles the throne of the monarch, it was not the gratifications which attend the couch of the voluptuary, which form the ingredients of the cup of felicity—but that the true sunshine of the breast, the real antidote to every uneasy sensation, consists in the consciousness of a faithful discharge, as far as human imperfection will admit, of all the duties of public and private life.

In order to appreciate properly such sentiments, we must bear in mind that they were not then, as now, the hacknied commonplaces of every writer who addresses himself to the reason or the passions of mankind. It is the glory of Socrates to have been, as it were, the inventor of morality. The sterner virtues, indeed, were always held in admiration by mankind ; but Socrates was the first who laid it down as a principle—a principle, to his firm belief in which his life was a testimony, and his death a seal—that the milder class, which consists rather in the observ-

* Plat. Apol.

† Xen. Mem. B. 3. c. 9. B. 4. c. 6.

ance of duties than the achievements of heroism, are not, as is often supposed, the qualities of a mean spirit, but virtues of the highest and noblest kind, which render their possessors more acceptable to the Divinity, and at once dignify our nature, while they secure our happiness. The practice of these virtues he considered as the only adequate means of obtaining the favour of the Divinity; yet he did not deem external rites in honour of that Being, as in any wise to be neglected. Prayers* were to be preferred, not for imaginary goods, nor for contingent blessings, but for protection—for aid to our weaknesses—for deliverance from evil. Sacrifices were to be offered up, but it was the purity† and piety of the mind, not the costliness of the offering, which was to constitute the acceptable and efficient part. That mode of worship was to be complied with, which was established by the laws: his mind, therefore, did not revolt from paying adoration to the inferior divinities, under the types which custom had induced the multitude to consider as sacred; and he only refused his‡ assent to the established faith of his time, when those divine agents were disgraced by the imputation of human frailties and worse than human vices. Thus divested of its grossest absurdities, the religion of Greece retained only those features which mark it as the offspring of a fertile and elegant imagination;—features which still endear it to every classic taste, now that the spell of its superstition is broken for ever. His full and perfect conviction of the existence of a Supreme Being proves how much alloy must have been mingled with the pure elements of his doctrine, before it could have been transmuted into the quibbling scepticism of the later Academy; nor was the line between his religious system and the Epicurean notion of the divine indifference less strongly marked, by his firm persuasion of the unceasing superintendence of the Author of Nature over the whole of his works. Of these different sects, though they had not as yet a name, the germ already existed in the Elean, Megaric, and Cyrenaic schools, all the professors of which afterwards claimed the title of Socratic Philosophers. Their tenets, indeed, if intimately decomposed and analysed, may in general be traced up to him; but for their subtle refinement of some of his principles, and their perversion of others, he ought not to be made responsible. The acute and penetrating spirit which pervaded the recesses of the Lyceum; the pure and abstracted contemplations which sought a retreat in the groves of the earlier Academy; the self-denying pride and austerity of the Cynics; the high and energetic sentiments of the Portico—all claimed their origin from him. This universal anxiety to retain the appellation derived from him, even after they had departed

* Plat. Alcibid. Xen. Mem.

† Xen. Mem.

‡ Plat. Euthyph.

from the spirit of his doctrines, is the surest proof how dear his memory was to the scientific shades of Greece. "Sage Philosophy," to use the language of our great Epic Poet, was by them justly considered as

From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates
. from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.

Par. Reg.

It is not, however, merely by a general view of his doctrines, but by assiduously attending him in the active duties of the Forum, and the camp, that we must hope to make ourselves intimately acquainted with the character of Socrates. To be rather than to appear virtuous, was his ruling precept; and of this precept he was himself the brightest example. It is true, he avoided, as much as possible, taking any part in public business, feeling, probably, that his talents were not calculated "to wield at will that fierce democracy;" or thinking, perhaps, that by training up good citizens for the Republic, he should be rendering her more essential service. It was, probably, from his not seeking any public employment, that, when enrolled, as every Athenian without distinction was liable to be, in the armies of the state, we find him at the siege of Potidæa, serving in no higher capacity, as it would seem, than that of a private soldier. In that curious and valuable picture of Athenian manners, the Symposium of Plato*, the author, in the person of Alcibiades, describes† with what consummate patience Socrates endured the rigours of a Macedonian winter, with all the privations and fatigues necessarily belonging to a military life. His personal bravery more than once preserved the life of a friend; and in the battle of Delium‡, where the arms of Athens met with adverse fortune, it was clearly seen how completely he united the intrepid courage befitting a private, with the higher requisites of a commander.

Nor was it in arms alone that his intrepidity was manifested.

* In perusing these details of social and convivial intercourse, we must not forget that we are reading an account of what happened above 2000 years ago; and that, though virtue and vice are always the same, decorum and propriety depend almost entirely upon the manners and observances exacted by the state of society. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, is a maxim which requires no illustration. The bravest men have had their fears, and the wisest their follies. What should we think of an attempt to degrade the moral character of the author of the Rambler, by raking up the rubbish of Boswell, and bringing forward a fearful list of the midnight merry-makings at taverns, and the meretricious meetings at bagnios, which are there recorded of the English sage?

† Plat. in Conviv.

‡ Plat. in Lach.

In the no less trying conflicts of civil tumult, his conduct was equally firm, equally admirable. When Athens groaned under the yoke of the Thirty Tyrants, he openly denounced their cruelties, and set their power* at defiance. It appears to have been the policy† of that barbarous oligarchy to implicate as many of the citizens as possible in their deeds of violence; but unawed by the terrible examples of their power, he resolutely resisted their commands, when they would fain have made him the instrument of their atrocious designs. Unshaken, too, by the ferocious despotism of that many-headed monster—the Athenian Democracy—more capricious, arbitrary, and unfeeling in its proceedings than a Dionysius or a Nero, he dared to despise their threats in the execution of his duty; and at the ever-memorable‡ trial, or rather massacre, of the unfortunate naval commanders, he alone, of all the presidents, refused his assent to their unjust condemnation; though menaced, as the consequence of his refusal, with being involved in a similar fate. He manifested the same courage and constancy on all occasions, and in obedience to his own precept never shrunk from the performance of what he considered his duty. He might have continued to live unmolested, if he would have abandoned his attempts to reform his fellow-countrymen; but this was a task to which he believed himself called by the special§ appointment of Heaven. Such a belief must have originated in a propensity to enthusiasm—a propensity which is still more discernible in the well-known circumstance of his supposing himself to be under the guidance of a genius or spirit. Without entering into the various conjectures which have arisen on this subject, we may surely attribute to the delusions of enthusiasm a belief, which wants the evidence of external signs to establish its rational credibility;—a criterion which seems to be necessary to distinguish the genuine communications from Heaven, from the visionary dreams of fanaticism. Perhaps some portion of an enthusiastic spirit was not more than was requisite to invigorate the wasting energies of human nature, and maintain it in an ardent and unceasing pursuit of excellence during a life of seventy years. Still we must not forget that the virtue of Socrates was at the same time established upon the surest of all foundations—a thorough persuasion of the soul's immortality, and of a future state of retribution. To his judges, after sentence was passed, in speaking of death, he says:—"It must either be a deep and tranquil sleep, or a transition to another world. In the first case, it can be no evil, after an ample feast of life, to be delivered from the many inconveniences necessarily attendant upon advanced age; and, according to the latter supposition, how far beyond expression happy must be that

* Xen. Mem.

† Plat. Apol.

‡ Xen. Mem.

§ Plat. Apol.

change, to him who has no cause to dread the divine vengeance. One thing is certain—that, whether living or dead, to a *good* man no evil can possibly happen.” Impressed with such principles he retired to his prison; where, though utterly uncertain but that each successive day might prove his last, sleep for thirty nights visited his* pillow as undisturbed as at any former period of his life. That long and terrible calm, which, like the dreadful pause of inaction immediately preceding a battle, is perhaps more trying than the shock itself, he passed in the utmost tranquillity, with no anxious anticipation of the awful moment. His friends would have accomplished his escape, and secured him an asylum in a foreign land; but he rejected their proposal as a violation of the laws, and sportively asked them whether there was any place out of Attica which death could not reach. When the fatal potion was presented to him, his last act was an act of piety; and breathing out a prayer to Heaven to grant him a prosperous passage to that land of peace for which he had been so long preparing himself, he drank off the contents of the cup with the most perfect composure, and died as he had lived—an example to all mankind.

Such was Socrates. That such a man, the study of whose life had been philosophy, and the practice, philanthropy—that such a man should be accused of impiety, and of corrupting the rising generation, and that he should perish in consequence of that accusation, are facts so extraordinary, that to account for them satisfactorily, would, at first sight, seem impossible. Some have endeavoured to find an explanation of the difficulty in the prejudices with which they suppose the people to have been filled by the comic satire of Aristophanes; but it is impossible to attach much importance to a farce, exhibited four-and-twenty years previous to his prosecution. Others would persuade us, that the dislike he was known to entertain to the democratic constitution of Athens, was the real, though not the ostensible cause of his condemnation. It is impossible that a man endowed with the moral and intellectual qualities of Socrates should not see, and that seeing he should not detest, the vices inherent in the very nature of her government; yet there never was a more loyal subject, nor a more perfect example of obedience to the laws, which, as we have seen, he refused to infringe, even to escape from death. Nor indeed is this supposition favoured by the writings of his followers. We may, perhaps, refer the true cause to the momentary and capricious indignation of his judges at not meeting from him with the submission and servility commonly exhibited by persons capitally accused. Had he condescended to use the language of a sup-

* Plat. in Crit.

pliant in the usual abject strain, it is the opinion both of Plato and Xenophon that his life would have been spared. This supposition, indeed, receives the strongest confirmation from the proceedings at his trial; for though he was pronounced guilty by a majority of three voices only, yet, eighty of his judges, who had pronounced him innocent of the crime, irritated by the increasing firmness of his demeanour, which rose with his danger, concurred with the rest in passing the iniquitous sentence.

But we must cease to be surprised at the treatment which Socrates experienced from the mob of Athens, inflamed as it was by the angry passions and party politics of the moment, when we see that the lapse of so many centuries, and the extinction of all such sources of enmity, have not been able to appease the virulence of detraction, or silence the voice of calumny.

The amiable Xenophon—and it is in the simple and elegant paths through which he is our guide, rather than in the metaphysical labyrinths of Plato, that we must trace the genuine footsteps of the great philosopher—Xenophon, warm with the remembrance of his beloved friend and revered instructor, after summing up his various excellencies, challenges the world to produce his equal. At the revival of learning, men, hurried away beyond all bounds by their admiration of antiquity, seem really to have believed* that Socrates was the delegate of Heaven. The influence which the doctrines of the Platonising Christians have had upon our religion, doubtless tended much to promote this belief, and rendered the characters of Socrates and the Saviour of the world, favourite objects of comparison. Indeed, when the principles, the actions, and the character of mere mortals are the subject of our researches, we may surely turn our eyes even from Mount Calvary, to the prison of Athens, and accede to the decision of the Delphic Oracle, in pronouncing Socrates—the modest, the patient, the benevolent Socrates—to be the WISEST OF MEN.

This decision has indeed been ratified by the common consent of mankind, in spite of the refuted calumnies of Aristoxenus, which, after having slept for ages, were lately revived by Cumberland; or the mercenary virulence of Porphyry, who hoped to recommend himself to Christian patronage by traducing the character of the Pagan sage; and when disappointed in this hope, directed a still more violent attack against Christianity itself. Nor do we see any thing in the new and northern edition of these stale imputations—*auctior et mendacior*—which ought to detract from our veneration of the philosopher of Athens. The first count in the indictment

* Argum. Marsil. Ficin. ad Plat. Apol. ad Phæd. &c.

is for keeping bad company, and seems to be conceived in the very Pharisaical spirit which of old bore such antipathy to publicans and sinners. Socrates was accessible to *all*; nor can the abuse of his doctrines by an Euclid or an Aristippus be, with any fairness, imputed to him as a fault. It is true, all the Grecian schools claimed him as their founder, and assumed the title of his disciples, as all the sects of Christendom appeal to the Scriptures to confirm their respective interpretations; but yet who presumes to charge upon revelation the errors and absurdities of those who have mistaken its precepts and perverted its object? The second item of accusation is, "*the 'false,' 'absurd,' 'unfeeling,' and 'guilty' opinions put into the mouth of Socrates by Plato.*" The generality of this charge does not require a particular answer; but we must not forget that Plato mixes up much that is exclusively his own with the ideas and opinions of his master—a fact for which we have the authority of Socrates himself, who, when Plato recited *Lysis* to him, is reported to have said, "How much of what never entered into my mind, does this young man make me say!"

Next comes the grand charge of all, which is adopted from Mr. Mitchell, though extended much further; to wit, *that every trait in the Aristophanic Socrates may be traced in the Platonic.* Granted:—but then these traits are distorted and caricatured to serve the purpose of the satirist. Is it not the excellence of a caricature to preserve as much as possible the *likeness* of the original? It must be ridiculously like;—but still *like*. Aristophanes was too potent a master of the art of ridicule not to know, that its effect depends upon the skill with which the general resemblance is preserved, amidst all the distortion of the particular features; and the inference which is here drawn of the truth of the Aristophanic caricature, from its correspondence with the Platonic portrait, might, with a little more stretch of absurdity, be made use of to identify the hideous blasphemies of Paine with the simple records of the Evangelists.

Mr. Mitchell had excepted to one charge in the *Clouds* as false—the charge of receiving pay for philosophical instruction; but his reviewer would find authority even for this in the pages of Xenophon; "*not indeed fastened directly upon Socrates himself, but strongly countenanced by the mode of remuneration to which he would recommend the philosopher to trust.*" The passage relied upon for this imputation is in the *Memorabilia*, Lib. i. c. 2. § 7. It is only necessary to read the very next paragraph to be convinced of the unfairness of the insinuation; or if this should not be thought sufficient, we beg leave to refer those who require further proof, to the conversation with Antipho, recorded in Lib. i. c. 6. § 11 of the same book, in which Socrates designates the

sale of philosophy as an intellectual prostitution; and declares that all the reward he seeks is the converting the scholars he loves into friends. "We study together," says he, "the precious treasures which the ancients have left us in their writings; we endeavour to emulate their virtues; and both master and scholar calculate that they have gained a sufficient reward, in the establishment of a mutual friendship."

The last and most offensive accusation is contained in the following sentence. "*A far darker imputation upon the Socratic code of morals—for we shut our ears, as we must our hearts, against any impeachment of the Sage's individual purity—is only too well warranted by the disgusting coolness with which, in the same book, he is made to argue on the subject of a crime that all ages, and all religions, have concurred in branding as the most horrible of treasons against nature.*" Now this sentence is false in all that it affirms. In the first place, this concurrence of sentiment of all ages and all religions, is not true; and we cannot suppose the writer so unacquainted with the histories of Greece and Rome, as to be ignorant of this moral reproach upon the character of the ancients. Did he ever remark the "disgusting coolness" with which Thucydides relates what he would have us believe was the *real cause* of the assassination of Hipparchus by Harmodius and Aristogiton? Did he ever read the still more disgusting warmth of Horace's address to Ligurinus?—and was he never shocked with meeting in the chaste and delicate Virgil, with—"Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat Alexin." Though we think nothing is more unfair than to judge of the sentiments of one age by the improved moral perceptions of another; yet, we own, our admiration for Socrates would be greatly diminished if we could perceive any of that "disgusting coolness" on such a subject, which is here imputed to him. But where is it to be found? Is it in the severity of reproof and solemnity of caution with which he animadverts upon the conduct of Critobulus? or in the indignant ridicule with which he publicly reprehends Critias for the "*swinish itch*" that he had allowed to take possession of him,—and this too in the presence of Euthydemus, the object of his brutish affection? If Socrates could have restrained his indignation within the limits of "disgusting coolness," he would have escaped the enmity of Critias, who found an opportunity to revenge the humiliation with which the warmth and earnestness of Socrates's rebuke had covered him.

The reviewer has added a note to the sentence last quoted, in which he tells us, that if any thing could provoke him to dilate upon so odious a topic, it would be to find Dryden extolling the dangerous reasonings of Socrates upon the analogy between beauty and virtue; and he concludes with some most

illiberal sarcasms at the partiality of the Sage for the "beautiful Agathon" and the "interesting Autolycus."

Here again we would observe, that in order to form a correct judgment of Socrates, we ought to transport ourselves back to the times in which he lived. Besides the degrading passion alluded to above, there existed among the ancients a species of ardent and enthusiastic affection between persons of different ages, though of the same sex, which would be very inadequately expressed by the word friendship, in our cold and ordinary use of that term. Cicero tells us "*Apud eos opprobrium fuit adolescentibus si amatores non haberent.*" It was a love like this that is celebrated in the tales of Damon and Pythias, Nisus and Euryalus; and the sober relation of history records, that at the battle of Chæronea 300 of these sworn brothers in affection, were found upon the field, whom no perils could separate, and who died almost, as it were, in each other's arms. Philip of Macedon is reported to have said, as he contemplated their mangled remains, "Evil be to him who can suspect heroes like these capable of committing or suffering any indignity!" That a connexion like this, sanctioned by custom, should have been often perverted to bad purposes, is not extraordinary; but this perversion cannot surely be attributed to Socrates. He found the custom existing, but was not the founder of it; and his efforts were constantly directed to gain the friendship of those, as in the case of Alcibiades, who he thought might fall into bad hands, with the hope of forming their minds to virtue. Personal beauty is an accomplishment, which seems to have been much more highly valued by the ancients than by ourselves; and indeed, in the Greek language, the adjective to express *good* and *beautiful* is the same. This sensibility to visible beauty, is still more strongly exemplified in those exquisite models of ideal perfection, which the Grecian sculptors have left for the admiration of posterity. Socrates used to recommend the handsome to regard their figures in a mirror, in order that they might be deterred from sullyng the beauty of their forms by any unworthy action; and he commanded the ugly to do the same, in order that they might be incited to atone for their corporeal defects by their moral superiority. Thus too, in obedience to the prevailing ideas of the age in which he lived, he was fond of bringing forward on all occasions the analogy which subsists between moral perfection, and that natural perfection which is expressed by the word symmetry. The government of our passions, and the exact performance of the several duties which are required of us in our different relations to society, constitute that moral symmetry and proportion, which, in the bodily figure, is composed by the arrangement of the differ-

ent parts to form one agreeable whole; in a word, virtue and beauty may be used as convertible terms, to express excellence in either.

But we have no room to pursue this topic further; and we hope we have said enough to induce our readers to examine for themselves before they let the character of Socrates "down the wind," a prey to this northern blast of insinuations. The critical tribe seems to be divided into at least two species. One, like the bee, delights to gather honey even from the weed, and, alive only to perceptions of the beautiful, extracts something useful and agreeable from whatever passes under its review: the other, like the butcher-fly, fastens by instinct and by preference upon those parts only that are defective and disgusting, and will even make the taint it does not find, by its own pestiferous blowing;—in looking at the sun it will see nothing but its spots, and, in reading the life of Socrates, will only find materials for injurious surmises at the expense of human nature.

JONATHAN KENTUCKY'S JOURNAL. NO. II.

Feb. 3d. London is but a miserable place in the winter. The gloom of the atmosphere, the dirt of the streets—in two words—fog and filth, conspire to depress the spirits, and bring on that suicidal feel, which is said to be peculiar to the English. And yet by the English themselves, a *Winter in London* is considered as the season of the highest enjoyment. The home-bred folks of the country are taught to believe that the houses of the capital are tiled with pancakes, and the streets paved with gold; and their poetasters sing:—

Oh what a place is London!
The soul must be forgiven,
That in this place is undone,
For 'tis our native Heaven!

For myself, I confess I cannot enter into these raptures; and during the last three months I have often been reminded of a humorous effusion, which, in the course of my rambles over the world, I met with in the *Album* of the inn at Chamouni, some years ago. The writer, in an ironical strain of sportive comparison between London and Chamouni, draws a ludicrous picture of a winter scene at the former place, in the true style of spirited caricature. It would seem as if some witless cockney had taken offence at the comparison, for the word *Londres* was soon scratched out, and *Paris* inserted in its stead;—the blockhead who did it, probably feeling all the while as if he thereby made the joke his own:—

*Morceau extrait du livre des Etrangers. Hotel d'Angleterre à Chamouni.**

"UN habitant de Londres, frappé du grand nombre des Anglais qui se rendent à Chamouni, croit de son devoir de leur rappeler, et de faire connoître en même temps aux curieux de tous les pays, qu'il est en Angleterre un endroit qui rassemble à peu près toutes les mêmes merveilles. On croira peut-être qu'il s'agit ici des montagnes du pays de Galles, des lacs de Cumberland, &c. &c. :—point du tout. Il n'entend pas envoyer les gens si loin. C'est la capitale, c'est Londres même qui peut sous tous les rapports rivaliser à Chamouni. Il engage les amateurs à visiter cette cité célèbre dans la belle saison pittoresque, c'est à dire en Novembre ou Decembre, et ils y trouveront, à ce qu'il croit, toutes les beautés qui excitent ici leur enthousiasme. Si on est assez heureux pour s'y trouver par un épais brouillard, et un bon dégel succédant à quelques jours de neige, la ressemblance sera plus frappante ; et d'abord les maisons, noircies par la fumée de charbon, et vues indistinctement à travers ce voile brumeux, ressemblent tout à fait aux rochers qui entourent cette vallée : le dôme de *St. Paul*, couvert de neige, pouvant sans vanité soutenir la comparaison avec celui du Mont Blanc ;—ensuite le brouillard se roulant en masses onduyantes dans les rues, a le même caractère de sublimité que les nuages qui couvrent ici les flancs des montagnes ; et l'on ose affirmer que les ruisseaux de la pente rapide de *Ludgate Hill*, grossis du tribut limpide de tout le quartier de la cité, se transforment par fois en torrens impetueux, dont le fracas et la course ne cèdent en rien à l'Arve ni même à l'Arveiron. Quant aux chutes d'eau, il n'y a peut-être rien ici à comparer aux cascades semicirculaires que forment les eaux qui se précipitent des toits ; et comme l'on a l'habitude d'en balayer la neige de façon à écraser souvent les passans, il est évident que cela remplace parfaitement les avalanches.

Enfin la mer de glace passe, on le sait, pour un objet unique et in-

* Extract from the *Album* of the *Hotel d'Angleterre* at Chamouni.

"An inhabitant of London, struck with the great number of English who visit Chamouni, thinks it his duty to turn their thoughts homewards, and to inform those who travel in search of rarities, that there is a place in England uniting in itself every curiosity to be seen here. Some may believe that he alludes to the Welsh mountains, the lakes of Cumberland, and similar places :—not at all. He has no idea of sending people so far off. It is London that he considers the rival of Chamouni. He could only wish foreigners to visit that celebrated city in the picturesque season, namely in November or December, and they will find there all the beauties that excite their enthusiasm at Chamouni. If they are lucky enough to arrive when a thick fog and a good thaw takes place, after a fall of snow for several preceding days, the resemblance will be more striking. First then, the houses blackened by the coal fires, and seen indistinctly through a veil of mist, exactly resemble the rocks which surround this valley. The dome of *St. Paul's*, covered with snow, may, without exaggeration, challenge a comparison with the summit of Mont Blanc ; while the fog, rolling itself in waving masses along the streets, has the character of sublimity which the snows display on the sides of these mountains. It is not too much to affirm, moreover, that the kennels on the steep descent of *Ludgate Hill*, swollen by limpid tributaries from every corner of the city, are sometimes changed into impetuous torrents, the noise and turmoil of which do not yield to the Arve, or the Aveyron. As to water-falls, there is nothing here to compare with the semicircular cascades which the torrents form as they are precipitated from the roofs of the houses, often bearing the snow with them and burying the passengers below as completely as an avalanche. The mer de glace

comparable ; mais il ne faut pas s'en laisser imposer par les mots ; et si l'on veut se dépouiller des préjugés et de l'enthousiasme exagéré, on conviendra que le grand bassin de *Hyde Park* offre après trois jours de gèle un aspect à peu près pareil ; que les crevasses y sont également prêtes à engloutir les curieux ; et qu'on trouve tout autant de facilité à se casser une jambe ou un bras. Pour ce qui est des beautés de détail, Londres a peut-être l'avantage sur Chamouni. Les chemins pierreux, raboteux de rochers, qu'on gravit ou descend avec tant de plaisir, sont bien effacés par le pavé des rues de cette ville, qui offre à chaque pas des précipices, des gouffres, où s'enterrent les roues des voitures. Les rues sont aussi, comme les côtés des montagnes, toujours remplies de troupeaux de bœufs, de moutons, &c. &c. agrémens, dont il résulte souvent quelques spectateurs estropiés, et qu'on doit sans doute au goût pour le pittoresque des magistrats chargés de cette police. Le tableau riant du fond de la vallée qui recrée les yeux par ses petits quarrés de culture de diverses couleurs, n'égale assurément l'étalage d'une seule grande et brillante boutique d'étoffes disposés en échecs de couleurs bien plus variées et plus brillantes. Il est certain que le soleil dore en ce moment les attraits de Chamouni, et qu'un ciel étoilé y brillait la dernière nuit, avantages assez rares à Londres, surtout dans la saison intéressante dont il est question. Mais d'abord, les réverbères n'y sont plus gros que les étoiles, et n'éclairent sûrement d'avantage, et ensuite il ne guère passe de jour sans un incendie, ce qui fait un soleil artificiel bien moins commun que celui qui appartient à tout le monde.

Enfin je vois ici des enthousiastes assez romantiques pour recevoir une impression profonde des sonnettes attachées au col des bestiaux ; mais dans ce genre on a à Londres la clochette du tombereau qui parcourt les rues pour recevoir les cendres et les immondices des maisons —voiture dont la conducteur pousse à tout moment ce cri lugubre de

passes here for a singular curiosity. Words are imposing things : if people will but dispossess themselves of prejudice and the exaggerations of enthusiasm, they will confess that the great basin in Hyde Park, after a frost of three days, offers its exact counterpart—that the crevasses are equally ready to swallow up the adventurous, and that a person may fracture a leg or an arm with equal facility on the one as on the other. In the detail of lesser beauties, London has, perhaps, the advantage of Chamouni. The rough and rocky pathways which it is here a task of so much pleasure to climb or descend, are outdone by the pavement of the streets in that great city, which displays, at every step, precipices and gulphs, in which the cart-wheels are often entombed. The streets too, like the sides of the mountains here, are covered with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, &c. &c.—embellishments which occasion a handsome average of broken bones, for which the inhabitants are doubtless indebted to the rural taste of the magistrates, whose duty it is to regulate such matters. The beautiful landscape at the bottom of this valley, so delightful to the eye from its little square spots of cultivation of different hues, cannot surely equal the display of a grand shop, where stuffs are disposed in magnificent patches of colour far more vivid. The sun certainly gilds, at this moment, the valley of Chamouni, and a starry heaven was spread over it last night : these advantages are rare enough in London, particularly at the interesting season alluded to above. The lamps there are, it is true, but little larger than the stars, and do not afford more light ; but then a day seldom passes without a fire, which makes an artificial sun, much more brilliant than the common one that belongs to all the world. Finally, I see here enthusiasts romantic enough to be profoundly impressed by the little bells suspended to the necks of the cattle. In like manner, there is in London the bell of the cart which traverses the streets to collect the cinders and rubbish from the houses —a carriage, of which the *conducteur* utters the melancholy cry of "Dust ho!" which,

"*Dust ho !*" ce qui peut se traduire, *Tout est poussière !*—Moralité sublime ! qui rappelle le néant des choses de ce monde, pour le moins autant que le spectacle qui frappe les yeux à Chamouni."

Feb. 6th. The English are, whatever we may think of them, an essentially *loyal* people. There is very little of our *republican* spirit amongst them. I am often astonished at the seemingly natural aptitude of all classes to bow down to wealth, and above all to rank. They have none of that feeling of *equality*, which is so striking a feature in the French character, and which is still more strongly displayed amongst ourselves. In America, we interpret literally the Scriptural precept, "Call no man master upon earth:"—and even our domestic helpers would scorn to answer to the name of servant. Here, on the contrary, there seems to be an instinctive disposition to look up, with almost servile adulation, to those, who, without any original claims to distinction founded upon pre-eminence in talents or virtue, owe their elevation solely to the accident of birth, or the caprice of fortune. Make a tour through England in a stage coach, and observe the neglect and even contumely with which you are every where treated. Though you were to carry Fortunatus's purse in your hand, with open strings, and though it would seem to be the interest of innkeepers, waiters, and the whole tribe of those who get their livelihood by travellers, to be equally attentive to all who have money to spend, yet you will in vain seek to purchase, at any price, that civility and accommodation which are exclusively reserved for people of quality. The arrival of a carriage with a coronet blazoned upon the pannels, is sufficient to create a general competition of obsequiousness to the *great man*; and this much less from the expectation of pecuniary reward, than from that innate reverence for rank, which an Englishman seems to bring into the world with him—and which nothing but the conduct of the aristocracy itself will ever probably induce him to lay aside.

I witnessed this evening the reception of the King at Drury-lane Theatre. It was his first appearance at any place of public amusement since the death of his Father, and the return of the Queen. Every place in the house was engaged before the doors were opened; but the difficulty consisted in getting to your place. The crush was tremendous; and the undulations of the crowd—like the swell of the sea after a storm—tossed you backwards and forwards, so as to make all individual exertion useless. Such a war of elbows and shock of noses were never seen! Men fainting; women—who always seem to bear pressure best—screaming; pockets picking: all was anxiety and expectation. At last, in came the

being interpreted, means "Every thing is dust!"—Sublime morality! recording the nothingness of worldly things, at least, as much as the view which strikes the eye of the spectator at Chamouni."

King, with his brothers, York and Clarence, on either side of him. The instantaneous burst of acclamation which broke forth from all sides—like a clap of thunder immediately over one's head—was sublime. The house literally shook to its very foundations; and it was difficult not to entertain some feeling of apprehension, lest the support of the boxes should be insufficient to sustain the weight of such an extraordinary overflow.

Some say the house was packed; but this was manifestly impossible. The boxes were evidently occupied indiscriminately by people of all parties. The contagion was, however, universal. The King's name, which is in this country "a tower of strength," aided by the fascination of the King's presence, excited an enthusiasm of feeling in his favour, scarcely intelligible to an American. "God save the King" was sung in full chorus by the whole corps dramatique, after which the opera of Artaxerxes began. John Bull, however, was too much excited to be quiet, and a continual tumult and bustle made it impossible to hear much of the first act. As soon as this was concluded, a general irruption took place into all the boxes where there were any vacant seats, and the mighty mass settled into something like a state of tranquillity.

The orchestra now began to play, when a general cry took place for "Rule Britannia." This was for some time unheeded; but at length the King and the audience stood up, and the musicians obeyed the call. The noise was, however, so great, that the actors did not seem to be aware of what was going on, for the curtain rose, and the Farce began. Cries of "Off! off!" now issued from all sides, but the performers persisted in spite of the increasing storm. At last, a discharge of orange-peel drove them from the stage, and the vocal corps again made their appearance, with Braham at their head, who sang the English naval anthem—the whole house joining in the chorus—with the greatest enthusiasm.

Some of the loyalists now seemed to discover that their zeal had a little outrun their discretion, and that the burden of the chorus had somewhat of a *radical* sound. It was, however, too late to recede; and, indeed, it was quite as well the King should perceive, that the loyal sentiment of the audience towards him was not of that *ultra* kind which has lately come into fashion, but qualified and accompanied by the equally strong feeling for liberty, with which an Englishman always seems to be animated when he sings "Rule Britannia." For myself, however, as an American, I confess, that I never hear this song without a warm feeling of indignation at the haughty and tyrannical tone which it breathes:—

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
For Britons never shall be slaves.

Was there ever a more outrageous *non sequitur* than is contained in this second line? If the particle *for* is to be retained,

we ought, in order to give any thing like *logic* to the sentence, to read, *For Britain is determined to make all the rest of the world slaves*;—but this is a reading which I trust the commentators on our side of the Atlantic will never admit.

A stupid Farce followed, called “Who’s who;” which would scarcely have been selected, if the manager had given the audience credit for knowing “What’s what.” Though it be true that George I. used to command Venice Preserved, not to weep with Jaffier and Belvidera, but to laugh at the nicky-nacky senator, a part which those who know Otway only on the stage will no longer recognise; though George II. thought the Lord Mayor the most amusing personage in “Richard the Third,” even when Garrick played Richard; yet times are changed, and nonsense is surely no longer “a dainty dish to set before a King.”

Feb. 8th. Sir Francis Burdett was brought up for judgment in the Court of King’s Bench. It requires some familiarity with an English Court of Justice, not to laugh at the grotesque appearance of the judges and the counsel, bewigged, as they are, with such a profusion of powdered curls. And yet, such is the force of prejudice, and the influence of custom, that the English seem to be thoroughly persuaded, the judge would lose his dignity, and the bishop his reverence, if they were deprived of these barbarous relics of the bad taste of former times. One can hardly believe that such notions would be found amongst the countrymen of Addison, who wrote so sensibly on this subject, in pointing out the ridiculous observances of the Catholic church, a century ago. “If an absurd dress or behaviour (says he in the Spectator) be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded; on the contrary, a habit or ceremony, though never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever.” The church, and the courts of law of his own country, have since his time shewn the same perverse kind of tenacity, in still adhering to a fashion which has been long exploded by the world at large; for the history of *wiggin* in this country may be traced from its origin down to its decline and fall. A hundred years ago, all ranks and all ages, rich and poor, old and young, men and boys, wore wigs. As long as this was the case, judges, and bishops, and counsellors, could not do less than comply with the general custom. But why, when every body else had agreed to throw aside these ridiculous appendages, they should still have stuck fast to legal and ecclesiastical pericraniums, it is difficult to say. The physicians retained their full-blown honours till very lately; but, however reluctantly, they yielded at last to the progress of good taste. This seems to have been the last triumph that good taste could achieve; and a man would, perhaps, be cried down as a jacobin and a leveller, who should venture to touch a single curl of that hair, which now ckes out the judge’s head with the horse’s tail. What a strange idea of dignity and venerableness must that

man have, who thinks that they are identified with—a wig! What should we say, as critics, if Shakspeare had introduced it as a poetical image, instead of the “robe,” in the beautiful appeal of Isabella?

“Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's wig,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.”

I must say, however, that I never heard any person venture to confess, that he was himself inspired with feelings of veneration by these hairy honours. No; the answer is, that such things must be retained for the sake of the impression they make on the vulgar. This is one of the commonest mistakes of pride, which delights to fancy itself wiser than the rest of the world. The fact is, nobody is any longer gulled by such mummary; and the vulgar are quite as knowing as their betters. Some distinctions of dress may be necessary to preserve the distinctions of rank and office; but then these distinctions should be in unison with reason and nature. Look at the gray hairs of the Bishops of Ireland, or at the black locks of the reigning Pontiff at Rome, and see whether a wig is necessary to confer a character of venerableness. Were the judges in the wigless times of Sir Thomas More and Sir Matthew Hale, or the bishops in the days of Cranmer and Ridley, less respected than they are at present? Of the two, however, I must say, I find less to laugh at in the wig of the judge than of the bishop,—which last is the *ne plus ultra* of unbecoming quizzicality; and, when it happens to surmount a rosy face, with dark eyes, and black bushy eye-brows, presents the most ludicrous of contrasts. Still, as judges and bishops are generally advanced in life, and as elderly men are liable to lose their hair, some covering, if moulded more according to Nature's model, might perhaps be allowed; but how shall we excuse such a fashion in the young men of the bar, who are thus doomed to swelter under so intolerable a disfigurement? and all this too amongst a people who fancy themselves the most philosophical in the world, and who still laugh, as much as Addison did, at what they call the absurdity of the Catholic priesthood, who, because a Gothic bishop, eight hundred years ago, introduced a garment of a particular cut, still adhere to the same pattern. But to return from this digression to the business of the day. The Attorney General was concluding his speech in aggravation as I entered the court. Their lordships then consulted together; but, as it struck me, they did not conduct their deliberations with the greatest possible decorum; for while the whole audience were awaiting with breathless anxiety the result of their cogitations, they were smirking with one another, as if it had been a business of the most diverting nature. At last, one of the judges, turning to Sir Francis Burdett, in a low

tone of voice, proceeded to the discharge of his duty. After expatiating at great length upon the enormity of the offence, he concluded with a glorious anti-climax, by sentencing the Baronet to pay a fine of £2000 to the King, and to be committed to the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea,—for three calendar months!!! The cause of their lordship's merriment seemed now to be revealed, and the laugh instantly became general; while some of the spectators broke out into an involuntary expression of applause, which was most solemnly reprehended by the judge, who exclaimed, "This is extremely indecent." For my part, I thought the indecency was not all on one side. Who could help laughing? Laws, it seems, like cobwebs, can catch flies, but are not strong enough to hold wasps and hornets. Wakefield, Cobbett, Hampstead Hunt, and Bristol Hunt, with a whole mob of lesser fry, are sent to distant prisons, to linger out years of captivity; but Sir Francis Burdett, *Bart.* is sentenced to be committed to the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea, (which being interpreted, means that he is to live in the house of the keeper of the King's Bench prison, where he may be almost as comfortable as in his own house in Piccadilly,) for three calendar months! It seems

That in the Captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy!

In America, we recognize no such offence as political libel; thinking that a government founded in the affections of the people has nothing to fear from such attacks;—and experience has not shewn us that we are wrong. With us, then, the freedom of the press is unlimited; and every man may circulate his sentiments without any risk, however hostile they may be to the administration, or even the constitution of the government. In England this right is also claimed; but though the executive power is here so much stronger than with us, and though it is supported by so irresistible a military force, the man who takes his pen in hand to attack the conduct of his rulers, writes with a halter about his neck. In undertaking to arraign public measures without offending against the law of libel, he stands much in the situation of Shylock, who was permitted to take his pound of flesh—provided he shed no drop of blood in the operation. Whether America or England be right on this point, is a distinct question. But if there be such an offence as libel; and if it be proper to punish it as it has been punished in this country, there surely never was a libel that more richly deserved a full measure, for its seditious and inflammatory tendency, than the letter of Sir Francis Burdett. But,—three calendar months! Who would not be a baronet? Well might Mackheath now sing:—

If laws are made for every degree,
I'm surprised we have not better company
At Tyburn Tree!

Feb. 12th. London is distinguished for nothing so much as for the number and magnificence of its charitable institutions. There is no calamity to which human nature is incident, but may find its particular asylum in this great metropolis. The mistaken charity of former times misapplied its means, in erecting almshouses for the poor, the effect of which has been, in all countries, to operate as an encouragement to indolence, and to create the poverty for which it undertakes to provide relief. For, who would not be poor, if poverty alone were to entitle a man to claim the means of support? There are, however, other modes, in which charity may exert itself for the benefit of mankind, to which these objections do not apply. There is no danger of man's breaking their legs in order to get admitted to infirmaries, or of running out of their wits in order to enjoy the comforts of Bedlam. But, besides hospitals and mad-houses, provision is here made for the orphan, the blind, the deaf and dumb, &c. &c. I went with a party this morning to the establishment for the deaf and dumb, who seem doomed by nature to a state of perpetual infancy;—that is, taking *infans* in its literal sense, *quasi non fons*. It is a handsome building, about two miles from London, on the Greenwich road. We knocked at the door and rung at the bell so often and so loud, that we began to fear the whole household laboured under the same infirmity. At last, however, we did gain admittance, and after producing our note of introduction to Dr. Watson, the manager, we were in a few moments introduced into the school-room. We were rather surprised, on first entering amongst a set of dumb beings, to hear much the same sort of buzzing hum that reigns in other schools. There were nearly two hundred children, boys and girls, arranged in opposite parts of the same room. As we entered, they surveyed us with a piercing scrutinising expression, that was very striking. They looked, as it were, all eyes:—

“ Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eye.”

It is impossible not to admire the pains and patience which first surmounted the difficulties of establishing a medium of communicating ideas to the mind without the common aid of language. But, as words are merely the signs of things, it is obvious that any other signs may be substituted; and there is no reason why *visible* should not serve the purpose as well as *audible* signs—both being equally arbitrary. Thus, their common mode of conversing with one another is by gestures; but their sense of sight—which seems to grow more acute, as it becomes more necessary—enables them to distinguish what is said to them, by observing the motion of the speaker's lips; and the voice is literally as *visible* to them, as it is *audible* to others.

Dr. Watson seems to have adopted the system of the famous Mr. Braidwood of Edinburgh, who not only taught his pupils to

see what was said, but also to speak themselves; though to effect this last purpose, he was obliged, however extraordinary it may seem, to call in the sense of *touch* to the aid of the sense of sight.

Dr. W. explained to us the method of teaching these helpless beings to write, read, and speak;—for such is the inverse order of their attainments. They first write the letters of the alphabet, and learn to articulate them; by imitating the motions of the mouth and lips of the speaker, and by *feeling* at the same time, with their fingers, the vibrations in the speaker's throat; and adjusting their own pronunciation accordingly, by a correspondence of vibrations. From single letters they proceed to syllables, and so on to words and sentences. Hieroglyphic pictures are hung round the room, by which they learn to identify the words with the things for which they stand, and thus gradually acquire a vocabulary.

An interesting little lad, eight years old, who had been admitted about three months, had the words, body, head, face, nose, &c. written on his slate, which he was then studying. As we pointed to each word, he pronounced it in a deep tone, at the same time shewing us the part that each indicated. Another, who was of longer standing, answered several questions that we put to him. They speak, as might be expected, in a shrill monotonous key, without any cadence or modulation. Five years is the period allowed for their education by the rules of the establishment, in which time they are sufficiently instructed to enable them to play their part as members of society, and to earn their livelihood in any of the common occupations of trade.

This art of teaching the dumb to speak is of some antiquity. I remember meeting an account in some old book, of an instance related by Sir Kenelm Digby, who attended upon Charles I. when Prince of Wales, during his stay in Spain.

"There was a nobleman," says Sir Kenelm Digby, "of great quality, that I knew in Spaine, who was taught to heare the sounds of words with his eyes, if the expression may be permitted. This Spanish lord was born deafe; so deafe that if a gun was shott off close by his eare; he could not heare it, and consequently he was dumbe; for, not being able to heare the sounds of words, he could never imitate nor understand them. The loveliness of his face, and especially the exceeding spiritfullnes of his eye, were pregnant signes of a well-tempered mind within, and therefore all that knew him lamented much the want of meanes to cultivate it; but all in vaine. At the last there was a priest who undertook the teaching him to understand what others spoke, and to speake himself that others might understand him, for which attempt he was first laughed at, yet after some years he was looked upon as if he had wrought a miracle. In a word, after strange patience, constancie, and pains, he brought the young lord to speake as distinctly as any man whatsoever, and to understand so perfectly what

they said, that he would not lose a word in a whole dayes conversation. It is true, one great misbecomingnesse he was apt to fall into whilst he spoke; which was an uncertainty in the tone of his voice; for, not hearing the sound he made when he spoke, he could not steadily govern the pitch of his voice; but it would be sometimes higher and sometimes lower, though for the most part what he delivered together, he ended in the same key as he began it."

Sir Kenelm goes on to say, that Charles, who took pleasure in the society of this extraordinary man, used to make some Welshmen of his retinue "speak words of their language, which he so perfectly echoed, that I confesse I wondred more at that, than at all the rest; and his master himselfe would acknowledge that the rules of his art reached not so far, and therefore concluded, that this in him must spring from other rules, which he had framed unto himselfe out of his own attentive observation; which the advantage which nature had justly given him, in the sharpnesse of senses, to supply the want of this, endowed him with an ability and sagacity to do beyond any other man that had his hearing." And, as a proof of this, Sir K. adds—"I have seen him at the distance of a large chamber's breadth say words after one, that I, standing close by the speaker, could not hear a syllable of." But enough of this curious story, which may be found at length in Dr. Bulwer's *Philocophus*, or *Deaf and Dumb Man's Friend*.

UPON THE DEATH OF A CHILD OF EIGHT YEARS OLD.

Oh! if the fond regrets of mortal love
Are heard before the throne of God above—
If to a soul too young for guilt, 'tis given
To find its own congenial home in Heaven—
If the warm tears of those who gave thee birth
May cleanse thy spirit from the stains of earth—
My Brother, go!—and while thy youthful lyre
Blends its fresh incense with th' immortal choir,
Oh may its holy echoes earthward flow
To soothe the hearts that weep thy loss below,
And Henry's form in all its new-born bloom
Chase the cold thought of Henry in the tomb!

MAY MORNING.

Up and away! 'tis a holiday!
 Come lads and lasses with merry faces
 To the May-bowers;
 Behold the grass is pranc't with daisies,
 The banks with flowers.
 The sun is flinging on waters glancing
 His early light;
 The birds are singing, and branches dancing,
 At the glad sight.
 Come, let us rush in the maze of boughs,
 And meet at the May-pole to dance and carouse;
 He that is first shall be Jack in the Green,
 And the forwardest lass shall be crown'd our Queen.

LISTEN to the author of the Faery Queen, who curbs the exuberance of his rich imagination, and confining himself to a simple though beautiful transcript from nature, thus ushers in the month of May:—

Is not thilke the merry moneth of May,
 When love-lads masken in fresh array?
 How falles it, then, we no merrier beene,
 Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
 Our bloncket liveries* bene all too sadde
 For thilke same season, when all is ycladde
 With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the woods
 With greene leaves, the bushes with blooming buds.
 Youngthes folke now flocken in every where,
 To gather May-baskets† and smelling breere;
 And home they hasten the postes to dight,
 And all the kirk pillows, eare day-light,
 With hawthorne buds, and sweete eglantine,
 And girlonds of roses, and soppes in wine.
 Such merimake holy saints doth queme,‡
 But we sitten here as drownde in dreame.

Reader! if thou dost not catch the fragrance of the May-garlands, and inhale the freshness of the morning grass, springing up from beneath thy feet; if thou dost not see the sparkling eyes and joy-flushed cheeks of the country damsels and youths as they return from their Maying; if thou dost not hear their songs and laughter, borne fitfully to thine ear by the balmy breeze, then do I maintain that thou lackest taste to relish the rural accuracy, the cordial and countrified simplicity, the *gusto*, in short, with which Spenser, in the above passage from his *Shepherds Calender*, commences his *May Eclogue*. Perhaps thou art offended with the rude antiquity of the garb in which

* Gray Coats.

† Baskets, bushes: from *Boschetti, Ital.*

‡ Please.

it is clothed:—nay then, thou shalt have something as gorgeous and modern as thy heart could wish, if thou wilt but read Darwin's Invocation to the same month.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
 Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold,
 Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
 And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.
 For thee the fragrant Zephyrs blow,
 For thee descends the sunny shower;
 The rills in softer murmurs flow,
 And brighter blossoms gem the bower.
 Light Graces dress'd in flowery wreaths,
 And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
 And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
 And laughing dances round thy shrine.
 Warm with new life the glittering throngs
 On quivering fin and rustling wing,
 Delighted join their votive songs,
 And hail thee, Goddess of the Spring.

Here are mellifluous diction, poetical personifications, and elaborate generalities, but no picture of life, or portrait of nature; none of that kindly union of human happiness and nature's flowery outpouring; nothing of that holiday of earth and its inhabitants, which form the charm of Spenser's delineation. The modern is correct and insipid, heartless and fine. Alas! these extracts illustrate but too accurately the feelings of the respective periods in which they were produced, and the different cordiality with which the same festival was celebrated. May-day is no holiday dependent on the rubric, or the musty fables of monks and saints:—it is a jubilee of nature's own appointing, when the earth, dressing herself up in flowers and green garlands, calls aloud to her children to come out into the fields and participate in her merry-making, a gladsome invitation which has been accepted with sparkling eyes and happy hearts since the world itself was young. Romulus named the month of May in honour of his nobles and senators, termed *Majores*, or Elders; as the following month was called June out of compliment to the *Juniors* who served him in his wars; and though it is well known that we have some absolute wisdom among our Elder or Alder-men, yet it must be admitted that those worshipful dignitaries, in the time of Romulus, evinced a more genial and cheerful sagacity than has been ever exemplified by their successors, for they nearly converted the whole month of May into holidays. As they saw the young year advancing towards them, budding with beauty, and pouring out bounteous promises of fruits and harvests, they sent out their hearts and voices into the valleys

and meadows to meet her, escorting her emblematically into the city under the symbol of the Goddess Flora, crowned with triumphant garlands, and preceded by banners and dancing. Jack in the Green and our gambols round the May-pole are but sorry types of this splendid festival, so far as externals are concerned; but they "have that within which passeth show;" they retain the essentials of the old Pagan jubilee:—to go a Maying is not less healthy to the spirit than the frame; it is a reprieve from the thralldom of cities and artificial life, and rubs the canker of care from our hearts, by sending them out among the green leaves. It enables the plodders and the sons of toil to shake hands with nature; and as they pluck the blossomy bough amid freshness and fragrance, and the music of birds and the sounds of human happiness, it brings them into direct and grateful communion with that benignant Deity whom they have been too apt to view through the medium of gloomy or mysterious abstractions. This is to render it a religious rejoicing in the finest sense of the word; and so was it observed and felt over the west of Europe for a number of happy centuries, a special act having passed in our own country so late as the time of James I. legalising the observance of the usual May-games, Morris dances, and dancing round the pole, *even on a Sunday*. Who but must feel his face flush with delight if he suffer his imagination to run back through all the Mays of antiquity with their awakening suns, delicious meadows, budding groves, sparkling waters, and rejoicing creatures? Who but must feel his heart sink within him, when he reflects that all this bloom of happiness was blighted by the withering hand of the Puritans, who, after having suppressed the theatres, enacted that all convicted actors should be publicly whipped, and all spectators of plays fined five shillings for every offence, proceeded to denounce May-poles and Morris-dances as "the devil's standards, which all those who follow do it unto damnation." "It is certain," says the historian and apologist of the Puritans, "that the Lord's day was *duly* observed, neither servants or children being allowed to *walk in the fields*, or frequent the public-houses."^{*} What strange notions must these miserable fanatics have entertained, when they deemed it irreligious to pour forth their grateful hearts to the Deity amid the glories of his own creation.

In the fresh fields, his own cathedral meet,
 Built by himself—star-roof'd, and hung with green;
 Wherein all breathing things, in concord sweet,
 Organ'd by winds, perpetual hymns repeat.

* Neale's History of the Puritans, abridged, chap. 19.

Thank Heaven ! these wretched tormentors of themselves and others have passed away ; at least the rod has been wrenched from their hands, and their successors, the vice-suppressers, are but puny whipsters, waging a petty warfare of annoyance against the recreations of the poor and the defenceless. But as if human happiness were for ever to be sacrificed to some fatal mistake, the god of Avarice succeeded to the empire from which the dæmon of Bigotry had been expelled, and we drudged and toiled, and made ourselves slaves, for the base ambition of wearing chains of gold. Then began the period when our children were educated in the faith of "wise saws and modern instances," and Poor Richard's morals, such as—"stick to your business and your business will stick to you," "a penny saved is a penny got," "a fool and his money are soon parted," and a thousand similar axioms, until a holiday was considered an enormity, and the expenditure of an unnecessary shilling a profligate abomination. Such were the sordid prostrations that prepared us for the toilsome and anxious delirium of the last twenty or thirty years, the æra of our commercial prosperity, as it is called, when increased taxation excited fresh efforts to defray it, and the enlarged manufactures and trade justified additional imposts; when speculators and capitalists became wholesale slave-masters, and men, women, and children voluntarily and rapidly wore out their frames by task-work, until the former were bloated and choaked with their overgrown wealth, and the latter had no more enjoyment of life, or communion with nature, than the steam-engines and spinning-jennies to which they were made subsidiary. This was indeed the "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*;" an enormous mistake of the means for the end; a desperate struggle to keep our heads above water, which was worse than drowning. But this long fit of Mammon-madness is subsiding; the convulsions are abated; we have time at last to wipe the perspiration from our brows; and though we may emerge from our agonies somewhat poorer and more exhausted than we could wish, we may be ultimate gainers, both in health and happiness, if we dedicate the first-fruits of our unaccustomed leisure to the rural duties, and the renewal of that cheerful and cordial intercourse with nature, which exhilarated the lives of our ancestors, but from which we have profanely cut ourselves off by our plodding, sophisticated, and artificial modes of existence.

How can we begin this reform better than by recurring to the ancient and heart-refreshing observance of May-Day?—*C'est le premier pas qui coute*.—Who will step out of the dust, and smoke, and anxious turmoil of London, into the green fields, and with a sprig of blossoming hawthorn in his hand, give up the day to rural rambles and holiday associations? I will, for one; and I hereby invite the reader, whether gentle or simple, to ac-

company me. What! obey the call of a stranger?—Ay, or you will not go at all, for to many of ye Nature is a greater stranger still, and yet she wafts you a perfumed billet, which she dispatches by the breeze; she has decorated her festive halls with boughs and garlands; painted the floor where we are to dance with living butter-cups and daisies; and hark! her feathered orchestra has already struck up its music, for I can distinguish the notes of the blackbird and the thrush. Into such oblivion has the celebration of May fallen of late years, that you know not, perchance, the glories and eulogies with which it has been hailed. Old Isaac Walton records a saying of his friend Sir Henry Wootton, that he would rather live ten May months than forty Decembers, a sentiment to which you shall gladly subscribe before we part.—Listen to the song of Milton:

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire:
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.—
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

And mark into what exclamations an Italian poet bursts in his passionate worship of the spring:

O dolce primavera—o fior' novelli,
O aure, o arboscelli—o fresche erbette,
O piagge benedette—o colli, o monti,
O valli, o fiumi, o fonti—o verde rivi,
Palme, lauri, e olivi—edere e mirti;
O gloriosi spirti de gli boschi;
O Eco, o antri foschi—o chiare limfe,
O faretrate Ninfe—o agresti Pani,
O Satiri e Silvani—o Fauni e Driadi,
Naiadi ed Amadriadi—o Semidee,
Oreadi e Napee,—or siete sole.

SANNAZZARO.

Which Leigh Hunt has thus happily translated, preserving the same recurrence of rhyme in the middle of the line:

“O thou delicious spring, O ye new flowers,
O airs, O youngling bowers; fresh thickening grass,
And plains beneath Heaven's face; O hills and mountains,
Valleys, and streams, and fountains; banks of green,
Myrtles and palms serene, ivies and bays;
And ye who warm'd old lays, spirits o' the woods,
Echoes, and solitudes, and lakes of light:
O quiver'd Virgins bright, Pans rustical,
Satyrs and Sylvans all, Dryads, and ye
That up the mountains be; and ye beneath
In meadow or flowery heath,—ye are alone.”*

* See an admirable paper in the Indicator, No. 29.

and his appetites satisfied, he falls asleep without thinking of the morrow ;—whereas your head is perpetually at work ; you can hardly sleep from the fear of losing what you have got ; and so far from your cravings being appeased by plenty, you are everlastingly hungering and thirsting for more.—

There you are mistaken ; for as soon as I have completed a plum, I mean to retire to my box in the country.

My most solvent friend, you may deceive yourself, but you cannot deceive me. You will no more be satisfied with one plum in your second childhood, than you were in your first ;—there is but one box to which you will ever retire, and into that you will be screwed down, narrow as it is, with all your Consols and Reduced, and your villa at Mile End ; ay, and your Bank-stock and exchequer-bills into the bargain : so you may as well make holiday while you can, and follow me into the green lanes and fresh-smelling groves.

But I don't want to see any trees ; it was only last Wednesday week that I got down to Mile End time enough to walk round my own plantations with a lantern, when I saw ever so many, some of them twenty feet high.

Nay, then, you may well be sick of the country, and can have no possible occasion to go a-Maying.—Gentle maiden, you, at least, will not refuse me when I assure you that, whatever the ancients may have said to the contrary*, May is Love's own month. Was not "Zephyr with Aurora playing, as he met her once a-Maying," when he became the happy father of Mirth ? "Love whose month is ever May," is a phrase of Shakspeare's, no uninitiated investigator of the human heart ; but he meant the May of the country, not the season of fashion and dissipation in London, where the young men are too much absorbed by ambition or avarice to feel any kindly expansion of the affections. Will you not join in our rural rambles ?

Why really, Sir, it would be so excessively vulgar to leave London until after the coronation, that——

Come with me, and you shall see the same ceremony in a hall fifty times more lofty and magnificent than that at Westminster, and painted as well as illuminated by the hand of Heaven. Ay, and we will shew you a queen too, which you cannot behold at the royal pageant ; and the gems of her crown, of Flora's own manufacture, shall be more curious and beautiful than all the jewellers of Europe can produce ; and our musicians shall hover

* It was formerly considered inauspicious to marry in this month, to which Ovid alludes in his *Fæsti* :

"Nec viduæ tædis eadem, nec virginis apta
Tempora ; quæ nupsit, non diuturna fuit :
Hæc quoque de causa, si te proverbia tangunt,
Mense malum Maio nubere vulgus ait."

over us upon wings ; and our feast——But hark ! the cuckoo calls us ; and I cannot wait a moment longer. If you wish to share our festival, follow me into the warm thick-flowering meadows or the budding copses.

H.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY GRATTAN.

It is not our intention to write a detailed life of the subject of this memoir ; such an undertaking would far exceed the limits, not merely of our usual articles, but of our magazine itself. We must content ourselves with a mere sketch of his extraordinary character, and of the events with which he was connected. The public life of Mr. Grattan is, in fact, the history of his country during that period—the only period during which her history is worth recording—during which the mind, in some degree, emerges from savage barbarism and feudal outrage into the atmosphere of dawning civilization. Before the æra which Mr. Grattan originated, the annals of his country are not only a disgrace to its natives but to human nature—savage chieftains and rebellious slaves rendered her fields little less than the transcript of their crimes, and her story the story of a people unable or unwilling to sway their own sceptre, and yet too froward or too proud to obey it in the hands of others : in the words of Mr. Grattan himself, they were “ *bad subjects and worse rebels.*”

Henry Grattan was born in the city of Dublin in the year 1751. He was grandson to the old companion of Dean Swift, to the readers of whose life we have no doubt the *Latina Grattanica* is familiar. His father was a barrister, respectable certainly, if not eminent, who at the close of his career had risen to considerable practice, and at length obtained the recordership of the city of Dublin, an office at that time of some rank and trifling emolument. The patrimony which his son inherited was inconsiderable, so inconsiderable indeed as to render the choice of a profession indispensable ; and after some deliberation that of the bar was fixed upon. He was accordingly, with that view, enrolled amongst the members of Trinity College, Dublin, and soon entered into youthful competition with a fellow student, who was destined afterwards to become almost as remarkable as himself, and whose, not merely rivalry, but animosity, terminated only with his life. We allude to the late Lord Clare, at that time Mr. Fitzgibbon. Mr. Grattan became very distinguished at Trinity College ; he obtained nearly all its honours, and forms an exception to the career of almost all the students at that University who have shed any lustre on their country. Even in his own time Burke and Goldsmith had just passed away, without having, during their whole collegiate existence, let fall

one spark indicative of their future brilliancy. This University, always "silent," bigoted, and servile, made but an ungrateful return to the pupil who had endeavoured to rescue her name from a proverbial degradation. Mr. Foster, the last speaker of the last parliament of Ireland, was also one of his contemporaries. In the year 1772 he was called to the Irish bar, with which, in a short time, he became disgusted. It is a general remark, that those men who have most successfully advocated the cause of humanity and justice in the forum, have seldom, if ever, in the senate sustained their forensic reputation. The Curran of the House of Commons was certainly not the Curran who at the bar wielded, as he chose, the passions of his auditory; and the coronet, beneath whose shade Lord Erskine sits, is not illumined by one ray which shone upon his brow during the triumphs of Hardy and of Tooke. Mr. Grattan, on the other hand, was an example, that the talent which shines in parliament may remain in eclipse at the bar. He did nothing—he attempted, and he failed. He had not, indeed, an opportunity of addressing a jury, but he did argue one or two law-questions, and argued them badly. His mind towered above the little details of special pleas and demurrers—his eye was too bright for the moles of black-letter—his spirit could not stoop to the arts of pettifogging traders, and in place of quoting others he became an authority himself. After wandering his allotted period amongst the idlers and the bustlers of the profession, he relinquished the "legal frippery" for ever, and prepared to spend the remainder of his days in the philosophic retirement which his patrimony allowed. During this retirement he became acquainted with a very powerful and popular nobleman, the late Lord Charlemont, a man who blended a love of the arts, of literature, and of politics. A strange and rare combination! but in him they certainly were united. Lord Charlemont was at the head of the liberal politicians of Ireland, but his liberality was constitutional—it took no tinge from rebellion, and the pride of birth mingled, but not austere, with the familiarity of his patriotism. "Formed," as Mr. Grattan said of him, "formed to unite aristocracy and the people—with the manners of a court and the principles of a patriot—with the flame of liberty and the love of order—unassailable to the approaches of power, of profit, or of titles, he annexed to the love of freedom a veneration for order, and cast on the crowd that followed him the gracious shade of his own accomplishments, so that the very rabble grew civilized as it approached his person." Such an acquaintance, at such a time, must have been equally acceptable to both parties—to him who wanted a profound, brilliant, playful companion, and to him who wanted a powerful and a generous patron—a patron who had the rare talent of appearing to receive a

favour while he conferred one, and the object of whose patronage was not flattery but virtue. The defection of Mr. Flood from the popular party, by an acceptance of the Vice-treasurership of Ireland, had at this moment particularly afflicted Lord Charlemont. This affliction was followed by another of a private nature, by which he was, if possible, still more oppressed and disheartened, the death of his brother, Francis Caulfield, who represented one of his lordship's boroughs, and who was lost between Parkgate and Dublin, on his way to attend his parliamentary duty. Beneath two such losses he was bowed down with sorrow, and the calamity of his country shared the sigh which the calamity of his home extorted. But, alas! how inscrutable to the wisest and the brightest are the dispensations of that Providence which often blesses while appearing but to chasten us. How little did Lord Charlemont imagine that one of those losses was to retrieve the other. The vacancy thus occasioned in the borough of Charlemont was filled by Mr. Grattan, through his lordship's influence; and on the 11th of December, 1775, he took his seat, for the first time, in the Irish House of Commons. The state of Ireland, at this period, was the most disheartening which can well be imagined. A ruinous system of prodigality and extravagance had exhausted the treasury, and those who had crouched and fawned at the Castle, while it had patronage, began to affect patriotism, when they discovered that they could be no longer pensioners. A natural transition for such men, and not peculiar, it is feared, to Ireland. A ruinous embargo had blighted the provision-trade, upon which the prosperity of the south depended; and the American war ruined the north by the suspension of the linen-trade. Thus the revenue was effectually checked, and the commercial and financial depression found no counterpoise in the allegiance of a people, one half of whom considered themselves the victims of bigotry, and the other half as little better than the serfs of England. The Catholic Code also existed then in all its primitive asperity. It was at that time unrelieved by a single modification, and some of its enactments were not only repugnant to sound policy, but an outrage alike upon religion and humanity. The Catholics were not only forbidden, under severe penalties, to celebrate the rites of their religion, but rewards were allotted for the discovery of their priesthood. They were compelled to support the Protestant clergy, and refused the privilege even of voting at a vestry. They were expected to obey the laws, and yet to educate a Catholic was made punishable by fine and imprisonment. They were disabled from holding any office, civil or military; from dwelling in particular towns, from purchasing lands, or from exercising the elective franchise. Intermarriage with Protestants was forbidden, and the celebration of the marriage-rite was made a capital

felony. To sum up all the horrors of a code which made Christianity penal and education criminal, a premium was offered for filial turpitude, and any eldest son of a Catholic parent was enabled to make his father tenant for life by a conformity to the sect of the ascendancy. These enactments, since considerably softened down, were then in the most vigorous and frightful operation. Such was the state of the Roman Catholic population; and the Protestant community, though not thus constitutionally disqualified, yet considered their liberties to be merely nominal, and the real situation of their country to be little better than that of a dependant province. In truth, their estimate was not exaggerated. They had a parliament, but it was nothing more than a register-office for the caprices of the British minister. They had courts of law, but the final decision lay in England. They had a nominal commerce, but it was under the most humiliating restraints, and "not a sail but by permission flew."—They were, with the name of a country, nothing better than an English colony, bound by English laws and under English domination. It may easily be supposed that such a people, considering themselves under a foreign yoke, and exasperated by domestic animosities, were but ill-disposed to meet any political emergency, or submit to any additional privation. In their distresses they sought relief from England, and the English manufacturer opposed their claim to trade, and the English secretary confessed his inadequacy to protect them from invasion. The war with America occupied all the resources of the mother-country, and the combined fleets of France and Spain menaced a disembarkation on the Irish coast. Under these circumstances Mr. Grattan took his seat in the Irish House of Commons. It was a miserable assembly, possessing some talent, but no principle. It had not made an effort to emancipate its country—full of individual speculation, it was active only for office, and consistent only in servility. But an imminent danger now roused the people from their torpor, and what no nobler motive could produce sprung from the fear of an hostile disembarkation. If an enemy landed, there was not a soldier to oppose them; and Ireland saw that, though she must endure British sway, she could not be compensated by British protection. Thus, in self-defence, was she driven to exertion; and, as if by a miracle, the people who had bowed to every mandate, and submitted to every imposition, suddenly exhibited the strange phenomenon of an army raised, accoutred, organized in a moment, totally independent of the Government, and breathing the most determined hostility to oppression, whether foreign or domestic. It was a most awful emergency for administration—but they had no alternative. The existence of such a body of men, self-raised, self-armed, and self-paid, was

truly formidable; but the Viceroy, who was unable to defend his people, had no pretence for not permitting them to defend themselves. In one point of view this enrolment was advantageous. The fleets of the enemy contented themselves with impotent menace and hostile demonstration, but prudently abstained from any descent on a country where every soldier was an hero and every hill was a fortress. The Irish Volunteers, however, did not pile their arms on the disappearance of the danger. Their foreign enemy excluded, they were determined also to annihilate their domestic grievances; and all the attempts of the Government, either to daunt or disunite them, proved equally ineffectual. Causes of dissention were studiously created, but a body, who had their eyes intently fixed on freedom, had not leisure nor inclination to regard them.—Such attempts, so far from diminishing, only increased their numbers. —Peer, manufacturer, and peasant, were seen together in the ranks; and as one of the patriots of the day classically said; where “the serpent’s teeth were sown, the harvest was armed men.” Such was the crisis of which Mr. Grattan took advantage to establish the liberties of Ireland. His first effort was to obtain a free trade; and in the session of 1779, in conjunction with Mr. Burgh, he moved a resolution, “That nothing but a free trade could save the country from ruin.” This motion, after a fruitless opposition on the part of the Government, was carried; and when the House of Commons proceeded to the Castle with the address, the volunteers lined the streets through which they passed. The British minister yielded with as good a grace as possible to this unequivocal declaration of the Irish Parliament, and thus the foundation-stone of Irish liberty was laid. This victory was, however considerable, only the first of Mr. Grattan’s triumphs. The speeches which he delivered aroused the hitherto dormant spirit of the nation. They had got upon the threshold of the temple of freedom, and 80,000 volunteers in arms, headed by the only duke in Ireland, and officered by her principal nobility, determined that the worship of the goddess was the right of man, and that the spear and the shield should rest no where except on the horns of the altar. In 1780 Mr. Grattan moved his “declaration of right” in favour of Ireland. The motion was at that time unsuccessful; but determination only grew upon defeat. The oration which he delivered smote the very heart of the people. The wise man studied—the child lisped it. It breathed the soul of liberty—it spoke in a tone not to be mistaken or resisted—in the proudest days of ancient republicanism it might have served as a model, and the universal people were like the “fierce democracy” at the mandate of Demosthenes, ready to “march against Philip—to conquer or die.” “What!” said he (and as he

spoke, he seemed filled with the prophetic inspiration of an oracle: "Have you been for a century contending against the power of an English Attorney-General, and dare not conquer though lying at your mercy? The great charter has not been confirmed as often as your rights have been violated. You may be told that you are ungrateful—I know of no gratitude which can make me wear the badge of slavery. Insatiable we may be told we are; when Ireland desires nothing except what England has robbed her of. When you have emboldened the judges to declare your rights, they will not be afraid to maintain them: *His Majesty has no title to his throne but what you have to your liberty*; if your exertions in that cause are condemned, the Revolution was an act of perjury, and the petition of right an act of rebellion. The baths made to the House of Stuart were broken for the sake of liberty; and we live too near the British nation to be less than equal to it. Insulted by the British parliament, there is no policy left for the English but to do justice to a people who are otherwise determined to do justice to themselves. Common trade and common liberty will give strength to our constitution, and make both nations immortal; the laws of God, the laws of nature, and the laws of nations, call loudly for it. Do not let the curses of your children, and your reflections in old age, weigh you down to the grave with bitterness. Forgetful of past violation and present opportunity, let nobody say the parliament was bought by a broken ministry and an empty treasury. By the inspiration of the present opportunity—by the affection you owe posterity—by all the ties which constitute the well-being of a people; assert and maintain the liberties of your country. I have no design—I ask for no favour, but to breathe, in common, in a nation of freedom; but I never will be satisfied as long as a link of the British chain is clanking to the heels of the meanest peasant in Ireland." Such was the conclusion of this unparalleled oration, the delivery of which constituted an era in the Irish parliament. Its facts were irresistible—its language almost inspired—its sentiments animated by the noblest patriotism, and delivered in a tone which seemed to have caught an energy not of this world's creation. It was unsuccessful in the House of Commons; but it raised a spirit out of doors which spurned the servile vote, and swore eternal hostility to oppression. The volunteers of Ireland were determined to follow the advice of Mr. Grattan; and on the 15th of February 1782, the representatives of one hundred and forty-three corps, from a single province, met in convention at Dungannon. Their address to the parliament was brief, but emphatic. Its last words spoke volumes: "We know our duty to our sovereign, and are loyal—we know our duty to ourselves, and are resolved to be free. We seek for our rights, and no

more than our rights; and in so just a pursuit we should doubt the bring of a providence if we doubted of success." Soon after this, Lord Carlisle sent in his designation as Lord Lieutenant; and on the 14th of April 1792, the Duke of Portland arrived in Dublin as his successor, attended by General Fitzpatrick, his secretary. The parliament met in two days after, and the summons by which they met was couched in the remarkable dictate, "*that every member should attend as he tendered the rights of parliament.*" On the morning of the 16th of April, Mr. Grattan attended at the Castle, and prefaced his resolutions by a declaration that their acceptance was the only condition upon which he would consent to support even a Whig administration; Strange to say, a modification was attempted by the Duke of Portland; but Grattan took up his papers, and walked down to the House of Commons through multitudes who were ready to fall down and worship him. He did not know, when he rose in his place, whether administration would support him or not; but he knew that he was advocating the just rights of his country; and that she listened to his words, and had sworn to support them. He knew also that England was upon the very verge of ruin; that her similar claim of unconstitutional taxation was ceded to America too late; and that her Channel fleet lay, like logs upon the water, in the face of France and Spain, for want of sailors to man them. His principal claim was the repeal of the statute of George the First, by which England asserted her right to legislate for Ireland; and this he prefaced by a speech such as only Grattan either could or would have pronounced. He was tottering under a severe indisposition; and, as his noble patron said of him, if ever spirit might be said to act independent of body, it was upon that occasion. He electrified the house—the minister, if he had any previous idea of opposition, altogether gave it up; and amid the cheers of the parliament, re-echoed by the shout of every village in Ireland, the resolution passed, "*that no power on earth could make laws to bind her, except her own King, Lords, and Commons.*" Mr. Fox and Lord Shelburne carried a corresponding motion in the British parliament; and thus, in a few years, Grattan obtained for his country not only a free trade, but a free constitution. Ireland was not ungrateful: She instantly voted a supply of twenty thousand seamen for the navy, and a sum of fifty thousand pounds was unanimously presented to Mr. Grattan for his services. A grant of double that amount was at first proposed, but it was subsequently reduced to one half the sum at the earnest intercession of its object. Indeed, he had most expressly declared to his friends in private, that unless this reduction took place, he would refuse the gift altogether, retaining merely a few hundreds as an honourable mark of his country's goodness.

"It is difficult to say, under such circumstances, upon whom the grant conferred the greatest honour, the giver or the receiver. A public monument was also voted to him, never since, however, erected; and a day of thanksgiving was appointed to be kept throughout the kingdom. It would be difficult to find, in the annals of any country, an instance of more splendid popularity than Mr. Grattan at this moment presented. And yet, perhaps, there never was an occasion upon which the fickleness of popular favour was more strikingly or basely exemplified. There was at this time in the Irish House of Commons, a most eloquent and argumentative speaker of the name of Flood. In all the interesting debates of late years he had taken a leading part, and was looked upon by a great body of the people as second to none, not even to his celebrated rival. He was a man of transcendent eloquence—of much personal influence—of great warmth of temper, and of inflexible determination. "He had his faults," said Mr. Grattan, generously, some years after his death, "but he had great powers—great public effect—he persuaded the old—he inspired the young—the Castle vanished before him—on a small subject he was miserable—put into his hand a distaff, and, like Hercules, he made sad work of it; but give him the thunderbolt, and he had the arm of a Jupiter." Such was the man, upon the confession of his opponent, who arraigned the triumph of 82, and soon converted a great majority to his opinion. He insisted that the *simple repeal* of the 6th of George the First, which was all the Irish parliament had done, was, in fact, doing nothing—that England might, at any time, resume her sway; and that nothing could be considered as satisfactory or final, except a sweeping renunciation. Mr. Grattan and his friends insisted, with equal force, that, coming from a nation of good faith like England, a simple repeal was tantamount to a renunciation; and thus, upon a vital question, the two great authorities of the nation were at issue. A foolish motion of Lord Abingdon's in the English House of Lords, menaced, but not made, claiming a right for England to legislate externally for Ireland, added fuel to the flame, and gave to Flood and his adherents the zealous partizanship of the volunteer army, who went so far as to resist the levy of the seamen. Flood in himself was an host; and no one who enlisted beneath his banner had any reason to distrust the energy or talents of his leader. His speeches were full of powerful argument; and though outvoted in the Commons, he contrived, out of doors, to carry with him not only the weak and the discontented, but a considerable portion of the intelligent and the loyal. "Were," said he, in his concluding speech upon this subject—"were the voice with which I utter this, the last effort of expiring nature; were the accent which conveys it to you, the breath which was to waft me

to that grave to which we all tend, and to which my footsteps rapidly accelerate, I would go on—I would make my exit by a loud demand of your rights; and I call upon the God of truth and liberty, who has so often favoured you, and who has of late looked down upon you with such a grace and glory of protection, to continue to you his inspirings—to crown you with the spirit of his completion, and to assist you against the errors of those who are honest, as well as against the machinations of all that are not so.” Unfortunately some expressions during this debate were applied by Mr. Grattan personally to himself, and a scene of angry, but eloquent contention arose, creditable neither to the parties immediately concerned, nor to the house destined to be its theatre. The shout which but a few short months before had followed in the wake of Grattan wherever he went, was now changed into the whisper of defamation. His language was mis-stated—his motives misrepresented; and a life which had been devoted and hazarded in the cause of his country, became embittered by her vile and causeless ingratitude. His health gradually sunk under his toils, and the cruel return by which they were rendered worse than nugatory; and his physicians ordered a journey to Spa, for which place he departed in August 1782, a memorable instance of what “dust he doats on” who worships popularity. During his absence, and the administration of Lord Temple, an accidental circumstance arose which certainly bore flood out in his arguments, and produced, at length, an act of entire and total renunciation. A writ of error (which previous to the repeal had been transmitted to the King’s-bench in England) was acted on by Lord Mansfield, according to the ancient usage of the court, who declared that he knew of no statute to abrogate that usage. This renewed the flame in Ireland—the act of Grattan had been supposed to have established a final jurisdiction there, with which this decision appeared fatally at variance. To set all at rest, a renunciation-bill was draughted, sent once to Westminster, and passed both houses almost *sub silentio*. On the close of Lord Temple’s short administration, Lord Northington assumed the government of Ireland, and Mr. Grattan was, at the instance of, and in conjunction with, Lord Charlemont, created a privy counsellor. It is not our purpose, nor would it be possible, to dwell upon all the individual exertions of Mr. Grattan during his parliamentary career. There was no subject of any interest or advantage to his country in which he did not appear prominent. A free trade—a free constitution—a court of final appeal—a relaxation of the penal code, and the exertion of his eloquence and the risk of his life against the measure which destroyed the independence of his country, attest his claims to her eternal gratitude. His speech on the commer-

cial propositions attempted to be introduced into Ireland by Mr. Orde, should, of itself, immortalize his memory. This was a subject upon which his pride and his patriotism were equally awakened; it went directly to interfere with the free trade he had established, and he closed a powerful and soul-stirring appeal with the following beautiful peroration. "It is not public clamour, but public injury, that should alarm you. Your high ground of expostulation with your fellow subjects has been your services; the free trade you have given the merchant, and the free constitution you have given the island! Make your third great effort: preserve them, and with them preserve unaltered, your own calm sense of public right, the dignity of the parliament, the majesty of the people, and the powers of the island. Keep them unsullied, uncovenanted, uncircumscribed, and unstipendiary! These paths are the paths to glory, and let me add, these ways are the ways of peace; so shall the prosperity of your country, though without a tongue to thank you, yet laden with the blessings of constitution and of commerce, bear attestation to your services, and await on your progress with involuntary praise." In 1789, on the melancholy occasion of the late king's irreparable malady, the English and the Irish parliaments were unfortunately divided upon the mode of proceeding; the former preferring a bill and the latter an address. Mr. Grattan was as usual the great organ of the opposition, and he completely overwhelmed the administration. As he said himself of Mr. Flood, "the Castle vanished before him," and some idea may be formed of the anger and disappointment of the government, from the circumstance of Lord Buckingham, the viceroy, refusing to transmit the address to the Prince of Wales, as inconsistent with his oath of office. Both houses instantly passed a vote of censure on his excellency, and appointed a deputation from their respective bodies to lay their sentiments at the feet of his Royal Highness, who received them with abundant professions of his future gratitude. The prince is now king, and, there can be no doubt, can neither forget the services, nor the promises of 89. In 1793 a considerable relaxation took place in the penal laws against the Catholics; and, as usual, his voice was raised on behalf of humanity. His whole life, indeed, from this period, was passed in attempting to repeal a code cruel, impolitic, and irreligious, enacted in barbarous times, and long since rendered unnecessary by political change and increasing civilization. In endeavouring to ameliorate the tithe system also, that fruitful source of much of Ireland's calamity, and almost all her crimes, his exertions were indefatigable. Unfortunately they were equally unsuccessful. The rejection of the Catholic petition, and the abrupt recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, after a two months viceroyalty, appeared

such insults to Ireland, that Mr. Grattan declared his intentions of retiring from all share in what he called the mockery of a fruitless representation; and he justified the step of his parliamentary secession in an address to the citizens of Dublin. Public commotions soon succeeded, of which it is not our duty to detail the history. There are too many alive to mourn over their memory. Mr. Grattan, as may well be supposed, could not endure such a spectacle. Indeed his person was not safe—his very name was denounced by an outrageous loyalty, as ignorant as it was outrageous—a body of furious zealots visited his house for the purpose of his destruction; his picture was torn down from the walls of his college, by the pious hands of a candidate bishop, and his domestics were scrutinized for the purpose of torturing his liberality into rebellion and his patriotism into treason! In former days the people deserted him for serving them, and now the government denounced him for advising them. Strange fate; to be an unpopular patriot and a suspected loyalist! Yet such was the destiny which he alternately encountered, and which in each event he met with the honest intrepidity of a man equally disdainful of the "*Oivium ardor prava jubentium*," and the "*Vultus instantis tyranni*." He disregarded both alike—his eye was fixed on immortality. It was in the congenial shades of Twickenham that he sought refreshment for his shattered frame, and if possible, oblivion of his country's sufferings; and there he remained, till the agitation of the question of a legislative union warned him that the noble edifice, which the labour of his life had reared, was in danger. He instantly returned, was elected for Wicklow at twelve o'clock at night, and tottering from a sick bed, at four in the morning stalked into the last house of commons of Ireland, like the spectre of her national independence.* The speech which he made from his seat upon that occasion, for he was unable to stand, should never be forgotten; and lest the means by which the Irish union was carried should rest upon mere rumour or misrepresentation, we give the description as it fell from his own lips, in the face of the treasury bench. "Half a million or more (said a principal servant of the crown) was expended some years ago to break an opposition: the same or a greater sum may be necessary now." "The house heard him—I heard him—he said it standing on his legs, to an astonished house and an indignant nation, and he said so in the most extensive sense of bribery and corruption! *The threat was proceeded on—the veerage was sold---*

* Mr. Grattan, in consequence of some warmth during the debate, went with Mr. Corry, then chancellor of the exchequer, to the field at eight o'clock. Thus he was elected at 12, took his seat at 4, and risked his life at 8 on the same morning.

the caustiffs of corruption were every where, in the lobby, in the street, on the steps, and at the door of every parliamentary leader—their very thresholds were worn by the members of the then administration offering TITLES TO SOME, AMNESTY TO OTHERS, and CORRUPTION TO ALL!" These are Mr. Grattan's own words, and we will not trust ourselves with what they would render an unnecessary comment. Equally unnecessary is it for us to trace Mr. Grattan's progress in the Imperial Parliament. Unlike his great rival Mr. Flood, he completely succeeded. Almost all his speeches, except his celebrated one on the return of Napoleon from Elba, were made in support of the Irish Catholics, a body of men who often repaid his "desperate fidelity" with gross ingratitude. Yet Mr. Grattan died in their cause. When he found his mortal complaint gaining fast upon him, he took the Catholic petition, and desired that he might be borne to London by easy stages. On his landing at Liverpool, the horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn by the people to his hotel. In the midst of this triumph he may be said to have died. On the very morning on which, after his arrival in London, he had determined to present the petition, he breathed his last. The task has since devolved upon Mr. Plunket, a man every way entitled to be his successor.

It was at first determined to take the remains of Mr. Grattan to the country of which, when living, he had been the ornament and benefactor; but a deputation from some of the leading political characters of the day waited on his family, and prevailed on them to accede to his public interment in Westminster Abbey, where he now rests amid kindred integrity and genius. Our limits warn us reluctantly to conclude this brief and imperfect notice of a man whose patriotism was as beneficial as it was consistent, whose life and death were devoted to his country, and whose eloquence, like his philanthropy, belonged to the world.

ON EPICURISM. BY AN AMATEUR.

Daremo "pochi momenti al cibo."

THIS is a subject which ought not to be entered upon in a state of repletion, lest the sated appetite should produce a languor and carelessness of description, most injurious to the merits of the theme: still less should it be attempted when the cravings of hunger distract our thoughts; for where is the famished gourmand sufficiently firm and resolute to sit immovable at his pen, when it is employed in the praise of curries and ragoûts; and when mock-turtle soup is called up in ideal lustre before his

eyes, will he not start from his seat, and fly to the nearest tavern, to taste its substantial charms? The interval between a light and moderate luncheon, and the hour appointed for dinner, appears to be the most judicious season for composing an essay of this nature: partial satisfaction has blunted the keener edge of hunger, while the joyful prospect of the more ample and delicious meal to come, may impart vigour to the style, and suggest a thousand savoury images to the fancy. In such a state, and at such a time, I commence my present labours, anxious to do all possible justice to a subject more than commonly interesting and important.

There are, it is true, a few persons in the world who amuse themselves with decrying the merits of the art, of which I am now the humble panegyrist; who affect to despise its more refined and exquisite branches; and who talk of plain boiled beef, and roast leg of mutton, as if they were the *ne plus ultra* of culinary lore. To those who are sincere in these professions, I have nothing to say—I pity them, as I pity the deaf man, who depreciates the melodies he cannot hear; but I have every reason to believe, that the greater proportion of these slanderers are the victims of bile and indigestion, who delight in calumniating those rich and savoury viands, of which they dare not partake.

Others, again, are mere hypocrites, who pretend to be wiser than their neighbours, only while temptation is at a distance: place them before a well-spread table, and mark how roast-beef and boiled chicken will sue them in vain, while the rich *haricot*, the piquant *ragoût*, and the delicious turtle, are as dear to them as to the greatest of professed gourmands. As Pomfret refuted the charge of aversion from matrimony by exhibiting a wife, so a man of this description, if accused of holding heterodox opinions on cookery, might appeal triumphantly to his practice, and exclaim, “*Sit next me at a feast.*”

But where is the merit of despising good eating? Eat we must—our nature happily requires the pleasing penalty; then why not eat of the best we can procure? It would be as wise to shut our ears when Stephens or Philomel are singing, and open them only to the croaking of frogs and the clatter of ter-magants—to close our eyes upon Richmond Hill, and look about us in Tothill Street—as to persist in eating boiled neck of mutton and sparrow pudding, when venison and French pie are courting our acceptance. We leave such mortification to the sickly, the tasteless, and the ascetic; and we boldly avow that love of eating the best, and drinking the best, which is consistent with the aspiring nature of the human mind, and sanctioned by the example of some of our greatest patriots, and most learned divines.

Happy are we who live in the nineteenth century, and in

London; happier, still happier, those who live in the nineteenth century, and in Paris. Paris—one's mouth waters at the very name, and a thousand images of savoury dishes, dimly seen through rising exhalations, flit before one's eyes: Oh, Paris! well mayest thou boast of thy "*Almanac des Gourmands*," and glory in a work unequalled, unattempted by any other nation in the world; and though no epic poem may convey thy language to future ages, yet shall it survive while *fricassées*, *ragoûts*, and *saucés piquantes*, are dear to the heart, and pleasing to the palate of man. Antiquity must have been a terrible time to live in, and Sparta and Consular Rome most disagreeable places of residence. The bon-vivant of to-day turns, shocked and disgusted, from the black-broth, pulse, and meagre fare of the ancients; and his refined taste bestows due contempt on sayings like the following—"The man who can dine on turnips, is not likely to betray his country," stamped though they be with the silly approbation of ages. Agesilaus, Lycurgus, and Cincinnatus, may have been brave warriors and wise men, but fortunate are ~~we~~ who are not obliged to accept an invitation to dine with them; they would prove but indifferent table-companions, and most unpleasant hosts. Even Athens, famed as she was for pre-eminence in wisdom and in science, appears to have been little skilled in the higher branches of cookery; and the amiable efforts of the learned translator of Aristophanes to rescue the city of Minerva from this disgraceful imputation, proved less successful than his attempt to introduce the Greek comedian to the notice and the favour of English readers.

Triumvirate and Imperial Rome endeavoured to atone for previous barbarism, by an enormous expense and boundless profusion in the luxuries of the table; and men like Læcilius, Apicius, Cœlius, &c. deserve to have lived in the days of turtle, and of French sauces. But even by these the real art of good eating was but imperfectly understood; quantity seems to have been considered more than quality, and rarity stamped an undue value on many most insipid articles, and gave undeserved celebrity to the brains of peacocks, and the tongues of singing birds. We do not now consider that dish as *necessary* the most delicious which costs the most money; and though we relish peas when they are a guinea a quart, and mackerel at fifteen shillings apiece, yet we turn with more sincere and abiding affection towards the little made-dishes, which, artfully concocted by the magic hand of a good cook, charm the palate by the judicious combination of various cheap and common ingredients.

If from Athens, Sparta, and Rome, we turn our eyes towards those nations who exist in a savage state, the Hottentots, the Esquimaux, or wild Americans, how does the benevolent mind

shrink from contemplating the barbarous and degraded state of their eating propensities! Cookery, as a science, can scarcely be said to exist among them at all; nor can we ever expect to see them attain any considerable degree of civilization, till their minds have acquired more elevated notions on the subject. Yet, in the accounts which travellers have written of man in his lowest state, capabilities of better things are occasionally discernible; and we behold with pleasure indications of that love of eating much, eating long, and eating of the best which is to be had, which are the distinguishing characteristics of a *grand Gourmand*.

The Calif Merwan II. could never see a sheep without wrapping his hand in the corner of his robe, and tearing out the kidney, which he instantly devoured. After eating his *bonne-pouche*, he used to call for a clean habit; and in consequence of this becoming attention to personal neatness, when he died, ten thousand greasy vests were found in his wardrobe. This anecdote is shocking to our delicate ears; yet we should not be too severe in our animadversions upon poor Merwan, and should remember, that if a *grand gourmand* of to-day could be persuaded that the Calif's favourite *morceau* was really and indisputably of exquisite and unrivalled flavour, he would think himself justified in endeavouring to obtain it whenever and wherever he could, and a considerable briskness would immediately take place in the manufacture of the silks and stuffs of which the gowns of our city corporation are composed.

To a single man (and all genuine *gourmands* ought to be single), in easy circumstances, there can scarcely ever occur, in the course of twenty-four hours, a more important and interesting event than his dinner. To order, to anticipate, to eat, and to remember it, form ample occupation and amusement for the day; and if, perchance, instead of dining at home, he is invited to share the repast of a fellow *connoisseur*, curiosity, wonder, hope, and fear, keep his mind in a state of agreeable agitation during the morning. It has been asserted by moralists, that in no state or condition of life can we find ourselves without duties to perform, and temptations to resist; and, assuredly, the epicure who seats himself at the well-spread dinner-table, with taste and appetite to relish its luxuries, has too often, alas! abundant opportunity for the exercise of patience, good-humour, and self-command. Perhaps he finds himself in a company of which ladies form a large proportion, and he sees the venison helping, the fat diminishing, the gravy cooling; while, by an absurd custom, those least capable of appreciating their excellences, are receiving the best slices, in their best state. Is there no merit in smoothing the brow, and refraining the tongue, under circumstances like these?

Or, peradventure his discriminating eye has detected the peculiar merits of some exquisite *ragoût*, whose odours he can distinguish amidst the mingled exhalations of the table, as Catalani's notes might be heard amidst the tumult of the loudest chorus. He anticipates the pleasure to come; his eye glances occasionally from his plate to the envied corner where the *ragoût* stands;—alas! he perceives that others have discovered its excellences, and that the favourite dish is rapidly diminishing;—he redoubles his haste; he hurries the venison, insufficiently masticated, down his throat; he even sends his plate away, with several choice morsels upon it, and then, bending across the table, he hastily and distinctly articulates, “I will trouble you, Sir, for some of——” the unfinished sentence ends in “a quaver of consternation,” the last portion is this moment assigned to the plate of a more fortunate claimant, and the unhappy *gourmand* must content himself with a less exquisite dainty, and “dress his face with artificial smiles.”

Again, some ignorant or malicious idiot helps him, in the most cruel and inconsiderate manner, to the wing of a woodcock, or gives him less than his due share of fat, or gravy, or forcemeat-balls; or sends him giblet-soup, with scarcely any of the sweet and tender article from which it derives its name; and instead of shewing his anger, the indignant *gourmand* courteously bows, assumes a smile of grateful obligation, and with admirable self-command, “*permet altum corde dolorem.*” Is not this an exercise of good-temper and good-breeding rarely equalled in the common intercourse of society? And if some there are unequal to so difficult a task; if the angry glance, the impatient gesture, the fretful exclamation, will occasionally escape, let us be slow in condemning our brethren; let us remember that their provocation is great, and that, though

“What's done we partly may compute,
We know not what's resisted.”

But happy he who has only to exercise his patience and politeness before a table covered with well-dressed delicacies, compared with the unfortunate man who visits at a house where a female cook is kept, or who has been betrayed, by some sad chance, into dining in the *friendly way*. Odious, libellous expression! Pea-soup, a dish of cheap fish, a joint of mutton, boiled fowls, bacon garnished with greens, and a pudding, compose the entertainment; and this is called a *friendly dinner*, as if it were the part of a friend to feed you with the most insipid viands, and give you as little gratification as possible. Boileau has well described the horrors of such a dinner; and during my recovery from an illness which attacked me about the 10th of last November, I amused myself with composing the following free imitation of his third satire.

A. My friend, whence springs that wild and troubled air?
 That glance of woe, those gestures of despair?
 Where are the cheeks, whose bright and purple hue
 To hash'd calf's-head and turtle-soup was due?
 Where are the beams which sparkled from your eye,
 Beams which Champagne and Burgundy supply?
 What sudden woe has caused these alter'd looks?
 Has some harsh edict banish'd all French cooks?
 Or has the earthquake, or tornado's pow'r,
 Swept from the land, in some unhappy hour,
 The regions where those* blessed creatures breed,
 Those on whose merits all mankind's agreed?
 Pr'ythee reply—I can no longer wait.

B. Nay, have compassion on my breathless state:
 Pity my sorrows—with a friend to-day
 I have been dining—in the friendly way.
 Long had I shunn'd his presence, oft had fled
 In prescient terrors when I heard his tread;
 I've pass'd him in the streets without a bow,
 But yesterday, alas! my luck ran low:
 In Burlington Arcade point-blank we met,
 He seized my hand, his speech was ready set:
 "Ah, my dear Sir, the man I wish'd to meet,
 I have been hoping long for such a treat:
 You'll dine with me to-morrow—grant my wish,
 You'll have a plain joint, and a dish of fish.
 I give no fine set-outs, yet, by good chance,
 You'll hear Miss Stephens, and the man from France."—
 "What, Alexandre, the famed ventriloquist?"—
 "The very same, and now you can't resist:
 You'll come to-morrow, five o'clock's the hour."
 Alas! refusal was beyond my pow'r.
 With falt'ring tones th' unwilling "yes" was spoken,
 By boding dreams my rest that night was broken;
 While spiteful brownies, or malicious hags,
 Whisper'd—"The dinner will be done to rags:"
 And in my ear they said, or seem'd to say,
 "Hope not to-morrow for *sauce velouté*,
 For *sauce Robert*, or turtle, or *ragoût*,
 Or lobster-sallad—no such luck for you."

At length the door receives my timid rap,
 With the mind's tremors shakes the quav'ring tap.
 Scarce in the entrance-hall I've ta'en my stand,
 When my host meets me, shakes me by the hand,
 Looks quite delighted, while he strikes me dumb:
 "Miss Stephens fails me, Alexandre can't come;
 But never mind, we'll have a merry day,
 And a good dinner—in the friendly way."

* Turtle.

Aghast I enter—my prophetic fears
 Gain treble strength, half start the harrating tasks,
 But vain is now resistance to my lot,
 And in a room insufferably hot,
 With host and hostess, and a Mr. Brown,
 And two young ladies, I am soon set down.
 The soup is help'd, no fragrant fumes exhale,
 No steams more spicy than Sabæan gales—
 Insipid, wat'ry, poor—I take a sip,
 From the weak potion starts th' unwonted lip.
 I try the fish—alas! indiff'rent brill,
 Though call'd a turbot, plays its part but ill.
 Meanwhile my host, with pleased and cheerful mien,
 "Excellent soup! such fish is seldom seen,
 I market for myself, and pay the best,
 And my cook knows her duty"—Pass the rest,
 For my worst fate's to come—A silver dish
 At length dismisses the deceitful fish,
 From one side peeps a bone, with paper drest,
 Sweet sauce accompanies—I hope the rest.
 Eager I watch the shelt'ring cover's rise,
 "Now, now, fat ven'son will delight mine eyes;
 Sure all my fears were vain—a rich repast
 Will soon repay me for my previous fast:
 For me, the rarer and more favour'd guest,
 The friendly carver will reserve the best;
 The nice tit-bits, the luscious fat, the prime
 Of all that's good, now, now they will be mine."
 Vain were my hopes—soon mutton in disguise,
 Wicked deception! meets my affrighted eyes;
 And soon, alas! their anxious glances I dart
 The fat was wasted, and the meat was burnt.
 My anger kindles—to divert mine ire,
 I call for wine—'twas hot as Etna's fire!—
 Yes, my dear friend, you'll scarce believe the tale,
 But may I ne'er again drink Burton ale,
 May Birch's soup turn sour, my cook turn fool,
 If amidst circling ice it had been set to cool,
 I'll pass the rest—Tough fowls, and beef-steak pie,
 The home-cured ham, the underdone lamb's fry,
 But my delighted host still praises all,
 Nor at the cook one angry oath lets fall.
 He tempts my palate with his nauseous cheer:
 "My friend, you surely must be ill, I fear;
 You don't eat any thing, th' untasted food,
 You send away—you'll find those chickens good;
 Pray try some macaroni, take a tart."
 But I no longer could sustain my part.
 Feigning a sudden qualm, I disappear,
 And haste to try some neighb'ring tavern's cheer.

And if again, on any future day,
 I am found dining in the friendly way,
 May sweet asparagus and soft sea-kale,
 Be chill'd by frosts, and nipp'd by biting hail,
 And grouse, and partridges, and black-cock fail!
 May fresh green-peas both stale and yellow turn,
 Ice-cream prove sour, and rich mock-turtle burn!
 May I both sauces piquantes and omelettes lack,
 And may French vineyards yield the vile Cape smack!

Poverty is, in general, an effectual preventive from good eating, and is often pleaded as the insufficient excuse of those who tempt *gourmands* from their own houses and their own *ragouts*, compel them to share, for a time, the worst evils of adversity, and poison them with *friendly dinners*. Yet men there are whose energetic minds may be said to conquer Fate, and to rise superior to the caprices of fortune; and with such a one it was formerly my lot to be intimately acquainted.

Henry Manners and myself were united, both at school and at college, by the magnetic influence of similar tastes and pursuits, and we nursed our friendship by a thousand little offices of civility and kindness. If Harry shot a hare, he was sure to invite me to sup with him; and if I chanced to purchase a peculiarly fine Stilton cheese, I willingly divided it with my friend. When we left Cambridge, I repaired to my paternal estates in the North of England, while Manners was placed by his father in a merchant's house in town. Years passed away, and we saw little of each other; till at length, tired of a country-life, and of the trouble of keeping up hot-houses, rearing sea-kale, and forcing strawberries, I resolved to remove to London, where these, and all other luxuries, might be procured in perfection, and from whence an occasional trip to Paris could be easily effected. I found Manners living in superb style: his business had succeeded; he had married a woman with money, and he spent his wealth in the most judicious and hospitable manner. I generally dined with him once or twice a week, and some of the happiest moments of my life were spent at his table, where every thing rare and delicious was collected, and from turtle-soup down to melted butter, all was excellent, all was perfect. But, alas! these pleasures soon came to a conclusion—poor Harry became a bankrupt, left his mansion in Grosvenor-square, retired to an obscure abode in the city, and was supported by his wife's jointure. Of course I was very shy of visiting him, avoided him as much as possible, and invariably refused all his invitations to dinner. He readily guessed my motives, and one day meeting me as he was coming out of Birch's, he said, "Come, come, I see you are afraid of shoulder of mutton, and suet pudding; but try me *once*, only

once, and if you do not like your fare, never come again. Do you remember my veal-olives and lobster-curry?" The last words were accompanied by a melancholy smile; and certain that Harry was too kind-hearted to tantalize and deceive me, I promised to dine with him on the following day. Then indeed was I convinced that "the mind is its own place," for never in his most prosperous days had my friend appeared more truly amiable and happy than in the little, meanly-furnished room where we dined. Soup of the first quality, exquisite collared salmon, chicken with *bechamel* sauce, (I remember it even now with pleasure) patties, the promised veal-olives and curry, Oxford dumplings, and some small joint which I did not taste, composed our entertainment; and these good things were all admirably cooked. The wine, too, was excellent of its sort; and a silver stand of rare essences and sauces, which my friend had saved from the wreck of his fortunes, made both my eyes and my mouth water. "Do I see *you here*?" thought I, "Oh how unlike the place from whence you *came*!" But Harry seemed undisturbed by unpleasant remembrances, and during dinner every trace of care was banished from his countenance. Not so his wife: she sat silent and gloomy at the head of the table, appeared annoyed by my praises of her fare, and when I panegyrized a new and expensive dish, gravely remarked, "that it was needless to describe its excellencies to people whose present circumstances forbade, or ought to forbid all useless expense." I had never had a very high opinion of Mrs. Manners, who in the days of her prosperity used to dine on the plainest dish at table; and I now sincerely pitied my friend for having such a helpmate in adversity. However, when she had left the room, I heard to my surprise, that to her personal exertions in most instances, and her superintending care in all, the dinner I had so much admired owed its charms. "We are too poor," said Harry, "to keep a good cook, and as I *must* have something fit to eat, Mary is obliged to dress my made-dishes herself. She got the receipts from our former French cook, and I *must* say manages very well, considering she was never used to any thing of the kind; but she makes an everlasting grumbling about expense."

After this, I dined several times with my valued friend, but ere long he was obliged to take up his abode in the King's Bench, whither his wife accompanied him. I saw him no more, and in six or seven months heard that he had died suddenly of apoplexy. His widow resides in the country, and when I wrote to her for one of her receipts, did not vouchsafe me an answer. She is bringing up her only son in the most ridiculous manner, makes him live on the plainest food, will not allow him to be rewarded

by cakes and sweetmeats, and requests her acquaintance not to talk of eating in his presence as if it were a matter of any importance. My blood boils at this insult to the memory of my friend. Could he know how his son is being educated!—but I hasten to quit this melancholy theme.

Since the peace, I have spent a great deal of my time in Paris, where I improve my culinary skill, and gratify my accurate taste by study, observation, and experience. Never do I leave its walls without regret,

“Crebra relinquendis infigimus oscula portis,
Inviti supurant limina sacra pedes.”

Ratitius.

There are many peculiarities in French cookery disagreeable to uninitiated palates; among the rest the frequent use of garlic and of oil: yet how delicious to some persons is the taste of the latter ingredient may be seen by the following anecdote, which exemplifies, in the strongest manner, the domineering power of a favourite dish over the feelings and affections of the human mind.

Fontenelle, the celebrated French author, was particularly fond of asparagus dressed with oil; but he was intimately acquainted with an abbé, who loved to eat this delicious vegetable served up with butter. One day, the abbé dropped in unexpectedly to dinner, and Fontenelle, who had ordered his favourite dish, with great kindness directed that half should be dressed with oil, and the rest with butter. The value of this sacrifice is proved by the sequel of the story. The abbé falling down dead in a fit, Fontenelle, without a moment's delay, darted to the top of the stairs, and exclaimed to the cook—“Dress the *whole* with oil, the *whole* with oil, as I told you before.”

Two works have been recently published in London, which I can conscientiously recommend to the lovers of my favourite science: “*Apicius Redivivus*,” and “*Tabella Cibaria*.” The former is a book of receipts, preceded by a most admirable preface, and dedicated to “tasteful palates, keen appetites, and capacious stomachs.” The author affirms that he has eaten of every receipt in his book, and that each may be said to have been written “with a pen in one hand, and a spit in the other.” He has 103 compositions upon cookery in his own library, all of which he has attentively read; and were it not for a few contemptuous expressions concerning French cooks, I should have it in my power to recommend Apicius beyond all his English predecessors. He urgently advises strict attention to the due mastication of food, as essential to present enjoyment and future comfort; but he appears to think that solid meat requires between thirty and forty movements of the jaw, which is surely an

exaggerated statement. His motto is, however, deserving of the attention of all prudent *gourmands*.

"Masticate, denticate, chump, grind, and swallow."

He recommends the immediate administration of two doses of medicine to your cook, when your dishes are not seasoned with customary skill, and proposes that this should be one of the agreements at the time of hiring.

"*Tabella Cibaria*," or the bill of fare, is a short Latin poem in good hexameters and pentameters. A waiter at a French tavern is supposed to enumerate the various dishes which he can bring to table, and the author has, with considerable ingenuity, discovered and constructed classical terms which express, with sufficient accuracy, the names of modern dishes and ingredients. But the notes are, in my opinion, the most valuable part of the volume; they are in English, and contain much useful information upon French cookery, many curious anecdotes, and many ways of making the simplest dishes become (to use the writer's own words) "*extremely interesting*."

And now, my Readers, farewell; and if I have succeeded in opening the eyes of any mature or embryo *gourmand* to a sense of his *real* character, and induced him to bestow the energies of a rational and immortal mind, capable of all that is noble and good, where they may be most honourable to himself and useful to others, I am satisfied; and as virtue is ever its own reward, my morning labours will doubtless be repaid by an unusual appetite for dinner.

UPON SEEING A PAINTING OF THE RIVER LARA.

THE sun has sunk---and twilight's lonely hour
Shows on the Lara's stream its tender power;
But still the West is streak'd with mellow light,
And still each rippling wave is gemm'd with white.
One boat alone---one solitary oar---
Breaks the repose that breathes along the shore:
But distant far the white sails silvery gleam
With soft reflection shades the azure stream.
The forest oaks, of shadowy sombre gloom,
In the pure wave a milder tint assume:
Light willows, drooping on the sandy brink,
Appear with thirsty boughs the tide to drink:---
The purpling distance mocks the searching eye,
And soon will mingle with the deep'ning sky.

ON THE WRITINGS OF QUEVEDO.

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO, the great moral satirist of Spain, is less generally read or spoken of in our literary circles than he deserves. His own nation boasts of him as one of her intellectual glories, and has long since assigned him his place beside the two modern archpriests of philosophic laughter—Rabelais and Cervantes.

He was born at Madrid in 1580 (some accounts bring him into the world ten years earlier), and died in 1645. His education was the best that his time and country could supply. He entered at an early age into the public service. When the Duke of Ossuna was viceroy of Naples, Quevedo was employed by that nobleman in several delicate commissions among the Italian states. On one occasion he went to Venice disguised as a mendicant; and as far as we can collect from the scenes of low life in some of his comic pieces, it was a character that he must have found little difficulty in supporting. The Spanish court acknowledged its sense of this and his other services, by decorating him with the cross of the military order of St. Jago.

The particulars of his biography that have come down to us are extremely scanty. What is recorded of his personal character is calculated to engage our love and respect. He was learned, pious, affectionate, and incorruptible. His appearance was manly and engaging; his complexion fair, and his countenance teeming with expression. His eyes were so debilitated by continual study, that he always wore spectacles. We have seen some portraits of him prefixed to inferior Spanish editions of his works, in which we could recognise nothing of the above description but the spectacles.

The most important events of his personal history were his imprisonments. When his friend the Duke of Ossuna was disgraced, Quevedo was arrested and confined for the space of three years: at the expiration of which, nothing appearing against him, he was discharged. In 1634 he was appointed secretary of state to Philip IV. The same year he married an accomplished lady of a noble family; but soon losing her, he found it necessary to exchange the vanity and bustle of a court for the consolations of religion and philosophy. He resigned his office, and retiring to the country, gave himself up to literature and meditation. From this retreat he was a few years after dragged, on a false charge of having libelled the prime minister, the Conde D^e Olivarez; and according to the custom of the country, recom-
mitted to a dungeon. His estate was sequestered, his health was ruined, and his spirits, previously impaired by his domestic calamity and approaching old age, irretrievably broken. The affair, when investigated, proved to have originated in a malicious

calumny, and the victim was restored to his liberty, and to as much of his property as had survived the costs of the sequestration; but the inhuman objects of his enemies were obtained, for Quevedo was soon after carried off by the accumulated diseases of mind and body, which the severities of his imprisonment had produced or exasperated.

Such, says one of his biographers, was the fate of Francisco Quevedo, the pride and the shame of the Spanish nation; a scholar and a poet worthy of universal admiration; a man of exemplary probity and fortitude, who suffered much unmerited mortification and distress from the malevolence of his countrymen, and languished in the shade of adversity and the gloom of a dungeon, while his writings were affording delight and instruction to whole nations.

These facts excite deep indignation; and particularly at this moment ought to inculcate a serious reflection on the degraded state to which a country can be reduced, even though possessing men of talents, when there are not laws and a free constitution to protect them. Quevedo's fate must also touch every breast which is faithful to the cause of liberty, with an indignant recollection of that unhallowed Alliance, which at this moment is prevented only by inability from restoring to Spain the system of oppression under which that immortal genius languished as a victim.

Quevedo's works are numerous, filling, as originally collected and published at Madrid, three quarto volumes. They consist of serious dissertations on religious and literary subjects, poetic effusions, and humorous productions; of the last of which alone we are enabled to speak at any length. We have seen a few of his love-sonnets, and the thoughts, as charged by one of his biographers, are disfigured by the quaint conceits and extravagances of the Italian amatory school. But we have seldom read verses in any language in direct praise of the writer's mistress, in which there has not been much more of the author than the lover.—The best-conducted, and perhaps the most poetical, correspondence, that we recollect to have read of in the annals of fidelity, was that of the separated lovers who agreed to look at stated hours upon the moon; but during our present financial difficulties, we cannot venture to recommend the general adoption of this practice, lest Mr. Vansittart should be compelled to bring in a bill declaring such evasions of the post and paper duties illegal; and then we should have indictments under the act, running “For that heretofore, to wit, on the night of between the hours of sunset and sunrise, he (or she) the said did falsely, maliciously, fraudulently, and amatorily gaze, look, and intently fix his (or her) eyes upon a certain heavenly body, sign, or planet, commonly called the moon, to

wit, at with intent to injure and defraud the revenue, against the peace and statute, and so forth;" all of which, however necessary, might sorely press upon the enamoured classes of the community.

The principal and most original of Quevedo's humorous efforts are his "Visions."

Cuvier, the celebrated naturalist, undertakes to deduce from the smallest fragment of the skeleton of an animal whose race has become extinct, the genus, size, and other physical distinctions of the creature to which it once belonged. The same inductive process may be employed, and we suspect with almost equal success, in more general investigations; and the peculiarities of detached literary or political remnants of a former society, may enable us to infer with tolerable certainty many important particulars regarding its moral and social condition. Of this the "Visions" of Quevedo afford an illustration. Had all the historical records of the state of Spain in his time perished, the plan of this work alone would enable us to conjecture that the writer must have composed it under the restraining terrors of such an establishment as the Inquisition, and of such ministers as the Conde D'Olivarez. It is his chief satirical production; but in sitting down to expose the vices and follies of his age, he used most especial precautions that none of the extant knaves and blockheads should take the application to themselves. His cardinal maxim throughout (the converse of the old one) is, "*de vivis nil nisi bonum.*" For fear the court or the priests should demur, he lays the venue in hell.

"My design, (as he says with some naïveté at the close of one of his Visions) is to discredit and discountenance the works of darkness, without scandalizing of persons; and I am certain this discourse will never be reckoned a satire, *as it treats of none but the damned.*"

The various styles of satirical productions are, in fact, excellent tests of the progress which the several states, where they have appeared, have made in freedom and civilization. In the infancy of societies, men abuse one another by word of mouth, without mercy or apprehension. When provoked, they do not spare even their chieftains. Every body remembers the contumacious invective of Thersites against the King of men; and how all that followed was the infliction of a few summary blows of a sceptre, administered by the hands of the wise Ulysses. But such was the law of libel and sedition in those days. The next step is the more formal and permanent publication of the censure or remonstrance, by written squibs or dramatic representation. The satires of the early Greek stage (the derivative of the name) are examples of the latter. Their merit was their virulence and personality. This goes on for a while; and as

long as the ingenious author confines himself to sneers or calumnies against an inoffensive neighbour, the higher orders are lavish of their applause, and heartily shake their sides in unison with the populace. But poets are complexionally indiscreet; and when at all encouraged, have a wondrous propensity to take petulant freedoms, in the way of their art, with their superiors. Upon this, however, matters are altered—and the latter, who heretofore liked a good joke of all things, soon discover, that to be laughed at themselves has a direct tendency to produce a breach of the peace. The poet is, therefore, muzzled; or if he attacks the private feelings of any eminent characters, save philosophers and demigods, he is chastised as a calumniator. Such productions as the satirical comedies of Aristophanes mark this stage. A similar progress might easily be traced in other countries. In all, the tone which wit and indignation assume is precisely regulated by the personal consequences that may befall the author; that is, by the power or the disposition of the patrons of the vices he assails, to punish him for his impertinent exposure of them. The slavish compliments to Augustus and Mæcenæ, in the satires of Horace, throw as much light upon the degradation of the once haughty Rome, as the most authentic history. Quevedo's precautions to keep his person at large, took a different turn. He formally protests against entertaining any design to intermeddle with living manners; and with infinite courtesy and discretion, lays the scene of his *Visions* in regions with whose inhabitants the ministers of the Spanish King, and the familiars of the Inquisition, would not, for their own sakes, profess to feel any community of character or interest. He scorns to talk scandal of any who may yet live to repent and reform. The seal of damnation must be upon them before he ventures to make free with their reputation. The first stroke of Quevedo's pen sends the reader to the devil; but he accompanies us himself, and makes us feel wonderfully at home. With such a companion, if it were not for the name of the thing, one would almost as soon take a trip to H— for change of scene, as to Cheltenham or Brighton. The *Visions* are a sort of infernal guide. The dead of all climes and ages pass in review before us, and are made to discourse, in a most agreeable and edifying manner, upon the crimes and follies of their earthly career. The principal groups consist of physicians, attorneys, catchpoles, necromancers, buffoons, pastry-cooks, astrologers, lovers, barbers, poets, decayed beauties, devils, and duennas. The scenes and dialogues are as miscellaneous as the characters; and so must be our observations. Quevedo's descriptions are strong and unrefined, and, according to the fashion of his time, and of all ages in which taste is not generally dif-

fused, incline to burlesque, and turn a good deal upon the merciless exposure of physical deformity and distress. His wit is as poignant, and often, though with more excuse, as gross as Swift's; but there are occasional gleams of sensibility and imagination to which Swift was a stranger. The following introductory sentences (for example) to the Vision of "Hell," appear to us to possess all the pastoral elegance and serenity of one of Boccaccio's or Isaac Walton's stilly landscapes.

"One pleasant night in autumn, when the moon shone very bright, being at a friend's house in the country, which was most delightfully situated, I took a walk into the park, where all my past visions came fresh into my head again; and I was well enough pleased with the meditation. At length the humour took me to leave the path, and go farther into the wood. What impulse carried me to this I cannot tell—whether I was moved by my good angel, or some higher power—but so it was, that in a few minutes I found myself at a great distance from home, and in a place where it was no longer night, with the pleasantest prospect round about me that I ever beheld. The air was temperate and mild; and it was no small advantage to the beauty of the place, that it was both serene and silent. On the one hand, I was entertained with the murmurs of crystal streams; on the other, with the whispering of the trees—the birds singing all the while, either in emulation or requital of the other harmonies. And now, to shew the instability of our affections and desires, I was grown weary even of tranquillity itself; and in this most agreeable solitude began to wish for company."

And again, in the Vision of the "Last Judgment," in the midst of a ludicrous representation of the effects of the resurrection-blast upon the several orders of the dead—the soldiers starting from their graves as briskly as if summoned to an assault—the misers peeping out, pale, and trembling, for fear of being robbed—the attorneys demurring on the ground of having got souls that were none of their own—the slanderer disowning his tongue—and the pick-pocket running away, at full speed, from his own fingers—an embalmed Egyptian anxiously waiting for the coming up of his intestines to complete his carcase—and an old usurer beside him, enquiring whether the money-bags were to rise with the bodies—with groups of solicitors wondering among themselves that they should have so much conscience when dead, and none at all while living—in the midst of all this, we find the writer suddenly swelling, for a moment, into the highest strain of poetical and moral description:—

"At length, silence being proclaimed, the throne erected, and the great day come—a day of comfort to the good, and of terror to the wicked—the sun and the stars waited at the footstool. The winds were still—the waters quiet—the earth in suspense and anguish for fear of her

children*—and, in a word, the whole creation in anxiety and dismay. The righteous were employed in prayers and thanksgivings, and the ungodly in framing shifts and evasions to extenuate their crimes. The guardian angels were near on the one side, to acquit themselves of their duties and commissions; and on the other were the accusing demons, hunting for mere matters of charge and aggravation against offenders."

The concluding sentence of this awful scene is quite characteristic of Quevedo, who never fails to usher in, or close, the most solemn matter, with a joke :

"The Ten Commandments had the guard of a narrow gate, which was so strait, that the most mortified body could not pass it without leaving a good part of his skin behind him."

His humorous style is various, reminding us at times of different writers that came after him, who either borrowed directly, or were accidentally thrown upon similar trains of fanciful association. The familiar joke of the patient's dying of two doctors and an apothecary, which we imagined to have belonged either to Moliere or Le Sage, was first started by Quevedo—unless some more erudite detector of plagiarisms can discover a more ancient proprietor.

"'You must understand,' says Death, 'that though distempered humours make a man sick, it is the physician that kills him. So that, when a man is asked what such and such a one died of, he is not presently to make answer, that he died of a fever, a pleurisy, the plague, or the palsy, but that he died of the doctor.'"

The following passage brings to our recollection the playful style prevailing in some papers of the Spectator :—

"Somebody plucking me behind, I turned my face upon the most meagre, melancholy wretch that ever was seen. 'For pity's sake,' says he, 'and as you are a good Christian, do but deliver me from the persecution of these impertinents and babblers that are now tormenting me, and I shall be eternally obliged to you;' at the same time casting himself at my feet, and crying like a child. 'And what art thou?' said I, 'for a miserable creature I am sure thou art.' 'I am,' says he, 'an ancient and an honest man, although defamed with a thousand reproaches. Some call me *Another*, and others, *Somebody*; and, doubtless, you cannot but have heard of me—as *Somebody* says, cries one that has nothing to say for himself. The Latins call me *Quidam*, and make good use of me to fill up lines and stopgaps. When you go back again into the world, I pray do me the favour to own that you have seen me, and to justify me for one that never did, and never will, either speak or write any thing, whatever some tattling idiots may pre-

* Milton, a few years after, made a fine use of this sentiment :

"Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost——"

tend. When they bring me into quarrels and brawls, I am called, forsooth, *a certain person*; in their intrigues, *I know not who*; and in the pulpit, *a certain author*; and all this to make a mystery of my name, and lay all their fooleries at my door. Wherefore, I beseech you, lend me all the assistance in your power; which I promised to do, and so this phantom withdrew."

If our friend Moore were in the kingdom, we should have got him to versify the following, which wants nothing but rhyme and a lively air, arranged by Stevenson, to appear all his own. An apparition of the "days of old" is describing to Quevedo the increasing petulance and insubordination of modern young ladies:—

"Will you see a mother now teaching her daughter a lesson of good government? 'Child,' says she, 'you know that modesty is the chief ornament of your sex; wherefore, be sure, when you come into company, that you do not stand staring the men in the face, as if you were looking babies in their eyes; but rather look a little downward, as a fashion of behaviour more suitable to the obligations of your sex.' 'Downward!' says the girl: 'Madam, I must beg to be excused. This was well enough in the days of old, when the poor creatures knew no better. Let the men look downward towards the clay of which they were made; but man was our original, and it becomes us to keep our eyes upon the matter from which we came.'"

If we had found the next extract in Sir Thomas Browne, we should not have thought it out of place. In the leading idea, we recognise the propensity to draw topics of instruction from the grave, and to point a moral sentiment with fine-drawn metaphysical acumen, which peculiarly designates the manner of that writer. Quevedo is conversing with Death, who is fantastically described as a female apparition, of a thin and slender make, laden with crowns, garlands, sceptres, scythes, sheep-hooks, pattens, hob-nailed shoes, tiaras, straw hats, mitres, caps, embroideries, silks, skins, wool, gold, lead, diamonds, pearls, shells, and pebbles, decked in all the colours of the rainbow; with one eye shut, the other open; old on one side, young on the other:—

"I told her, says he, that, under correction, she was no more like the Deaths I had seen, than a horse is like a cat. 'Our Death,' I said, 'was represented with a scythe in her hand, and a carcase of bones, as clean as if the crows had picked it.'—'Yes, yes,' said she, turning short upon me, 'I know that very well: but your designers and painters are a parcel of blockheads. The bones you talk of are the dead, or, in other words, the miserable remainders of the living: but let me tell you, you yourselves make your own Death, and that which you call Death is but the period of your life, as the first moment of your birth is the beginning of your existence: and actually you die living, and your bones are no more than what Death has spared, and

committed to the grave. If this were rightly understood, every man would find a *memento mori*, or a Death's head, in his own looking-glass, and consider every house with a family in it, but as a sepulchre filled with dead bodies; a truth you little dream of, though within your daily view and experience. Can you imagine a Death elsewhere, and not in yourselves? Believe it, you are greatly mistaken; for you yourselves are skeletons, before you know any thing of the matter."

We have left ourselves little space to notice Quevedo's other popular pieces. There is the Curious History (containing nine nocturnal adventures) of an intractable young Spaniard. Don Diego, surnamed Love-night, who had taken an unaccountable pique against the sun; and, in defiance of the sage remonstrances of his friend Amazor, delighted to mope, like an owl, in some darksome retreat through the day, and to sally forth every night into the streets of Madrid in search of romantic encounters, duly accoutred, against both sexes, with a sword and a guittar. The several scenes in which this extravagant fancy involved him, are related with much spirit, and the arrangement of the incidents managed with all the appropriate bustle and perplexity of Spanish plots. We have also (to omit some more desultory efforts of Quevedo's humour) a longer and more connected tale, entitled the "Pleasant History of the Life and Actions of Paul the Spanish Sharper, the pattern of rogues and mirror of vagabonds." It abounds with wit, though the pleasantry and details have frequently more strength than delicacy. It would, in truth, have astonished us, that a man of Quevedo's rank and acquirements should have squandered his genius upon such subjects as the vices of the refuse of Spanish society, did we not recollect the danger, in his day, of intermeddling with the irregularities of more polished offenders. We shall offer one specimen of his powers of descriptive caricature. The young Paul is sent to a seminary in Segovia, kept by "Master Cabra," where a scene of starvation opens upon him, exceeding all that has been ever recorded or invented of cheap Yorkshire boarding-schools. If any of our readers have languid appetites, we would prescribe this chapter for them, as a more infallible whetter than the strongest bitters. We happened to read it for the first time before dinner, and we thought the hour would never arrive. The proprietor of this asylum of penury and famine is thus introduced:—

"The master was a skeleton, a mere shotten herring, or like a long slender cane with a little head cut upon it; and red-haired, so that no more need be said to such as know the proverb, "that neither cat nor dog of that colour are good;" his eyes almost sunk into his head, as if he looked through a perspective glass, or the deep windows in a linen-draper's shop; his nose turning up, and somewhat flat, for the bridge was carried away by an inundation of cold rheum, for he never afforded

himself a more costly malady. His beard had lost its colour, for fear of his mouth, which, being so near, seemed threatening to devour it for mere hunger. His teeth had, many of them, forsaken him for want of employment, or were banished as idlers. His neck was as long as a crane's, with the gullet sticking out, as if it had been compelled to come abroad in search of sustenance: his arms withered: his hands like a bundle of twigs; each of them, when pointing downwards, looking like a fork, or a pair of compasses. He had long slender legs. He walked leisurely; and if ever he chanced to move any faster, his bones rattled like a pair of snappers. His voice was weak and hollow: his beard bushy and long; for, to save charges, he never trimmed it, pretending it was so odious to him to feel the barber's hands all over his face, that he would rather die than endure it. One of the boys cut his hair. In fair weather he wore a thread-bare cap. His cassock, some said, was miraculous, for no man could tell its colour: some seeing no sign of hair upon it, concluded it was made of frog's skin; others said it was a mere shadow, or phantom; near at hand it looked somewhat black, and at a distance bluish. He wore no girdle, cuffs, or band; so that his long hair and scanty short cassock made him look like the messenger of death. Each shoe might have served for an ordinary coffin. As for his chamber, there was not so much as a cobweb in it, the spiders being all starved to death. He put spells upon the mice, for fear they should gnaw some scraps of bread he kept. His bed was on the floor, and he always lay upon one side, for fear of wearing out the sheets. In short, he was the superlative degree of avarice, and the very *ne plus ultra* of want. Into this prodigy's hands I fell."

Quevedo has been celebrated for the surprising extent and variety of his acquirements. He was familiar with the Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Italian, and French languages. We are informed that he was intimately acquainted with the classical writers of antiquity; well read in the history of nations; versed in the philosophy, rhetoric, and divinity of the schools; skilled in mathematics, astronomy, and geography; tinctured with astrology and alchymy; conversant with the best productions of French and Italian literature; and perfectly master of his own Castilian tongue. He was, in a word, one of the recorded prodigies of learning. Such prodigies are rare in the present age, and we are not sure that the age is the worse for it. Incessant readers, as far as our humble observations have gone, are seldom great thinkers. It is a sign of a wise mind to discover betimes within how small a compass may be contained all that it is essential or possible for man to know. The celebrated Hobbes, who had no appetite for books, used to observe, that had he read more, he should have known less; but he was a deep and assiduous student of his own thoughts; and he prepared the way for Locke, an achievement of more lasting glory, than if he had written an hundred treatises "*De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*"

We are also rather prone, it strikes us, to give old writers an inordinate degree of credit for the quantity of erudition spread over their works. A good thought costs more time and labour than a chapter of quotations and learned allusions. Place a common writer in a good library, to compose a dissertation on any subject; and with the help of a steady ladder, if he be an active able-bodied man, he will contrive to draw off as much learning in a week, as shall appear the product of a long and studious life. And even in those cases, where, by habits of incessant acquisition, the mind becomes so saturated with knowledge that, in writing or conversation, it is perpetually dripping away from over-abundance, the intellectual labour of such accumulation is by no means more wonderful than what we daily witness in the ordinary labours of the more active professions. What treasures of universal learning, for example, might not any of our eminent barristers have amassed, if they had devoted to general subjects the time and thought which they sacrifice to the business of their clients! What thousands and tens of thousands of printed volumes might be formed out of the cases and the piles of affidavits submitted, during their professional career, to Erskine or Romilly, over every dull particular of which they were condemned to ponder with as much intense deliberation as the most laborious investigator of literature and science! What prodigies of book-learning ever kept their faculties more highly or continuously strained than these, or any other leader in Westminster Hall; who, besides the solitary drudgery of the closet, have to pass their days in court, where every power must be for ever on the alert, to detect intehcnalities, to fence with witnesses, to puzzle or persuade phlegmatic jurors, and to harangue, with extemporaneous ardour, upon every possible topic in the circle of human concerns—from the ignoble items of a tradesman's bill, up to the wrongs of violated majesty, or the more tender grievances of disappointed love. When we think upon these things, and upon the ceaseless and exhausting labours of the other intellectual callings of the present time, we are obliged, we must confess, to regard with comparatively small admiration, or surprise, all the boasted examples of extensive erudition.

Some of the ablest men that we know agree with us in these opinions. Their libraries are small, consisting of the few great authors who thought originally, and are models in their kind. We recommend to our readers to follow their example, and to be severely fastidious in the selection of their literary favourites, provided the "New Monthly" be one of the number.

KISSING.

Humid seal of soft affection,
 Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
 Dearest tie of young connexion,
 Love's first snow-drop—Virgin Kiss !

I EXPECT the whole tribe of gentlemen and lady patrons of decorum about my ears for this profane meddling with a subject which possesses so many terrors for their hearts. If, however, the absence of all that can "give virtue scandal," or "innocence a tear," may be able to deprecate the wrath of the most rigid, it shall be my task to endeavour, by an utter want of all obnoxious topics, by a deliberate guiltlessness, so to disappoint the hopes of some speculator in morality, that he shall distrust the alluring promises of a title as long as he lives. When Wesley was once reproached for the application of some popular tune to a sacred hymn, he replied, that surely they would not have him leave all the good music to the devil. This spirit of economy was not the worst thing about that celebrated man—with his standing army of preachers—his voluntary police—his own great genius animating all—and then the ingenuity of his *ways and means*, that makes a book of melodies amenable to the per centage of his collector of excise ! In the spirit of this great man it might be recommended, that, if there be a giddy vagrant abroad, corrupted in his time by evil communication, with some touch of virtue in his nature, and once the friend and companion of all the gentle deities that strewed the path of matrimony with flowers, it should be attempted to recal him to the circle of his ancient friends. We know not but that, by the force of example, and timely admonitions, the conversion of that gray prodigal—the Kiss—may be compassed : and if his immediate recantation be a blessing not to be expected, at least we are not precluded from venturing to put him upon reflection, and awaken him to an useful sense of his danger, by briefly calling to his mind the leading events of his past career.

Kissing was an act of religion in ancient Rome. The nearest friend of a dying person performed the rite of receiving his soul by a kiss, supposing that it escaped through his lips at the moment of expiration, as is well expressed in these tender and familiar lines of Macrobius :

"Dulcemque florem spiritus (ejus puellæ)
 Duco ex aperto tramite,
 Anima tunc ægra et saucia
 Concurrit ad labras mihi," &c.

Spenser, in his Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney, written after the Roman model, and referring chiefly to Roman manners, mentions it as a circumstance which renders the loss of his illustrious friend more to be lamented, that—

"None was nigh, his eye-lids up to close,
And kiss his lips."

A little after, he introduces the lady, "the dearest love" of the deceased, weeping over him:

"She with sweet kisses suck'd the wasting breath
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and soft."

The sacredness of the kiss was inviolable amongst the Romans for a long time. At length it was degraded into a current form of salutation. Pliny ascribes the introduction of the custom to the degeneracy of the Roman ladies, who, in violation of the hereditary delicacy of the females of Rome, descended to the indulgence of wine. Kissing was resorted to by those gentle, "good easy" husbands, who knew better than to risk the tumbling of the house about their ears, as the most effectual and courteous process (though a little objectionable for its hypocrisy), to ascertain the quality of their wives' stolen libations; and Cato the Elder recommends the plan to the serious attention of all careful heads of families. The kiss was, in process of time, diffused generally as a form of salutation in Rome, where men testified their regard, and the warmth of their welcome for each other, chiefly by the number of their kisses. When Numida returned from the Spanish war, the pleasure he felt at meeting with his old schoolfellow was in this way manifested:

"Nulli plura tamen dividit oscula,
Quàm dulci Lamiæ:" HOR. L. 1. Od. 36.

One cannot easily account for the prevalence of this, as an indiscriminate custom, consistently with allowing to the patrician classes one touch of that aristocratic pride, which is not the result of the institutions or forms of society, but is the common quality of men with delicate habits, wherever there are dirty cobblers, and weavers, and tinkers, to be met with. Yet, though the following picture of Martial may be an exaggeration, and objected to as an *extreme case*, it still certifies, beyond all hope of contradiction, that the custom flourished, in all its extravagance, amongst the people of Rome:

"Quantum dat tibi Roma basiorum
Post annos modo quindecim reverso!
Te vicinia tota, te pilosus
Hircoso premit osculo colonus:
Hinc instat tibi textor, inde fullo,
Hinc sutor modo pelle basiata,
Hinc menti dominus pediculosi,
Hinc defoculus, et inde lippus.
Jam tanti tibi non fuit redire."

Lib. 12.

It was allowed sometimes, in the case of an inferior to one above him, to kiss the right hand—a custom which is remarkably recognised to this day amongst the Spaniards in their letters. Amongst the early Christians, the kiss of peace was a sacred ceremony, observed upon their most solemn occasions. It was called *signaculum orationis*—the seal of prayer; and was a symbol of that mutual forgiveness and reconciliation which the Church required, as an essential condition, before any one was admitted to the sacraments. The Roman civilians, at length, took the kiss under their protection. Their code has defined, with exquisite accuracy, the nature, limits, incidents, &c. of the *Right of Kissing*; although I do not find that this sort of property holds a place amongst the incorporeal hereditaments of our own laws. The kiss had all the virtue of a bond, granted as a seal to the ceremony of betrothing; and if the husband elect entered a *nol. pros.* repenting of what he had done, he surrendered a moiety of the presents received in the ceremony of betrothing, in consequence of the violence done to the modesty of the lady by a kiss! I am ignorant if the kiss was recognised in the ritual of the primitive Mahometans. The prophet himself has shewn a sacred regard for the ceremony, and has proved, with respect to it, how infinitely beneath the irregular fancy of an enthusiast is the disciplined one of a poet. The Roman bard stopped his Pegasus at the following flight. Speaking of the kisses of Lydia, he says,

—“*oscula quæ Venus
Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.*” HOR. Lib. 1. Od. 13.

The fortunate fair, whose excelling attribute of lip has obtained immortality for her charms, is reduced to a common mortal by a comparison with the far less famous daughter of Mahomet. “*Quando*,” says the prophet, “*subit mihi desiderium Paradisi, osculor eam*,” &c. But in much later times the kiss was esteemed to be a ceremony of particular obligation, as could be shewn in a thousand instances. The gentle Julia, in the “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” after exchanging a ring with her lover, completes the contract by a kiss.

“JULIA.—And seal the bargain with a *holy kiss*.”

The same lady seems to entertain a high estimate of the efficacy of a kiss; for in the throes of her remorse, a little before, for having torn into fragments the love-letter of Proteus, she hits upon the following expedient:

“JULIA.—I’ll *kiss* each several paper for amends.”

Not satisfied, however, with this act of compunction, and opining that a kiss is the “sovereignest thing on earth for an inward bruise,” she thus apostrophizes her absent lover:

"My bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd,
 And thus I search it with a *sovereign kiss*."

Nor ought we to be surprised at the veneration which has been universally allowed to the ceremony of kissing, when we remember the important functions which devolve upon the lips in the economy of the human face. It is true they have not been thought worthy of a place in coats of armour, like the eyes, or raised to a level with the nose and ears, which have, ere now, been the objects of much costly decoration: but they form that privileged feature which represents, in their turn, the three most ennobling gifts of our nature—prophecy, poetry, and eloquence. The words "*his lips were touched with fire*," familiarly express the power of prophecy.

In like manner numberless instances could be adduced in which the lips are put for the instinct of the poet:

"And *the lip* that now breathes but the song of desire,
 Might have pour'd the full tide of a warrior's heart."

MOORE.

The currency of the expression, "*the lips*," as a substitute for the faculty of oratory, is still more general. "*Hanging on his lips*," "*gathering wisdom from his lips*," are phrases long legitimated. When the great Master of Poetry would give a notion of the persuasive powers of the Pylian sage, he chooses the metaphorical expression, "*the words flowed from his lips like honey*."

"Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
 Words, sweet as honey, from his lips distill'd."

The *ore rotundo* of the poet, which literally means neither more nor less than "*the lips*," embodies, in its metaphorical sense, a series of qualities which it would be difficult to describe by any other two words in the language. Besides the importance of the lips in all these respects, they have a claim to our consideration from the share they hold in forming the expression of the face. And in particular persons, it seems, they are endowed with the faculty of recommending to our admiration certain passions naturally repulsive to us; as thus:

"O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
 In the contempt and anger of *his lip*."

It is not, however, as an object of beauty alone that this feature is to be held forth as entitled to our consideration. In instances without number, as many a chronicle of conjugal life would bear witness, do they resemble in their office the ominous portals of the venerable fane of Janus—*geminæ belli portæ*: and not with less certainty, alas! has the unclosing of

the one been the signal for the commencement of hostilities, than the opening of the other proclaimed the flight of concord and tranquillity. It would be an useless piece of industry to collect here the thousand ingenious and elaborate things which poets old and young, ancient and modern, have wrought into the description of a kiss. The choice of all the sweet-scented flowers, and the most approved juices, whether for their gratefulness to the taste or the smell, have been from time to time defrauded of their exquisite properties in favour of some particular class of Kisses, to which the following one I suppose belongs :

" 'Tis every aromatic breeze
 Wafted from Afric's spicy trees,
 'Tis honey from the osier hive,
 Which chemist bees with care derive
 From all the newly open'd flowers."

It is no unfavourable step towards the acquisition of better habits in future, that the kiss has been emancipated from the iron dominion of the law. The gallant, gay creation of France has done this for the world ; but, as will be the case in revolutions of all kinds, the advantage of the change has been hurt by some abuses. The ingenious Montaigne indeed deplores the diffusion of the spirit of kissing in France, because he thinks the prevalence of the custom takes away from the grace and favour of a kiss.

" La défense est un charme : on dit qu'elle assaisonne
 Les plaisirs, et surtout ceux que l'amour nous donne."

La Fontaine.

Montaigne complains of the hard fate to which ladies are exposed, in being obliged to lend their lips to every one with the appearance of a gentleman. "As for our parts," he adds, "we are no gainers by it, for, taking the sex in general, for three pretty girls we must kiss fifty ugly ones, and to a squeamish stomach like mine, a bad kiss will not compensate for a good one."—The last instance in which the kiss formed the subject of serious regulation belongs to a barbarous people. The Empress Catherine of Russia instituted assemblies of men and women to promote the cultivation of polite manners. Among the rules for maintaining the decency of those assemblies, she directed that "no gentleman should force a kiss from, or strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of exclusion." The Empress, however, may be pardoned for this harmless sally of legislation for many reasons, but principally because she limited its operation to her assembly-rooms. If the "great clerkes" of the law, in former times, had passed by the

kiss—which, so far as one can see at present, appears to be a matter with which they could have, but very little, concern; perhaps the alliance between morality and kissing might have come down to us unimpaired. In the straits, however, to which we are reduced by the policy of those "simplicton sages," it should be by all means attempted to bring back the prodigal to those ways of virtue from which, by untoward circumstances, he has been too long estranged. Let the friends of morality collect wisdom from the past—let them pursue the kiss with promptitude and perseverance; it may be brought back to virtue, and its return may be quoted with triumph against the reproach of the poet.

"Virtue is nice to take what's not her own,"

"And while she long consults, the prize is gone."

PRESENTIMENTS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

Of all the mysteries which hang around the mind of man, there are none more inexplicable, and yet none of more frequent occurrence, than those dim conceptions which float like shadows over the imagination, and which, whilst they darkly warn us of the future, seem to refer us still more indistinctly to the past. There are moments when the intellect looks back through the ages which have gone by, and glances forward, with an unerring vision, to those which are to come, as if it were, as some philosophers* have taught, itself an eternal being, capable of stretching its comprehension beyond the boundaries of time and of material existence.

How often does it happen that we find ourselves in situations, with the circumstances of which we seem as familiar as if we had formed a previous acquaintance with them! We foresee how they will proceed, with what vicissitudes they will be attended, and what will be their final result. The impression, indeed, is not traced in bold or full characters on the mind; it resembles one of those half-effaced inscriptions which are discovered on the sacred monuments of antiquity. Something remains, but much is worn away; and whatever knowledge we obtain from it, is found, as it were, in mouldering and disjointed fragments. It seems to be a supernatural and momentary influence, as if the soul, weary of its confinement, had expanded

* The Druids among the ancient Gauls.

itself beyond the limits of our frame, and outstripped the fleetness of years in its desire to resume a state of spiritual freedom. This strange kind of impression is all spontaneous. When it comes, we have no controul over it; it vanishes as soon as we make an effort to retain or analyze it. In every respect it resembles a dream, or rather the revived recollection of a dream, in which the very scene before us, the groups, the looks of each person concerned, are seen shadowed out with wonderful fidelity.

In the course of my reading, I have not met with any writer who has observed this phenomenon of the mind, except the great philosophic novelist of Scotland. In the third volume of "*Guy Mannering*," he ascribes a train of ideas to Bertram, at which, I confess, I was much surprised when I first read the passage; not because it contained an observation new to me, but on account of its perfect coincidence with what I myself had often felt before. "Why is it," says he, "that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong, as it were, to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place!"

A thousand instances might be adduced of presentiments of dangers and of death, which were entertained involuntarily by individuals, and were ultimately realized in the most literal manner. Every body has read, or heard, of the officer in the Duke of Marlborough's army, of the name, I think, of Prendergast, who assured his friends that he should die on a particular day. The day arrived, a battle was fought and won, the officer still was safe. His friends laughed at him for his presentiment, but still he would not concede that he was in error. "I shall die," said he, "notwithstanding what you see." All the French batteries had been silenced save one, and immediately after he uttered these words, a random shot from that solitary place reached him, and gave him "a soldier's sepulchre."

It will assuredly be allowed, that such presentiments as these are "passing strange;" to me, however, they appear less marvellous than the effect which music sometimes produces on a sensitive mind. The exquisite sensations which sweet sounds excite, are generally said to be by reason of association. In

many instances, I agree, it may be so. A strain which delighted us in early life, whenever it again meets the ear, will in some measure restore to the heart the sunshine and the fresh breathing verdure of youth. A song which we first heard from lips that we loved, will for ever after thrill through the heart with joy or sadness, according as the passion has been fortunate or unsuccessful. The chain of association is struck, the electric touch is felt through the whole frame, and thoughts that had long slumbered in the breast, start at the magic sound into a sudden and vivid existence.

But what becomes of this reason of association in cases where the strain which melts the bosom is entirely new, and never was heard before? It may be said, indeed, that every fresh composition is but a varied combination of tones which are all familiar to a moderately practised ear. But can this circumstance affect an ear not practised at all? or can it really remove that proud impress of originality which genius leaves upon every thing it touches? Such an argument would go to destroy all original excellence in poetry and other inventive writings, because they are embodied in words which we have seen and used ourselves over and over again. What foreigner shall say that those airs of the North, which Burns has married to his immortal verse, are known to his memory, when he first hears their inspiring sounds? Of the melodies of the sister isle, indeed, it may be said, that they harmonize occasionally with the deep murmur of the ocean, the plaintive sigh of the night breeze, and those ceaseless echoes that issue from falling waters—sounds common to all nature, and whose kindred modulations, therefore, find a response in every heart. But independently of national peculiarities, who shall say that Handel and Mozart have not diffused characters of sublimity and beauty through their works, which distinguish no other compositions? And yet when a person of susceptible mind hears for the first time the "Hymn of Luther," or that beautiful duet in Figaro "Sul' aria," he feels quite familiar with them. The majestic swell of the one lifts his soul to the very throne of the Deity, and makes him almost hear the wings of the seraphs rustling around him, reviving impressions which no other excitement could awaken, and filling his ear with voices which he almost believes he heard before. The cadence of the other, which

— "comes o'er the ear like the sweet South,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour"—

or, perhaps, is more like that magic breath of ærial music which poets hear, or dream they hear, of a summer's eve in

Piedmont or Languedoc,—seems not to create new ideas so much as to unlock the stores of memory. It leads the soul through scenes which it seems to have visited before, but all shadowy, though unearthly, and the abode rather of delightful melancholy than of Elysian happiness. Can these things come over us “like a summer cloud,” and not be referable to any universal cause?

Again—fancy, inspiration, sublime conception, ideal beauty, what are they but the elevation of the pure intellect from the prison which surrounds it? What are they but the rapturous aspiration of the mind after a more spiritual condition, to which for a moment it almost attains, and where it finds not only a brighter, but a more familiar and congenial habitation. Ask the poet, if he has ever, even in his happiest hour, succeeded in giving expression to the glorious bursts of thought which sometimes imparadise his imagination? No; he touches the line again and again; he over-informs his language; he gives some faint resemblance of the bright idea; but in vain he tries to present to another the full, luminous, and heavenly picture which glows before him, crowned with its halo of inimitable splendour. And yet there is nothing in this which to the poet is absolutely new: he revels in its light, as a child hangs on the well-known smile of its parent.

When autumn strews the valleys with the honours of the woods, we mourn over the decay of nature, and are solemnly instructed in the tenour of our frail existence, which is, to grow up and bloom for a while, and then to blossom for the grave. Why is it, that in this very picture of desolation, which indicates our separation from home, love, friendship, every tie which is most sacred to the heart, there is still something to console us? Why is it that the spirit springs up from this gloomy but certain fate; and reposes with melancholy rapture upon the brown leaf, the darkening forest, the fading green of the fields, and listens with a captivated ear to the hoarser murmur of the mountain stream? Is not the mind, by these proofs of the accomplishment of nature's beneficent purposes for the season, impressed with a conviction of the end which awaits man himself,—and yet is not that conviction accompanied with a sensation of melancholy delight? Nor is it a delight less allied with the future than with the past—the past, not of this world, but of some other.

Plato held, that what we learn is no other than a remembrance of what we knew before. This doctrine, I fear, cannot stand as to the sciences; but, applied to the occurrences of life, it would seem not to be totally without foundation. How often, in the common intercourse of society, do we meet with persons whose

tastes, opinions, manners, habits, antipathies, and passions, so fully agree with our own, that we feel drawn towards them by a species of kindred relation! What! kindred relation between two persons who never met before? whose families, perhaps, had come from opposite points of the compass? How can such a supposition be maintained for a moment? How can it be said, that one spiritual immaterial essence is a-kin to another? Material bodies are related when they draw the stream of life from the same fountain: moulded in the same original frame, they may resemble each other in feature and form, may be ruled by the same appetites, and inoculated with the same humours. But what impress can one immaterial soul receive, which shall make it resemble another so exactly in its dispositions, that they shall seem to have one and the same presiding mind between them; that when they meet, they shall seem rather to recognise each other, than to become newly acquainted; that such a reciprocal congeniality shall be instantly discovered between them, as exists between light and the eye of the infant the moment he opens it?

I do not hope to be able to explain these things. The mind, with its various faculties and operations, is, and ever must remain, the greatest of all mysteries to man. Those beings who, in the great chain of creation, are above him, may happily perceive and develope the sources from which his impulses emanate. But, the more intensely man turns his mental eye upon his own mind, the more dazzled and confounded it becomes. Such examinations have led the German metaphysicians into the wildest absurdities. Nor have they been unproductive of extravagance in a certain distinguished land, which I could mention, where they have given rise to a sect of poets and philo-critics, whose imaginative faculties have absolutely emancipated themselves from all the restrictions of common sense.

I may, however, be permitted to observe, that some writers pretend to account for presentiments and extraordinary apparent associations, by reducing them to the same cause, viz. the previous existence of the soul. Presentiments, they say, are no other than the exertion of that natural agency which the mind has acquired, by having been placed before in circumstances resembling, in some degree, those in which it stands when those presentiments are conceived. In the same way, extraordinary associations are no other than faint recollections of feelings which the soul had experienced in a previous life, and which are excited by some agent, similar to one that had impressed the memory in that prior state of existence.

This doctrine must not be confounded with that of Pythagoras; who, as every one knows, held that the soul migrated from

one earthly body to another, and was in a state of perpetual revolution, each new body being assigned to it as the reward of desert, or the punishment of crime*. This doctrine differs widely from the Pythagorean system; it does not suppose a previous existence of the soul on earth, but in some other region of the creation. It was believed by many of the Fathers; more particularly by the celebrated and eloquent Origen, who, indeed, was quite an enthusiast upon this singular tenet. The Indian Bramins and the Persian Magi have also inculcated the doctrine of a spiritual pre-existence; and Ben Israel, one of the great Jewish Rabbins, tells us, in his *Problems De Creatione*, that this was the common belief of all wise men among the Jews without exception. Indeed, the Jews have made this doctrine a part of their cabala, and profess to have received it from Moses; though upon this point Scripture is silent, not a word being found in the Old Testament, either affirming or discountenancing this belief.

At the middle of the seventeenth century, this subject was

* It is curious to see the various opinions which the ancient philosophers maintained concerning the nature of the soul. Zeno, the founder of the stoics, held that it was "the quintessence of the four elements;" Galen, that "every part of the body had its soul;" Hippocrates, that it was a "spirit diffused all over the body;" Hesiod, that it was a "thing composed of earth and water;" Parmenides, of "earth and fire;" Thales, "a nature without repose;" Varro, that it was an "air received at the mouth, heated in the lungs, moistened in the heart, and diffused over the body;" Heraclitus Ponticus, that it was "the light;" Xenocrates and the Egyptians, "a mobile number;" Aristotle with his usual precision, defined the soul to be "that which caused the body to move," which is true enough, though it leaves us as much in the dark as ever. To these opinions we may subjoin the opinion of Plato, which has been followed by Virgil, and improved upon by Horace. In the dialogue with Timæus he maintains that the Deity formed souls out of what he calls "the soul of the world," gave them reason and intelligence, and then scattered them as seed on the sun and moon and other stars, or rather, as he expresses himself, "the other instruments or organs of time"—*ἑκταίρας τοῦ μὲν ἐς ἥλιον, τοὺς δ' ἐς σελήνην, τοὺς δ' ἐς τὰ ἄλλα ὅσα ὄργανα χρόνου* &c. Plutarch, adopting the idea of Heraclitus, says, that the pure soul is of superior excellence, darting from the body like a flash of lightning from a cloud; but the soul which is carnal and immersed in sense is like a heavy and dark vapour kindling and aspiring with difficulty. Milton seems to have had an eye to this passage, when he wrote those fine lines in *Comus*—

The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it loved;
And links itself, by carnal sensuality,
To a degenerate and degraded state.

"Some regard the soul," says the Indian epic poet, "as a wonder, others hear of it with astonishment, but no one knoweth it. The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away: for it is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible; it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable; it is invisible, inconceivable, and unalterable."

agitated in our own country; and controverted on both sides with great zeal and no mean ability. It would; however, extend this article to an undue length to enter minutely into the merits of the controversy. Nor shall I offer any opinion of my own upon the doctrine of pre-existence, further than to say, that to me it appears consistent with every tenet of Christianity; and that it tends in some degree to account for that reach of the imagination beyond the limits of this world, which we have all, at some time or other, experienced. One negative advantage of the theory is, that, if no one can demonstrate its truth, no one can prove it to be false.

MORALITY OF NEWSPAPERS.

'Αλλ' ἔγχευε οὐ σχηματίζων βούλομαι.—Aristoph.

PRAY, Mr. Editor, do you ever read the newspapers? I do not mean the tissue of impertinences and personalities, which disgrace that part of our journals technically called "the leader," nor the weekly lists of ministerial dinners, nor the *parvenues* ladies' routs, nor the cabinet councils of Almack's. Every body reads these, with an avidity proportioned to their acknowledged importance. But, sir, do you ever read the advertisements? I need scarcely ask the question: the first glance of every individual connected with "*the trade*" falls on the daily list of "NEW PUBLICATIONS*," in order to form an omen of the sale of a work, from the appearance of its title, in print. A handsome advertisement, like a genteel figure, is a letter of recommendation; nor do I see any reason why a good sounding title should not be the passport of a literary production, as well as of a man. In both cases it must often cover a reasonable portion of insipidity. A motto too should work equally well, under a smart vignette, or at the bottom of a coat

* True enough—where there happen to be any;—but we are too often disappointed in this respect, and feel quite at a loss to account for the unjust neglect, or rather determined hostility of newspaper-proprietors to the interests of their brethren of the press. Notices of new works form the most interesting advertisements; yet, strange as it may appear, these are the only class which are excluded from a regular insertion: all others, including many of a very questionable nature, are inserted in rotation as received, but advertisements of new books are filed to be used only when there happen not to be enough of others to fill the paper. Thus at the several periods of Christmas, Easter, and other holidays, when people of fashion and buyers of books are no longer in town to peruse them, shoals of advertisements (miscalled) "New Books," may be observed, which, in fact, are become quite old. The increase of weakly literary papers, however, which are exclusively devoted to Book advertisements, will at no distant period, it is more than probable, entirely supersede the political prints for this purpose.

of arms; and both books and authors now-a-days derive no small part of their consequence from *supporters*. But, in these professional inspections, does not your eye sometimes wander along the columns, to rest upon claims to immortality *not* founded on books? For my own part, although I am as great a *quidnunc* as another, and am more concerned about the President's speech, or the proceedings of Bolivar and Morillo, (ungracious reprobate that I am) than in a proof-sheet, yet I confess my predilection to be altogether with the advertisements, as forming by far the most interesting portion of our daily miscellanies; for which reason I always keep them, as Shakspeare says, "*first mouthed to be last swallowed*."

Of all the improvements of civilization, there is nothing in life like a newspaper; and the newspapers of our times are the *ne plus ultra* of journals. "*Venimus ad summum fortune*." Such variety, such abundance, such an happy adaptation to all sorts of tastes! Whigs, tories, ultra-royalists, radicals, and half-radicals—all have their measure accurately taken; and from "The Hue and Cry," up to "Cobbett's Register," there is such an infinity of shadings, that a man's politics must be as badly shaped as Yorick's head, if he does not somewhere find the echo of his opinions. In this point of view, a newspaper is no bad index of men's dispositions and pursuits. My maiden sister (who is full ten years older than I am, though she will not own it) ever casts her eyes first on the marriages; my wife reads, *par preference*, the fashionable intelligence; my daughter, the theatrical bulletin; young hopeful, my son, is divided between Tattersall's and Dutch Sam; my brother looks to the price of stocks; and I to the advertisements; while Dr. Drowsy, my son's tutor, begins patiently at "Wednesday, March the seventh," and reads straight down to "*semper eadem*," and "London, printed and published."

The advertising columns of a newspaper are, to a philosopher, who sees into the essence of things, a camera obscura, or moving picture of the world, in which whatever is passing abroad is reflected with a fidelity and perspicacity that delight and edify; and I protest, were I historiographer to the king, or a compiler for the "Annual Register," I would rather have the newspaper advertisements for my original documents, than the "Gazette" and the "Moniteur" both together. Indeed, I am quite convinced, that if those veracious continuators of Smollet and Hume, who, for a reason the very opposite of Pope's,

"Write in numbers, for the numbers—*co*,"

were to pay more attention to this branch of philosophy, their works would at once be more lively and more accurate.

Do not, for example, the advertisements from the Ordnance-office give "dreadful note of preparation," more certain and trust-worthy than "We are credibly informed,"—"Advices received from Trieste," or "We have it from the best authority"?—in all which, credence follows in the inverse ratio of asseveration. Then again, in matters of trade, revenue, and other branches of political œconomy, the notices to insolvents afford much plainer indications of national prosperity or adversity, than could be gathered from all the Custom-house returns that ever were printed.

It must, however, be freely confessed, that documents of this description are not every body's market, and that not only genius is necessary to pick the marrow from the bone, but much perspicuity also, to avoid such errors as that of the Frenchman, who inferred the political corruption of England from the column which he imagined an address to Lord C——, and which is headed in large capitals—"Want Places." Those who know the details of office can best tell how egregious a blunder the presuming traveller* made; and can answer that the whole newspaper would not contain all the applications to the heads of departments from gentlemen who "want places:" applications, which employ so many corresponding clerks in the answering them.

But it is chiefly for the minor moralities that the advertisements of a newspaper may be usefully studied, though occasionally the more heroic virtues are both theoretically and practically illustrated in these productions. The devotion and gratitude of members of Parliament, as set forth in their addresses to the electors *after the return*, and their humility and patriotism *during the canvass*, are enough to move the stubbornest hearts, and have touched mine again and again almost to tears.

The offers of money-lenders are splendid testimonies of the innate generosity of our dear countrymen, among whom Jews and Christians rival each other with a zeal and devotion the most flattering to the national character. The hospitality of those who provide board and lodging for young men who are in need of such accommodation, is no less praiseworthy; while the terrible denunciations against vicious indulgences, so fear-

* This blunder of the Frenchman reminds me of another—"Pourquoi," said a gentleman of that nation to his travelling companion, "Pourquoi Monsieur Pitt s'appelle-t-il Billy?"—and then immediately answering himself, he went on, "apparemment c'est parce qu'il introduit tous les bills dans le parlement." Some of our countrymen, however, make worse mistakes at Paris, and, I am sorry to say, of more serious importance, such as forgetting to pay their bills before they return to England, &c. &c. But it is with nations as with books: in their composition, "Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala place,"—and neither are mended by virulent and misplaced abuse.

fully promulgated by the *velites* of the Esculapian band, ought to reclaim the most hardened sinner. Matrimonial advertisements afford striking proofs of modesty, the absence of pretence, and the *bonté* of the age, no less than of the prevalent contempt for pecuniary motives. He who doubts the advantages of education, may be convinced of his error by studying the promises of dancing-masters; while the advertisements of insurance-offices are lessons of prudence, and those of the lottery-office keepers are direct incitements to that enterprise which is the life and soul of a commercial people.

Then it is impossible to look over the "Sales of Estates" without a crowd of moral reflections rushing upon the imagination. The uncertainty of human affairs, the instability of fortune, the "*quantum in rebus inane*," are felt at a first glance; while a more steady and protracted scrutiny points the close connexion of cause and effect, which regulates the transfer of property—connecting extravagance with ruin, and vice with beggary.

On the other hand, it must be owned that incentives to vicious excesses are to be found in the multifarious reading of the advertising columns: that wives are tempted to "extravagance" at "*Le Magazin des Modes*;" that "the curious in fish-sauce" are seduced into *gourmandise* by Mr. Burgess; and that "real old port at forty-two shillings per dozen," lays the foundation of many an head-ache and bilious fever. But this is in the nature of things. *Corruptio optima pessima*; and use and abuse; by the fatality of man's disposition, go hand in hand. However, like the viper, the newspaper carries with it the remedy for its own poison. The *edu medicinale* is found in juxtaposition with "fresh turtle every day," and "the new invented essence of shrimps" serves but as an index to "Barclay's antibilious pills."

To the philanthropist, the first and last pages of a newspaper are a perpetual feast. How must the humane and generous heart glow with delight at each fresh proof of the enterprise and ingenuity of the species; and at each new triumph over nature and time. What food for self-congratulation at being born in an age and nation, to which no obstacle is invincible; and each new want becomes the source of abundant gratification. On one side we have a pomade to make the hair grow; and on the other an ointment to check its exuberance, when we have the misfortune, to apply the pomade in a wrong place. In the same page we find washes to preserve the gums, and in the next indestructible teeth to fit into them. The successes of our tradesmen in this department are most consoling; and I cannot conceal my hopes, that those who sweeten the breath and check the progress of decay in our teeth, may produce a reform in

parliament; that the "most sweet voices" of senators may become as wholesome as their kisses; that the incorruptibility of their grinders may pass to their votes; that journalists may cease to be foul-mouthed, and that the spirit of purity may pass from the persons to the minds of our representatives.

What a pleasing reflection it must afford too, in reading the journals, to pass from disease to disease, from deformity to deformity, and behold science and ingenuity triumphing over all; our medical writers, like so many St. Georges, with each a dragon prostrate at his feet, restoring their fellow-creatures from conditions "too loathsome to behold," and from maladies "universally deemed incurable," to the plenitude of youthful vigour and soundness of constitution. Then how delightful to know that stays may be had which remedy the worst deformity, and that when the "Macassar oil" has lost its power, wigs are made that put nature to the blush; that whiskers are manufactured that would deceive the lynx-like glance of a drill sergeant, and that eyes are fabricated so very cleverly that they do every thing but see.

On the other hand, the wealth and abundance of the nation, as evinced in the frequency of feasts and public dinners, must give cause of general exultation; while those connected with charitable collections prove, that our own days can boast their Quintus Curtius's as well as antiquity: the sole difference is, that while the hero of Rome leaped into a gulf for the good of his country, Englishmen make a gulf of themselves, and swallow to suffocation in the service of their fellow-citizens. Then the number of these subscriptions and the vast sums raised, which whether they be for clothing and feeding the indigent at home, or making good Jews into bad Christians abroad, are filled with equal alacrity, prove the unbounded prodigality of the national benevolence. There is indeed only one drawback in this reflection, and that is, that the number of such institutions shews the great extent of the public necessities. But then, *per contra*, if the *good things* of this world were more equally distributed, we should be positive losers by all the *good deeds*, which would then want the occasions of their existence.

There is one other moral advantage derivable from reading advertisements, and which I would advise every man, whose fortune is not unbounded, to look to—I mean the exercise of self-control. The first page of a newspaper is like a spacious and splendid bazaar, in which the eyes, at every step, make the most furious demands on the purse. *Here* a play seduces; *there* a concert invites; farther on, a smart curriole and grays may be had for an old song. To me (I must honestly declare it) every thing "*patent*" has charms almost irresistible; and from a mangle to a cork-screw, I have been the dupes of so many inven-

tions, that the only empty space in my house is my pocket. The saving, I am fully aware, would be considerable from all these various economies of time and strength; but, somehow or other, the first cost runs away with a deal of money. If the great step to sound morality of conduct is the investigation of our nature, and the enlightening of our will, advertisements are by no means indifferent to public happiness. One discovers at the perusal of every paper an entire new series of wants, of which we were never before aware; all urgent, and all capable of becoming motives of action. Now as long as these lie *perdus* in the human breast, they are so many traps likely to catch the soul unawares, and upset the wisest train of resolute intentions: but by reading the journals, we probe and lay bare our inmost nature; and amidst the variety of their solicitations, we learn how much there is for a wise man to combat; and how necessary it is (to use a vulgar adage) to cut one's coat according to one's cloth.

I was originally led to this train of thought (and I doubt not that the circumstance will form an epoch in ethical science) while waiting for my friend Headless in a coffee-house. Headless, who has nothing to do with his time, never keeps an appointment. I thought I had nicked my gentleman, by coming myself a full hour too late; but I was mistaken,—so down I sat, called for a dish of coffee and the newspaper; and having read all the debates, political and fashionable intelligence, thrice over, I was fairly beat into the advertisements. Here a new field suddenly burst upon the imagination. The gay confusion; the *rerum concordia discors* of so many heterogeneous subjects jumbled together in so small a space, amused, and for a time distracted me. But by degrees the mind became used to the hodge-podge, and the system of which I have endeavoured to give you a sketch, arranged itself in my head. Hours passed after hour unperceived; and when Headless arrived, too late for the business which brought us together, I thought his presence an intrusion. I hurried, however, home to a cold dinner, and disregarding my wife's vituperative looks for spoiling the fish, and doing the mutton to a stick, I retired to my study; and I have made such progress in this new train of investigation, that I hope, before the season is over, to be able to give a course of *extempore* lectures at the Freemasons' Tavern upon the advertisements of the day; which will embrace the "*quicquid agunt homines*," and lay open the most hidden recesses of human volition; while, by the clearness of the principles they will lay down, I shall supersede the necessity for the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for Penitentiaries, and for Evening Lectures, throughout the metropolis; by which, if the minister does not put a tax on my tickets of admission, I calculate that I shall be the instrument of an economical reform of great

valve, which (as it will not interfere with the gains of any person who is of any consideration) is not likely to meet with a formidable resistance. In the mean time, Sir, if you have a mind to write any thing in favour of my system in your future numbers, I will give you a few private lectures before the great course commences; and in that hope I remain

Your obedient servant,

X.

TITLE-PAGES.

A TITLE-PAGE has been aptly said to resemble the entrance of a building, the fashion and workmanship of which are the indexes to the style of the interior, and upon whose goodly or ungracious aspect, accordingly, depends whether or not the stranger will incline to busy himself with an enquiry into what may be seen within. To all those authors, therefore, who are solicitous that the wisdom of their books shall not lie hidden for the want of a comely and self-recommending admittance-way (comprehending, I verily think, as many as there are members of the ancient and respectable calling of authorship), it is of the highest concern how they resolve upon a title-page; for as it is not by a mean, ill-proportioned vestibule that a spectator can be invited to survey the chambers and fixtures within a house, so it is by an engaging and promising title-page—*ut pueris olim dant crustula blandi doctores*—that the attentive perusal of his work may be compassed by an author. The days have been, indeed; when the knowledge that was to be found betwixt the two covers of a book, required not that it should be preceded by a fair title-page into the world, ere it found favour in men's sight—but when every man and woman skilled in the mysteries of clerkship, did boldly adventure upon the reading of a *tome*, however homely and austere was its front.

In the simple and primitive days of the great typographical patriarch, Will. Caxton, that sort of card of invitation to the "gentle reader," which in later times passed under the denomination of a title-page, was not known. The world had been but lately stunned by the prodigies of the typographical art: the novelty of books, and the notion of a miraculous agency in their production, secured to the illustrious speculators in printing an ample share of patronage. It has been my fortune to witness, in the sanctuary of a worthy biblioplist, the greedy search of a hot adventurer just entered upon the *cure of books*, after the title-page to some genuine folio of the manufacture of Will. Caxton, and to mark the significant nod with which he resigned the ill-fated volume convicted of the deficiency of a title-page! The

state of such a man is only to be paralleled by that of the poor catechumen in bibliography, bearing away, upon some fortunate morning, as the identical workmanship of the illustrious father just mentioned, an ingenious resemblance to one of his scarcest productions, with a title-page, like a mark of reprobation on its forehead! How admirably contrived, meanwhile, are all the symptoms of decay—how judiciously its various infirmities are forced—the per-centage to Time how carefully discharged—the encroachments of the envious moths, how skillfully imitated!—altogether it is such a perfect specimen of artificial wasting away, that, to a lay-spectator, it has the appearance of dying of old age in the very prime of life. When title-pages were first introduced, they were characterized by simplicity and plainness. They did not exceed a line and a half; and the name of the author or printer, or date, seldom appeared there. But the ambition of possessing books now began to diminish notwithstanding the encouragements held out to the cultivation of learning; and it became necessary to stimulate the decayed appetite which threatened the illustrious labourers at the press. Accordingly the use of ornamental title-pages was introduced. For the invention of this ingenious remedy we are indebted to the great successor of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde. The first essay of Wynkyn towards ornamental typography is to be met with in the title-page to his edition of *Bartholomæus de proprietatibus Rerum*. The title itself, in large Gothic letters, makes two lines across the page. The letters were deeply cut into a large wooden block, leaving the surface with many slight incisions, to form a dark back-ground. A good idea of the manner in which the title is executed, may be had from the small black space on a Bank note, in which the amount of the note is stated in white letters. This specimen of early typographical workmanship is highly esteemed for the neatness of the execution and the proportions. It would appear, however, that the merits of this plan of a title-page—which truly was but a small improvement on the fashion of title-pages already in use, and to which men seemed so indifferent—were not appreciated to the whole extent of Wynkyn's estimate; and we find him accordingly introducing into the plan of his title-pages various ornamental figures and devices. The earliest instance of an ornamental title-page occurs in his venerable edition of the work entitled "*The Crafte to lyve well and to dye well*," which is a translation from the French, and a reprint of an edition already published by Caxton. The title to this work in Wynkyn's edition fills a line and a half of large Gothic letters, surrounded by a plain border: beneath it is a horse drawn by a pair of horses richly caparisoned. Through the arches in the back-ground is a distant view of a castle and some houses. The border is composed of two pillars

of the Tascan order, supporting an arched roof, and the capitals are ornamented with full-blown roses. The same cut appears on the reverse of the first leaf, and beneath it are three stanzas, the merit of which may be judged of from the following specimen :

"O mortal man, lyfte up thyn eye,
And put all vanytes out of thyn mynde,
For as thou seest thys corse here lye,
Even so shalt thou by nature and kynde.
A man's lyfe is but a blast of wynde,
And in a thought departed and gone ;
Wyf, chylde, and godes you must leave behynde
To-day a man, to-morrow none."

There is an edition, by the same printer, of the book called "*Richard Rolle, hermyte of hampull,*" &c. dated about the same time. The title-page is ornamented with a whole-length figure of a hermit walking with his staff in his right hand, and his beads pendant in his left—a glory circles his head. As soon as the use of ornamental title-pages became general, the most usual device was the representation of a scholar at his desk ; but in proportion as the competitors multiplied, did these embellishments improve in execution, variety, and design. That they were the means of preserving the works of many a worthy author, we cannot doubt : and to the credit of the taste of even these remote times, it deserves to be stated, that the description of works to which these attractive appendages were deemed to be of most consequence, are chiefly books of theology and polemics. Of the efficacy of the intended preservative we are entitled to think highly, upon the authority of the following lines :

"Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own."

DUNCLAD, B. 1.

One of the most remarkable ornamental title-pages of these times is from the Mentz press, and is prefixed to a folio volume of divinity. The title itself is squeezed into a narrow space at the top of the page, like some unworthy intruder, of whose presence the artist seems impatient in such a place. The remaining part of the page is filled by a full-length figure of the Virgin Mary, gorgeously attired ; and as to dress and personal qualities, certainly exhibits more devout partiality in the artist, than taste for beauty and ornament. He shews still less skill in the art of "barbery;" for of the head of hair which he bestows upon the Virgin, profuse and capable of being turned to a very good account as it is, he can find no use, but leaves it dishevelled about her shoulders, to the great injury of her person. But the richness of the crown, and the splendour of the glory round her head, denote the strong interest the artist has in conciliating

her ; and nothing short of the deepest remorse could have led to the free gift of such a wholesome complexion as she wears.

In the commencement of the 16th century, the taste for ornamental title-pages, and indeed of ornamental printing in general, was very prevalent : and the encouragement afforded to typographical artists produced some very costly decorations. The primers, and most of the elemental works—the joint compositions of some of the most illustrious men of the time—were sent into the world with title-pages that reflect the highest credit on the skill of the artists. The design which was commonly adopted in title-pages to works of this description, was that of a school-master enthroned in a two-armed chair ; a birch, the awful emblem of authority, in his hand, and a group of subject truants around him, with visages most elaborately rueful. But the productions of the Basil press, under the joint superintendence of Erasmus, Froben, and Holbein, left all competitors at an immeasurable distance in the department of decorative printing. The superiority of the title-pages prefixed to the Basil editions consists in the extraordinary beauty of the design and execution of the borders. Representations of birds, fruits, flowers, carved vases, and historical subjects, surrounded the page, inclosing a space where the title of the work and the name of the author appeared. At first, these borders were executed with a dark back-ground, to relieve the figures upon it. The devices, however, were often singularly inappropriate. The Sermons of Luther were ushered into the world under the escort of Pyramus and Thisbe in a most dolorous plight. The Holy Bible was often prophaned by title-pages containing the most extravagant representations. In the title-page to one of the prayer-books printed about this time, is the design of an angel crowning the Virgin Mary, and God the Father assisting at the ceremony ; and in that to a book of Natural History of the same period, is a figure intended to represent the Supreme Being reading on the seventh day, when he rested from all his labours. The lives of some of the most eminent of the Saints furnish subjects for the decorations of many title-pages. In the title-page to the "*Prymer of Salisbury*," printed about the middle of the 16th century, there is a beautiful cut towards the top of the page, and the space beneath is filled up with the following singular supplication :

" God be in my bede,
And in my understandynge ;
God be in my eyen,
And in my lokynge ;
God be in my mouthe,
And in my spekyng ;

God be in my herte,
 And in my thinkinge;
 God be at mine end,
 And at my departynge."

The title-pages to the Basil edition of Erasmus's works are distinguished for the spirit and ingenuity of their ornaments. The title-page to an edition of his Greek Testament, contains a highly-finished picture. The title is entirely inclosed by an elaborate wood-cut border: at the top is the Citadel of Happiness, and at the bottom a walled arena, where Genius, in the character of an old man with a stick in his hand, is seen keeping off some frolicsome boys. Fortune, Opinions, and Persuasion, in the characters of females, are within the arena: the Evil Passions are around it: and in the side compartments are the representations of the discipline and afflictions which human nature is to undergo in its journey to the happy Citadel.

For the great improvements in the art of decorative printing which took place about this time, we are indebted principally to the genius of Holbein, who is known to us by some spirited productions of his pencil, executed in the reign and under the patronage of Henry the Eighth. Henry seems to have employed this great artist as an emissary abroad, after the example of his predecessor, to fulfill some curious and exquisite instructions for taking a survey of the person, complexion, &c. of some foreign lady, to whom he intended to make proposals. It is certain that Holbein ensnared his master into a marriage with Anne of Cleves, by imparting unmerited charms to her portrait. The Basil press, however, had its rivals. The title page to *Trithemius's Polygraphy* contains an elaborate representation of the author presenting his book to the Pope. This work was executed at Paris in the early part of the 16th century. In England also the art of decorative printing was in a state of great improvement; and the ornaments in the title-page to John's *Account of British Worthies* will not suffer in a comparison with the most celebrated specimens of the time. Some exquisitely ornamented title-pages were executed about this period by the Aldine family, the most famous of which is the title-page to Cardinal Bembo's *History of Venice*. In the reign of Elizabeth a more chaste and severe style appears to be gradually introducing itself into the decorative part of printing. The rude and licentious devices of earlier times yielded to a stately architectural precision, still however united with great beauty of execution, in the ornaments of title-pages. The decorations to the title-page prefixed to an edition of Sir T. More's *Works*, consist of two graceful female figures standing on either side on pedestals, and between is inscribed the title of the volumes, the names of the author and printer, and the date. But it does not appear that the assistance of the engraver was al-

ways relied on as the best passport to literary success. The unfortunate Thomas Tusser, who strove to unite the pursuit of practical farming with poetry and music, has left some very favourable specimens of his genius behind, and in particular his book entitled "*Five hundred points of good husbandry*," which, without the advantages of decoration, became very popular. The *thorow* gives many good directions for the cultivation of the hop; and notwithstanding his disappointments, thus pleasantly concludes:

The hop for its profit I thus do exalt;
It strengtheneth drink, and it savoureth malt;
And, being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide, if you draw not too fast.

The alteration of manners in the time of James the First may be traced even in the history of title-pages. The decorations become more various and fanciful. One of the most remarkable ornamental title-pages executed in the reign of that monarch, is prefixed to a work of a gentleman falconer, an Italian, entitled "*A Treatise and brief discourse on Spankels when they be overheated*." Underneath the title is a representation of the king richly habited; and if the attire of the monarch be a true specimen of the fashionable dress of the times, all I can say is, that the era of the rise of dandies does not belong to the 19th century. His majesty is approached by two attendants, who are occupied in viewing the "airy contest" which goes on over their heads; a group of dogs is around him; in his left hand he bears the hawk, and in his right a stick. The taste for the ancient devices had not yet been wholly removed, particularly from the patrons of theological literature. The following curious design appears in a title-page prefixed to a treatise on divinity, in the commencement of the 17th century:—an immense ship is represented in full sail foreshortened: the Pope, St. Peter, and some cardinals are in the poop: the Virgin Mary and infant Saviour are in the shrouds with attendant angels: below is an old man fishing: the good Catholics are caught in a net, while the Reformists are suspended to a hook. In the fishery appears the head of a swimming figure, decorated with mustachios and a pair of spectacles. In this century the remarkable event of the introduction of copper-plate embellishments took place.

But alas for the title-page!—no longer the seat of ornaments, no longer the arena, where rival artists committed themselves in a glorious emulation of skill, taste, and ingenuity. Gone for ever are her days of splendour. No more clothed in early flowers, and gay with garlands and fruits, will she go forth to invite the stranger to the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom. Her winter is come, the foliage is past, and a rude, early, mercantile company of letters alone remains of her.

The fashion of ornamental title-pages having yielded to the growing austerity of manners, the ingenuity of authors was taxed to provide an equivalent in the terms of the title itself : and it is but justice to add, that the art of "ingeniously baptizing books" was not only introduced, but carried to the greatest perfection by polemical writers. A literary war early broke out between the Presbyterian party and the adherents of the established church ; and the writings on both sides are oftentimes distinguished by titles worthy to be remembered for their incongruity, their humour, and ingenuity. I doubt not but that the heavy and corruptible materials which they belong to, are indebted for their preservation to the virtue of these titles. A controversy about the arrangement of the table or altar in a certain church, in the beginning of the reign of Charles I. gave rise to productions with titles in which a new style of nomenclature seems to have been introduced. Says my authority :—

" Grantham's stout vicar scarce had got
His board in place of altar set,
When out there comes a peevish letter
To charge him for an innovator."

England's Reformation.

To this epistle the vicar and his altar-party, being stout paper combatants, reply in a book entitled *A Coal from the Altar*.

" But, Sirs, behold the scorching brand
Was scarce delivered from his hand,
When from the table-party came
The *Quench Coal* out to choak the same ;
But *Quench Coal* being but a dull
Inspid lump, of nonsense full,
Did little harm, or none at all,
To the victorious *Altar Coal*."

Ibid.

To help *Quench Coal*, a book soon after appears bearing the title of *The Holy Table, Name, and Thing* :

" Brimfull of banter, droll, and scoff,
By which no doubt the table-members
Had dash'd the coal into dead embers,
If Pocklington had not restrained 'em
By his *Altare Christianum*."

Ibid.

The vicar dies ; but the accident in no way injures the progress of the controversy :—

" Even in his ashes live his wonted fires."

Even in his grave he will not be restricted from indulging in the right to reply. Accordingly we have *The Dead Vicar's Plea* :—

"He saw, it seems, from grot below,
His altar in a danger great,
And few that pleaded well for it :
Takes up his pen, and falls to plead
For's altar, though a twelvemonth dead."

Innumerable were the books, and wonderful their titles, which followed upon this subject :

"Scarce was a pen but what was tried,
And books flew out on every side."

At length the coal was completely extinguished, and the controversy concluded by a book from the Presbyterian party. The book is indebted for its efficacy to the judicious choice of a Greek title.—It would be superfluous to attempt to describe the character of the title-pages adopted in succeeding times, when the abuse of religion was carried to such a tremendous extent. The writers of Cromwell's time invented various styles of title-pages—the allegorical, the elegiac, the heroic, the epigrammatic, &c. but the metaphorical was most generally preferred; such for instance as *A Pair of old Stockings newly vamped—A Reaping-hook well tempered for the stubborn Ears of the coming Crops—or Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation*. The re-establishment of order and the monarchy banished, I am sorry to say, the taste for curious title-pages. The decline and fall of the art may be distributed amongst the succeeding reigns. What indeed could be expected from the era, in which volumes containing specimens of title-pages of the most elaborate workmanship, were treated as fit only to erect altars to Dulness.

"But, high above, more solid learning shone,
The classics of an age that heard of none ;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide ;
* * * * *

Of these, twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspired he seizes :— *Dunciad, B. 1.*

But a more liberal spirit appears to be reviving. The laurels of the venerable Wynkyn are about to be refreshed. If the posthumous admiration of the 19th century is unavailing for the great promoters of the art of decorative printing in former days, it may be the means of communicating some benefit to our posterity : and extensive will be our claim upon the gratitude of that posterity, if by our spirit and industry we succeed in restoring to the ancient honours of its lineage—this relic *veteris prosapiæ ac multarum imaginum*—the title-page. W.

SONNETTOMANIA.

THROUGHOUT the region of specifics I have long sought for a cure or antidote against one prevalent disorder. In "Every man his own doctor,"—in the puff-stuck windows of patent medicines—on the gay magazine-cover, and in the sly corner of a newspaper, not forgetting the bills so importunately presented gratis to the step-picking passenger, I have searched; but all in vain. Genuine pills and universal panaceas bid defiance (if duly attested and signed) to all diseases save the present: the rake may purchase a fresh constitution, and the old obtain a precious infusion of youth from a half-guinea phial; but this touches not our case. It is true, that the bite of a rabid animal, the species of disorder to which I allude, has baffled more than any other the efforts of the faculty, yet we have the searing-iron, vinegar, and, if all fails, suffocating bolsters, against the hydrophobia, but nothing, nothing alas! is on record as a specific for the sonnettomania.

Natural philosophers have been much perplexed to define the animal, the bite of which is so disastrous, or to assign it to any class; as though the breed is very common, not only in its native woods, but even in populous cities, the professors of comparative anatomy have been totally unable to discover its genus, and declare that the body always evaporates under dissection. It is uncertain whether we are indebted for this pest to the devastating Arabs, or whether it was indigenous to the Swiss and Provençal mountains; but its spreading and fickle nature inclines me to the former opinion. Wherever bred or born, we learn that the ravenous creature, in the early period of modern times, descended into the fertile plains of Italy, and, with a very fastidious taste, that has not been its subsequent characteristic, bit the choicest spirits of that enthusiastic land. One, in particular, it seized venomous hold of, who mistook the cause of his frenzy for love, and made very illiberal complaints against that innocent deity. The general symptoms of the infection, in this its first stage, very much resembled those it displays in its present, and to be hoped its last stage, amongst us,—extreme melancholy, black bile, and slavering at the mouth with inanity and froth. It must have been a curious spectacle to see the great geniuses of those days, dying of dejection and playing with petty conceits, like the ponderous Falstaff fiddling with the sheets as he expired. At a later period in the country referred to, it assumed a more terrific aspect: the animal increased to double and treble its original size, and bit the whole body of the Cruscan academicians; and doubtless it was partly owing to this mania, that they metamorphosed themselves into millers, and converted, with a truly typical metaphor, all poetry into bran. This is its most dangerous

epoch; and I heartily hope the infection may never again be communicated to the critical tribe. Besides, with them it would be supererogation; and adding it to their natural "*pna atque venenum*," would be, as Pliny says, "*Coalos portans ad New-castellum*." From this time its virulence abated, and leaving the iracund veins of church and schoolmen, for the gentler blood of dames and cecisbeos, it by degrees assumed a character, certainly as tormenting a one, but not so terrific as of old; and though the mania still rages as extensively as ever in "the pleasant land of Italy," it has subsided into a milder disorder, and is become rather an annoyance than a disease.

With a patriotic propensity the animal revisited its native country, France, and, by infecting Benserade and Voiture, excited a civil war. The kingdom was divided, not into Cavalier and Roundhead, Jesuit and Jansenist, but into Jobelins and Uranists, so denominated from the titles of their respective effusions, the former headed by the Prince of Conti, the latter by the Duchess de Longueville. "*O le bon tems*," exclaims La Harpe with much naïveté, "*que celui où le cour et la ville, toutes les puissances se divisaient pour deux sonnets, dont l'un est fort mauvais et l'autre assez médiocre*."

It afterwards visited us. Lord Surrey, who was mad enough before, being bitten most likely when at Turin, jousting in honour of his Geraldine, infected his friend Wyatt; and doubtless the disease would have spread much farther, had it not been burnt up with the caustic of polemical discussion. It afterwards burst out in the maiden reign; but seems never to have acquired a complete mastery over the robust constitutions of our ancestors: they even tamed the breed of the animal itself to a certain degree, and made it the companion of their leisure hours.

For upwards of two centuries the infection seemed to be almost lost, though at times it broke forth in various foreign and insignificant shapes, disguised so as to deceive the eyes of the sane, who dreaded a fresh breaking out of the malady. If not altogether the same, this mania was very much akin to that recorded in the pages of the Spectator, when the poetical *pna* made its appearance inclosed in eggs, acrostics, hatchets, and butterflies. I marvel how this second disorder was ever extinguished; all remedies must have been vain against its insidious attacks. Unless, then, we may consider this as a resuscitation of the disorder, which is very doubtful, it did not rage for a long period with us, so as to cause rational fear from the effects of its ravages, till of late, when it has appeared with redoubled violence, and now threatens to overrun the world once more with its symptoms of venom, megrim, and inanity.

A friend of mine was bitten a few years since, and in the

midst of his foam and convulsions, he has ejected, during the interval, two thousand and odd sonnets,—five hundred to the moon, which sphere, by its universal influence on sonnetomania, completely proves the title of the disordered to be ranked with the unfortunate beings denominated lunatics. Thou mayest have the whole two thousand, “gentle reader, but still gentler purchaser,” at No. 20, in the Scotch barrack.* But I forget, this fabric has been demolished, and I am glad of it; for its close quarters were a terrible nest of the infected. Nevertheless, thou shalt not altogether perish, kind-hearted Ned; the most intelligible of thy moon-ditties shall be preserved, like a grub in mine amber:

There's but a border of the fair moon up,
 A shallow crescent, in whose silver breast
 May be descried, all shadowy, the rest
 Close-cradled, as an acorn in its cup:
 It is our Earth, I've read, that thus doth light
 Thy face, fair Moon; and from thy sphere perchance
 Eyes even now on this world fix their glance
 In wonder at the planet of their night;
 For such are we to thee, as thou to us,—
 Bright partners of the sky, each other's gloom,
 Cheering with smile of mutual fondliness:—
 Ye, lifeless masses, rays of love illumine,
 While me, a living soul, th' entombing cloud
 Of loneliness hath wrapt in desolate shroud.

Poor Ned was a harmless and innocent youth; for three years he lived happy over ledger and journal, till unluckily, one “Saturday at e'en,” the devil tempted him to make provision for the following day, a wet Sunday, with two pennyworth of a magazine. In its fair pages glittered seven sonnets, spick and span new. How he envied the initials! Put E. S. in their situation, and, thought he, the fame of Ned Scroggins is complete,—the world would know and admire him,—for talents, like murder, will out. Should fourteen lines deter him, whose pen achieved thousands in the week? “’Tis but setting down the rhymes first,” said he, “and the rest is easy.” He took heart, and his pen marked down the “numbers for the numbers came.” A happier man than my friend, for the whole next week, never stuck pen behind his ear, in the whole realm of Cockaigne; but the poison was at work—“vulnus alit venis.” “A fig for the desk!” quoth Ned, and forth he walked from a murky counting-house in a Cheapside alley, towards Fleet-street and the Strand,

* Great Suffolk-street, Charing-Cross, which used to be so denominated by the wags of the day.

in search of a green mead. I spied him as he strode through the Horse Guards; and from his elastic step, unusually cocked hat, and unconscious chuckle, knew that he was infected. At a cautious distance I observed him: the bomb felt the first effects of his fury; he flung a sonnet at it, nor could the innocent Chinese bridge escape him. I regretted not being able to keep up with his speed, and learn the extent of his devastations through Pimlico. "Put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil:"—set him on a winged horse, and he cannot expect a better fate—such was the end of Ned Scroggins! Yet if in the nether world he retain his original mania, (and much I fear his satanic majesty could not dispense with so efficient a torment,) he will be gratified by hearing, that the three months since his Hegira, have produced as many tributary sonnets from pilgrims to his grave. In the copious memoirs prefixed to his remains (yet unpublished), he was reported to have taken the distemper from Mr. Abel Shufflebottom; but it is difficult to give credit to aught reflecting on that harmless and amiable youth, who has not yet openly shewn symptoms of the disorder, though there is no saying but it may be secretly preying upon him by slow advances.

I am really quite at a loss what remedy or preventive to suggest against this dreadful and growing complaint: purgatives do but provoke it, as we learn from Dryden; and low diet, that cools all other fevers, serves but to heighten this. Horace recommends hellebore against a disease of similar symptoms; but his nostrums for this, as well as for money-getting and sore eyes, shew him to have been an arrant quack. Smoking has been recommended as a safeguard against all epidemics; but here it is of no effect—the infection delights in a cigar, and flourishes even in the fummy climate of the cider-cellar. After all, the best antidote perhaps is,—hear, O John Bull! and preserve thyself,—a full stomach and fat ale, a recipe, of the benefit of which I am so convinced, as not to fail a single day in swallowing my sovereign medicine.

But all is of no avail, as long as folks believe in the doctrine of fatalism with the Turks, who, it is said, will purchase and wear the vestments of those who die of the plague, and will bargain with and embrace the infected, impressed with the strong conviction of "what must be, must," and thinking it a vain endeavour to escape that to which they were predestined. Similar are the opinions of the unfortunate patients for whom I prescribe: born with the latent heat of inspiration, the *os magna sonaturum*, they must (*il faut*) scratch head, bite nail, and sonnettize,—"*sic volvere Parcas*." O most impotent and lame conclusion

But I shall say no more, lest my generous exertions should excite the ungrateful revenge of the insane, "*fit pugil et medicum urget.*" My courage as well as my pen shrink from the task, else the sonnettomaniacs would have in me an historian equal to what the Abderites found in Lucian, or the Strasburghers in the chapter on Noses.

Y.

FIELD FLOWERS.

THE love of wild flowers is often confounded with the love of botany. No two things can be more different: they are almost incompatible. The love of wild flowers is purely romantic, founded on hereditary reverence and old association. Children soon learn that violet and primrose are not common words; and men and women love them, from the mingled recollections of childhood and of poetry. Now botany is no respecter of prejudices or of persons. She is a hunter after novelty and truth, a dealer in hard names, a contemner of rank, a leveller, your only true jacobin. The rose is to her no better than the daisy. Besides, botany is a pursuit; the love of field-flowers is a pleasure; one too that requires no trouble, but has all the enjoyment of gardening, without the toil of preparation, or the risk of disappointment. I have always had a passion for wild flowers. How I used to enjoy sitting, on a bright May morning, under a group of young trees, chiefly larch, horse-chesnut, and the delicate weeping birch, just opposite a green bank, sloping to the south-west! That bank has passed into other hands; I can no longer call it mine; but I still have it before my eyes. It was the richest tapestry of flowers that I have ever seen; primroses, avens, orchises, wild strawberry-blossoms, pansies, and oxslips, joined and harmonized by wreaths of ground-ivy running amongst them like net-work; wild hyacinths, purple and white, fringing, as it were, the edge of this lovely carpet, and uniting it with the broom, the hawthorn, and the high elms that overhung the bank. What a pleasure it was to sit and read there, under the clear blue sky, listening to the nightingales and the wood-pigeons, which abounded near; never interrupted but by a fresher breath of air, or the sudden shadow of a dove, as she flew across the field. What a touchstone of poetry, to read it in that place. Nothing artificial would do there; nothing feverish; nothing morbid. The "*Faery Queen*," and the "*Excursion*," those fine out-of-door poems, seemed made for the spot; so did Mr. Knowles's "*Virginius*." My bank was an object of despairing imitation to my dear friend Mary W. She would have a primrose-bank of her own. I shall never forget her labours, nor their result. She dug and

planted, and watered and hoed; counted, with Chinese patience and accuracy, the number of my flowers; set down their position in a map; ravaged the hedgerows far and near; and at last contrived to get exactly the same plants in the same places. But it would not do. She was too ambitious. She rooted out all weeds but the select, and the select would die. She never could cover her ground. The last time I saw her primrose-bank there were only three roots left, and they were withering; that was five months ago: I dare say, by this time, she has not one alive.

What pretty flowers grow by the side of water! The little *Veronica*, called *Forget-me-not*, which is so like the turquoise, or the softest piece of the blue sky; and the lady's bedstraw, whose yellow cups and pale green leaves form such graceful natural wreaths, and twist so airily round a straw bonnet. In the water there is the white lily floating, like a swan; cool and pure as alabaster; regular, solid, and yet sharply defined, as a fine carving. The meadows are full of beautiful flowers. Two of the least common are the field tulip and the field star of Bethlehem. The field-tulip is very splendid. It resembles the garden tulip in figure, only smaller, and the head drooping like a snow-drop. O the beauty of that pendent head, with its small indented chequers of rich lilac (a rosy lilac) and deep purple (a crimson purple); dull and sad till the sun shines through, and then lighted up like stained glass in a cathedral window! There is a white variety of great elegance. The two sorts contrast well with each other, and with the deep orange clusters of the marsh marigold, which is often intermixed with them, but which generally edges away to the side of a running stream, as if enamoured of the bright reflection of her golden cups, broken into a thousand forms by the motion of the water. The field star of Bethlehem is the most ghost-like of flowers. It resembles a large hyacinth, the blossom almost green, the stalk almost white, with a strange shadowy mixture of tints, a ghastly uncertainty, a sepulchral paleness, a solid clayey visible coldness. Dr. Clarke found the field star of Bethlehem on a tumulus in the Troas, which is called the grave of Ajax. Never was any locality more appropriate. It is the flower of the grave. Not that this remarkable plant is livid or disgusting, like that, for instance, which children call dead men's fingers; on the contrary, it maintains a sort of ghostly purity and dignity. As far as a flower can be so, the field star of Bethlehem is awful. It is a rebuker of smiles; a living *memento mori*. It hints of death like a shroud. The happiest contrast to this melancholy plant is the periwinkle, the earliest and latest of flowers. From November to May I have seen the shining leaves and bright blue-bells bristling through the hedge-

rows, and have almost envied such cheerful hardiness—such a power of living and putting forth blossoms when all other vegetation lies dead or dormant. The periwinkle blooms without a rival. The song of the robin belongs to her, as that of the nightingale to the rose.

Wood flowers are very interesting and various. The whole tribe of orchis, that singular frolic of nature ; lilies of the valley, “ whose very name is enough,” and which are sometimes found in such rich abundance in cutting roads through an old coppice ; the wood anemone, whose lightness and delicacy the common people express so well in calling it the wind-flower ; and that lady of the forest, the peerless wood-sorrel. Nothing is so pretty as the wood-sorrel—nothing so elegant—drooping white blossoms veined with purple, and such leaves ! Trefoils gracefully folded and dropping over the light stalk ; the outside of a lucid green, the inside of a blushing crimson. It chooses such pretty situations too ; springing, with a light elegance, from the dark mould, under low holly-bushes, or growing out of soft moss, between the fantastic roots of the beech-tree. Perhaps one part of the charm consists in its being altogether unhackneyed, unpraised in prose or verse. I never remember seeing the wood-sorrel mentioned, except by Mrs. Charlotte Smith, who had so fine a sense of the minute beauties of nature. Lord Byron’s description of a lady’s eye-lids resembles the blossom :—

“ Those lids o’er which the violet vein
Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
Shining through the smoothest white.”

After all, the commonest flowers are the most delightful. My greatest pleasure in flowering, is to find the first fresh bunch of primroses peeping out of some sheltered corner with their innocent happy look. M.

POEMS OF MADAME DE SURVILLE.

A COUNTRYMAN of the Poetess whose name stands at the head of this article, has said, that “ Poetry is a diversion proper for women—a dissembling and prating art, all pleasure and all show like themselves.” This splenetic sentence is strangely compounded of truth and falsehood ; and the world is now too well convinced of this to require any arguments from us on the subject. In fact, the womanly character is eminently poetical—more deeply sensible of all poetical emotion, more quickly alive to the language of all sympathy and sentiment, than that of man ; and therefore more capable of relishing the delicate tenderness of the art. But, though there is generally this great appreciation of poetical excellence in the female mind ; it is by no means

a necessary consequence that the power of poetical conception should exist there : to admire and to create are widely different. We do not in this place presume to name all the various qualities which are necessary to constitute the poetical character in its highest excellence ; but we think we may assert, that there are some of those qualities which seldom mingle in the female character—the deep and accurate insight into human nature and human passions, upon which alone a poet can build his noblest and truest fame. This knowledge, by education or by habit, is generally excluded from the heart of woman—from “the nursery of her pure breast and quiet mind.” In painting the milder affections of our nature, however, the poetesses of all ages have been eminently successful. Love, friendship, and filial affection, never wear a more beautiful garb than when ornamented by a female hand. It is not the province of woman to surmount the craggy mountain, and to delight in the terrors which she views from its brow, or to traverse the pathless ocean, and to rejoice in its dangerous sublimity ; but it is her pleasant employ to walk amid beds of flowers, and there to gather the sweetest, the tenderest, and the most beautiful. There is something in the poetry of female writers, which speaks most earnestly from the heart, and which teaches us a mild and lovely wisdom. It does not terrify, but win to goodness—it is placid, affectionate, and earnest-hearted.

Of female classical writers we have very few remains ; but the age and spirit of chivalry gave a new place to the character of woman. On the revival of learning, she shared with man all the immunities of his intellectual dignity. The singular poems of Marguerite-Eleonore Clotilde de Vallon-Chalys, of which we believe but little is known, can scarcely be classed, even in character, amongst these ; in language, expression, and imagery, they are totally distinct.

Of the authenticity of these poems, we must confess, we have considerable doubts ; but their merit and beauty we readily acknowledge. In 1804 a small volume was published at Paris, with the following title : “*Poesies de Marguerite-Eleonore Clotilde de Vallon-Chalys, depuis Madame de Surville, poëte Français du XV. siècle, publiées par Ch. Vanderbourg.*” In the preface to this little work there is some account given of the way in which these poems were discovered, and also of the author of them. In the year 1782, a M. de Surville, a descendant of this poetess, in searching among the neglected archives of his family, discovered some MS. poems, the beauty and excellence of which excited his astonishment and admiration. He applied himself diligently to the study of decyphering the hand-writing, and, with considerable trouble, he succeeded in transcribing the greater part of the MSS. M. de Surville was driven from France

by the Revolution, and the originals of the poems were unfortunately consumed by fire. M. de Surville did not live to present to the public the monuments of his ancestor's genius, which had been preserved in his transcription; but in a letter to his wife, written shortly before his execution in the revolutionary tumults of the 7th year of the republic, he says, "I beseech you to communicate these poems to some one who is capable of appreciating them. Do not suffer the fruit of my researches to be lost to posterity, especially for the honour of my family, of which my brother is now the sole representative." Of the existence even of M. de Surville, we know not whether we ought to doubt, though an accurate memoir is given of him, and an anecdote related of a duel between him and the commander of an English vessel, of the name of Middleton, respecting the relative merits of the two nations. The editor of the poems informs us, that, in the year 1794, (but by what means he does not tell us) he was favoured with a sight of M. de Surville's copy, and that afterwards, on his return to France from abroad, he succeeded, with much difficulty, in discovering it. But besides these poems, some MSS. of M. de Surville fell into his hands, containing accounts of several poetesses in the age of the Troubadours, and also a memoir of the writer of these singular poems, of which, as it is rather an interesting piece of biography, we shall give a slight sketch.

Marguerite-Eleonore Clotilde de Vallon-Chalys, afterwards Madame de Surville, was born in a beautiful chateau on the left bank of the Ardèche, about the year 1405. Her mother, Pulcherie de Fay-Collan, passed some years in Paris, where she acquired a taste for literature, and learned to write a beautiful hand—no mean accomplishment at that day. She was invited by Agnes of Navarre, the wife of Gaston-Phebus, Count de Foix, to the court of that prince, which was enriched by a valuable library, not only of classical MSS. but also of such of the Italian and French writers as were then extant. Under the direction of Froissard, and by the desire of the Countess, Pulcherie copied some of the works of the Trouveurs, and more especially of those poetesses who, after Heloise de Fulbert, had cultivated the French, or romance language. This valuable collection, both of ancient and modern poetry, on the death of her benefactress, Pulcherie was allowed by the Count to carry away with her. Peculiar misfortunes separated Madame de Vallon, for some time, from her husband and her sons; and on her return to Vallon, her great consolation was in the education of her daughter Clotilde. The talents of this child were very precocious. At eleven years of age she translated into French verse one of the Odes of Petrarch, with considerable ability. Many circumstances concurred to develop the genius of Clotilde. A strict friendship

existed between her and some other young females, which was strengthened by the ties of similar tastes and occupations.

In the year 1421, not long after the death of her mother, Clotilde became attached to Berenger de Surville, and they were soon afterwards married. Immediately after that event had taken place, M. de Surville was called on to join the standard of Charles VII. then Dauphin; and it was on this occasion, probably, that the beautiful verses which we shall shortly transcribe, may be presumed to have been written; and at this time also the "*Heroïde a son espoux Berenger*" was composed, which, it is said, was seen, though not admired, by Alain Chartier. The life of Berenger de Surville was not long — he perished the victim of his own valour, in a dangerous expedition which he undertook during the siege of Orleans, leaving only one son by his wife. Madame de Surville now devoted herself more assiduously to her poetical labours, and she gained considerable notice by some severe attacks on Alain Chartier, between whom and herself there existed much animosity. After the death of her daughter-in-law, Heloise de Vergy, who died in 1468, Madame de Surville found her only consolation in the society of her granddaughter Camilla, upon whose death she once more visited the place of her birth. In this retreat she appears to have passed the remainder of her life, writing, in her extreme age, verses which would have done honour to the freshest mind at a much more favourable period. The precise time of her death is not known; but she lived and composed to her ninetieth year.

The poems which are contained in this little volume are principally poems of sentiment and satire; but as the latter must necessarily have lost much of the poignancy, which is their chief merit, we shall confine ourselves, in the extracts which we are about to make, to a few of the former description. We have attempted an English translation of these extracts, which we were induced to make from the admiration which we felt for the beauty of the original, though not in the hope of being able, in any manner, to approach it. Even in the very title a translation is impossible.

VERSES TO MY FIRST-BORN.*

My cherish'd infant! image of thy sire!

Sleep on the bosom which thy small lip presses;

Sleep, little one, and close those eyes of fire,

Those eyelets which the weight of sleep oppresses.

* VERSELETS À MON PREMIER NÉ.

O cher enfantet, vray pourtraict de ton pere,

Dors sur le seyn que ta bousche a pressé!

Dors, petiot; clos, amy, sur le seyn de ta mere,

Tien doux œillet par le somme oppressé!

Sweet friend! dear little one! may slumber lend thee
Delights which I must never more enjoy!

I watch o'er thee, to nourish and defend thee,
And count these vigils sweet, for thee, my boy.

Sleep, infant, sleep! my solace and my treasure!
Sleep on my breast, the breast which gladly bore thee!
And though thy words can give this heart no pleasure,
It loves to see thy thousand smiles come o'er thee.

Yes, thou wilt smile, young friend! when thou awakest,
Yes, thou wilt smile, to see my joyful guise;
Thy mother's face thou never now mistakest,
And thou hast learn'd to look into her eyes.

What! do thy little fingers leave the breast,
The fountain which thy small lip press'd at pleasure?
Couldst thou exhaust it, pledge of passion blest!
Even then thou couldst not know my fond love's measure.

My gentle son! sweet friend, whom I adore!
My infant love! my comfort, my delight!
I gaze on thee, and gazing o'er and o'er,
I blame the quick return of every night.

His little arms stretch forth—sleep o'er him steals—
His eye is closed—he sleeps—how still his breath!
But for the tints his flowery cheek reveals,
He seems to slumber in the arms of death.

Awake, my child!—I tremble with affright!—
Awaken!—Fatal thought, thou art no more—
My child! one moment gaze upon the light,
And e'en with thy repose my life restore.

Blest error! still he sleeps—I breathe again—
May gentle dreams delight his calm repose!
But when will he, for whom I sigh—oh when
Will he, beside me, watch thine eyes unclose?

When shall I see *him* who hath given thee life,
My youthful husband, noblest of his race?
Methinks I see, blest mother, and blest wife!
Thy little hands thy father's neck embrace.

How will he revel in thy first caress,
Disputing with thee for my gentle kiss!
But think not to engross his tenderness,
Clotilda too shall have her share of bliss.

Bel amy, cher petiot, que ta pupille tendre
Gouste ung sommeil qui plus n'est fait pour moy!
Je veille pour te veoir, te nourrir, te defendre,
Ainx qu'il m'est doux ne veiller que pour toy! &c. &c.

How will he joy to see his image there,
The sweetness of his large cerulean eye!
His noble forehead, and his graceful air,
Which Love himself might view with jealousy.

For me—I am not jealous of his love,
And gladly I divide it, sweet, with thee;
Thou shalt, like him, a faithful husband prove,
But not, like him, give this anxiety.

I speak to thee—thou understand'st me not—
Thou couldst not understand, though sleep were fled—
Poor little child! the tangies of his thought,
His infant thought, are not unravelled.

We have been happy infants, as *thou* art;
Sad reason will destroy the dream too soon;
Sleep in the calm repose that stills thy heart,
Ere long its very memory will be gone!

There is a tenderness and a sportive beauty in these lines of Madame de Surville, which we have seldom seen equalled; and, undoubtedly, both the versification and the sentiments seem much superior to the age in which she lived. Whatever doubts, however, there may be of their authenticity, we think their merits and excellence are unquestionable. These lines are certainly far superior to the French taste of the present day, a circumstance which may be used in favour of their genuineness. Some of the turns of thought, though occasionally verging on *concetti*, are delicate and sweet in the extreme—where the mother imagines the slumbers of her infant to be those of death, and where she compares his infantine thoughts to the confusion of entangled threads. The picture too of conjugal attachment is ardent, tender, and pure. It is in poetry like this that the genius of woman more particularly excels, and these verses are a beautiful instance of it. The following stanzas also are full of passionate affection:—

BALLADE A MON ESPOULX,

Lors fut admiz des propres mains du Roy en l'Ordre et Corps de la Chevalerie.

Quoy! mon Espoux, à payne hors de l'enfance,
Vient des guerriers la palme recevoir,
Et son aurore obtient la recompense
Qui ne s'atteinct qu'à l'estoyle du soir!
Pourquoy n'auroit? Icel prîlx percevoir
Veulent haults faictz, non triste sapience,
Que de succès sur toy voyray pleuveoir,
Si (car mon cuêur ne peult me decevoir),
M'est ton amour garant de ta vaillance!

Cil qui soubmist et Carthage et Numance,
 Cil qui soubmist l'Asie au sien manoir,
 Vantex chascung de rare continence,
 Furent du monde a ton aage, l'espoir :
 Comme eulx, au droiet joinx le ferme vouloir,
 Humain propoz, sagesse et bienveillance !
 Si nestre roy ne fust en ton pouvoir,
 Du sang des roys te feraz apparoir—
 M'est ton amour garant de ta vaillance.

Dieulx ! que vouldroy, quand t'armeras de lance
 Varlet feal, te suivre aux champs du Loir !
 Qu'à te servir auroy de vigilance !
 Comme sauroy bien tienne armute chaloir !
 Se ne se peult te fays ramentevoir
 Qu'avouz tissue plus estroite alliance,
 Et qu'en tous lieux, soit le ciel blanc ou noir,
 Dusses forcier ma tendresse à doulour,
 M'est ton amour garant de ta vaillance.

ENVOY.

De t'accoler me meurs d'impatience ;
 Seulette icy plus ne peulx ene souloir ;
 Revienz, amy ; seray sans defiance,
 Se dict bayzer, que ja sens m'esmouvoir
 Que ton amour ne cede à ton vaillance.

We confess we have made several attempts to transmute these tender and simple stanzas into English verse, for we could not forbear quoting them, as they may lead our readers to judge for themselves of the merits of this fascinating little volume. We add the following translation, which contains the sentiments of these lines, though it is impossible to catch their naïveté.

STANZAS TO MY HUSBAND.

On his admission, by the King's own hand, into the Order and Comrade of Knighthood.

What ! in the very morning of his days,
 My husband's hand has grasp'd the palm of war,
 And his young brow is circled with the rays,
 That seldom beam, but from life's evening star ?
 Why should it not be so ? This lofty prize
 High deeds of arms, not subtle counsels, claim :
 I see a thousand triumphs round thee rise,
 If (and I boldly trust my heart's surmise)
 Thy love, to me, stands surety for thy fame.

He, whose young arm struck Carthage to the ground,
 He, who smote Asia with the Grecian power,
 For noble continence alike renown'd,
 In years like thine, were the world's hope and flower,

Like them, with firm will hold the right alone ;
Be wisdom, virtue, courtesy thine aim :
If fortune grant thee not a kingly throne,
Be kingly blood in every action shewn—
Thy love, to me, stands surety for thy fame.
O heaven ! when thou art arm'd with lance and shield,
That I might follow to Loire's martial plain ;
A faithful squire, to tend thee in the field,
And fondly guard thy knightly arms from stain !
That may not be.—Then, love, bethink thee still
The ties that bind us own a sweeter name,
That through all time and place, through good and ill,
Though tender fears, the while, my bosom fill,
Thy love, to me, stands surety for thy fame.

ENVOY.

Dying, once more to meet thy dear caress,
I sit and languish in my loneliness—
Return, sweet friend, secure from doubt or blame ;
One kiss, which seems even now my lips to bless,
Shall say thy love is matchless as thy fame. R.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE DEBASEMENT OF NATIONAL
SPIRIT IN ITALY.

WHEN we revert to the circumstances under which Italy has been moulded into its present mishapen form, we shall perhaps cease to wonder at the deformity which the national character of the Neapolitan has recently exhibited : and we shall be led to conclude, that the attitude he lately assumed, originated rather in the desperate intrigues of a faction, than in that staid wisdom of genuine patriotism, which moves not without a deep calculation of the aids, resources, and alliances, whence its efforts shall derive the assurance of success in the end, and of support and renovation under temporary miscarriages. This impression will strike with the more force when we contemplate the divisions, which have so long enslaved and de-nationalized the posterity of the illustrious Roman. In tracing our way through the continuous chain of vicissitudes which marks Italian story, we shall not fail to discover the sinister causes that have contributed to debase and extirpate all national consanguinity between the distracted states of Italy. In our search for these causes, we must commence our enquiries with a remote period of the Roman annals.

The maxim of transforming men in one day from enemies into fellow-citizens, has been attributed to the first of the kings of Rome, whose necessities early impressed upon her its strengthen-

ing efficacy, and prompted her to provide for the safety of her institutions by gradually interesting the whole extent of Italy in their preservation. The result of this policy was, that, in the course of time, every Italian became entitled to participate in the administration of her affairs; indeed, it put so complete an end to the various distinctions of Quirites, Latins, allies, provincials, colonies, and municipal towns, that, from the Varo to the Arsa, there was not found a single people which did not lay claim to the Roman name. "All now are Romans," says Strabo, in speaking of the Italians: and Pliny calls Italy "*rerum domina*," in the same way as Rome first termed herself "the only Rome." Montesquieu remarks, that this very system was one of the causes which hastened the decay of Roman power: yet I must differ, and continue to differ, from him on this point, until I am shown what other expedient would have counteracted the influence of the great, (whose gold drew over the people to their side, and would have rendered them a ready footstool to dominion and power,) than the course which enabled their adversaries to increase the numbers of the voters in each tribe, and to counterbalance the corruption and partiality prevalent among the venal citizens of Rome, by extending the numerical quantity of the votes:—this very effect was insisted upon by Cicero himself, in the presence of Sylla, the dictator. Had such a policy as this been pursued by the various states of Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, one common interest would have united her whole extent, and rescued her from the ignominy of a foreign yoke!

In the time of the Roman ascendancy, however remote a corner of Italy might be the birth-place of a Roman citizen, it had no effect in producing any inequality of political rights;—these he shared in common with the native of Rome herself; nor much less, could he be deemed (as prejudice at this moment dictates) a *foreigner in his own country*. The most exalted of all dignities, the consulship itself, was open to competition, even to the tenant of the remotest confine of Italy. In their origin, therefore, her people were brethren;—for I would date the origin of nations from that moment, when interest and honour unite men as accordant members of a single body politic, and varied links of one common system. It was monarchy which loosened these links: the emperors having parcelled out the privilege of citizenship, with unsparing hand, to a number of provinces beyond the frontiers of Italy, her cities restricted themselves to their respective territories, and preserving within themselves a form of magistracy, modelled after that of Rome, they assumed the appellation of republics: here we find the title of "*Respublica*," characterizing the inscriptions of almost every city or

town. Though this circumstance may have escaped the antiquary's observation, yet numberless instances can be adduced in corroboration of its correctness.

These dismemberments facilitated the inroads of the barbarians by withering that national zeal, in which the surest bulwark of the public welfare had hitherto consisted. The descendants of the Scipios, the Brutus', the Cassius', the Pompeys, the Papirius', the Fabricius', were no longer in being; some had migrated to Constantinople, others had become extinct, whilst many had betaken themselves to the clerical ranks and monastic life: and the only vestige of liberty which remained, was expiring in the empty pageant of a senate. Under the Goths, therefore, Italy can scarcely be said to have changed its political condition or circumstances. The wars which arose between the Greeks and Goths, the discomfiture of the latter, and the sudden incursion of the Lombards, gave birth to the division of Italy into two parts. Romagna, the present kingdom of Naples, and Istria, remained under Grecian sway; the rest of Italy fell to the portion of the Lombards. This partition did not otherwise affect the condition of the Italians, than by affording those, who owned subjection to the Greeks, a participation in the honours of the Imperial sceptre, which had been transferred to Constantinople. Undeniable evidence of this may be found in the records of Romagna, Naples, and Istria, which speak of the Tribunes, Spati or Consuls, and other offices conferred on the nobles of those provinces, at a time when the other regions of Italy were languishing in slavery under the tyrannical yoke of the Lombard dukes and sovereigns. The establishment of Charlemagne's empire, however, united the whole country once more under one harmonious system.

Such was the state of Italy during a lapse of eleven centuries; a period, in which its present people may at least discover that their ancestors constituted one entire nation, and that not one of them was an *Italian*, in a greater or less degree, than another.

From this period, a new era dawns on Italy. The remoteness of the seat of government, whose rulers were born under another sky; the weakness of most, and the ignorance of many of them; a spirit of intrigue and conquest, combined with that fickleness and treachery of faith, which is the characteristic of the purpled despot, whose weapon is force, and whose whole code of laws is the mere interpreter of his own caprice and selfishness;—these were circumstances which not only inspired the Italians with the desire, but supplied them with the means, of shaking off their lethargy, and kindling the dormant spirit of liberty. A general movement now impelled every city of its own accord to rid itself

of a yoke, which could adduce no inherent right, but, forced alone, for its origin, and had at last become an insupportable burthen. At this period, some of the Italian cities, prompted by a natural desire of rendering obedience to established laws, and not to the capricious will of others, erected themselves into republics; or, more properly speaking, returned to their former principles of government; whilst others, prompted by secular or ecclesiastical leaders, essayed the force of arms against a foreign yoke. In this way, some individuals acquired sufficient power to become the sovereigns and masters of their native cities; but other places were true to themselves, and maintained their rank as republics. Where debasement, effeminacy, and corruption predominated, there sovereign power rewarded individual ambition; but where the laws were respected, where moderation and harmony animated the public mind, where private interests were cheerfully offered up on the altar of the general good, there the republican form obtained the preponderance. Happy had it been for Italy, if this common struggle for independence had been directed to one common end—the general welfare of the whole nation! But unfortunately, the machinations which were set on foot both by the hierarchy and the Imperial government, instilled so deadly a poison into the minds of their opponents, that not only was city armed against city, but the citizen against his fellow burgher, and the parent against his own child. In this state of things, some places, which had acquired wealth and influence by their commerce and industry, took a base advantage of the weakness of their neighbours; nor did the peace of Constance produce any better result, than that of fomenting such divisions as imperceptibly prepared every city for its ruin, by the very means through which it had hoped to escape it.

The annals of Italy may be divided into six various epochs. The first may be denominated the '*Epocha of the Lions*,' and comprehends the period during which the Romans, who were fierce, and powerful, and generous, subjugated the whole then-known world. The second may not inaptly be termed the '*Epocha of the Rabbits*;' in this interval, the Italian, too feeble to resist the ferocity of his barbarian invader, sought shelter from the storm in his hiding-places. The third we might call the '*Epocha of the Wolves*,' when he acquired such political vigour under the French and German sovereigns, as enabled him not only to defend himself, but to attack others, and maintain his own independence. The fourth is truly the '*Epocha of the Dogs*;' during this period, the shadow of a bone; and what worthier object prompted the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, or the Bianchi, and the Neri?—the acquisition of a plot of ground, or the mere impulse of caprice or vanity, were

stimulants sufficiently efficacious to instigate one party to seek the destruction of its rival, and to induce one city to carry its murderous arms against another. The fifth epocha may be called that 'Of the Foxes.' Italy, in this period, witnessed the establishment of its various governments and sovereignties;—in this period too, she was marked out as an object worthy the ambitious views of Spain, as well as of France and Germany, and had recourse to a system of policy, which was pushed to the highest degree of refinement: hence her success in resisting, avoiding; and even rising superior to the powerful arms of her ultramontane invaders; hence the skill, by which she fomented a spirit of jealousy amongst the greater potentates, and kept the one at constant variance with the other; hence her good fortune in preserving her institutions and territory unimpaired amid the conflicts of the combatants, and the storms which followed in the train of their alternate overthrows. The sixth period brings us down to our own times; "nor can I refrain," says an eminent Italian writer*, "however it may redound to our disgrace, from designating it as the 'Epocha of the Apes.' All natural ties being dissolved between us; bending our necks beneath the political yoke of certain maxims of general humanity, which are seldom exemplified even in individual instances, we possess not courage enough either to think or support ourselves independently of others; in this condition, the Italians eat and dress as is the alternate will of the French or English†, and faithfully lending themselves to the extravagances and caprices of their cooks and tailors, they know not whether the fashion of the present day will be that of the morrow, nor whether the pittance, which pleases them at this hour, will not become improper and distasteful at the next. Our very language has caught the contagion of this apish disease."

This brief outline of the vicissitudes of Italy, develops the origin of her existing debasement and distractions.

Oh! that she would awake to a sense of her true interests! and that her people would feel that they have but two countries! "*Unam Natara*," says her own Cicero, "*alteram Juris*." Their natural country, being that which contains the individual's birth-place; their lawful country, that which constitutes them members of one vast empire, boasting a population of fifteen millions of souls. Why then should the descendants of the patriot Roman disdain to cherish the welfare of his common country? Why should he abstain from promoting its interests wherever

* Giov. Risoldi. *Cadri Rubi* "sopra la Patria degli Italiani."—*Opere*, tom. X.

† This having been written more than twenty years since, we can only render the extract applicable by substituting, for French and English, "Austrian and alien intriguers."

they languish or lie dormant? Will he never learn to blush at the inheritance of false prejudices, which the Guelph or the Ghibelline, or some weak ancestor, has bequeathed him?—From the moment that he hails every Italian, whether the mild native of the Milanese plain, or the rough wanderer of the Calabrian range, as a fellow-countryman, from that moment his glory will consist in the nurture of whatever can conduce to the welfare of his country. Let him become nationally an Italian, nor fear that he will cease individually to be a Tuscan, or a Neapolitan!

S.

THE HARP, A TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF THE POET KÖRNER: ADDRESSED TO
SUCH AS BELIEVE IN THE AGENCY OF SPIRITS.

THE secretary Sellner had begun to taste the first spring of happiness with his youthful bride. Their union was not founded on that vague and evanescent passion which often lives and dies almost in the same moment—sympathy and esteem formed the basis of their attachment. Time and experience, without diminishing the ardour, had confirmed the permanence of their mutual sentiments. It was long since they had discovered that they were formed for each other, but want of fortune imposed the necessity of a tedious probation; till Sellner, by obtaining the patent for a place, found himself in possession of an easy competence, and on the following Sunday brought home in triumph his long-betrothed bride. A succession of ceremonious visits for some weeks engrossed many of those hours that the young couple would have devoted to each other. But no sooner was this onerous duty fulfilled, than they eagerly escaped from the intrusion of society to their delicious solitude; and the fine summer evenings were but too short for plans and anticipations of future felicity. Sellner's flute and Josephine's harp filled up the intervals of conversation, and with their harmonious unison seemed to sound the prelude to many succeeding years of bliss and concord. One evening, when Josephine had played longer than usual, she suddenly complained of head-ache: she had, in reality, risen with this symptom of indisposition, but concealed it from her anxious husband; naturally susceptible of nervous complaints, the attention which she had lent to the music, and the emotions it excited in her delicate frame, had increased a slight indisposition to fever, and she was now evidently ill. A physician was called in, who so little anticipated danger that he promised a cure on the morrow. But after a night spent in delirium, her disorder was pronounced a nervous fever, which completely baffled the efforts of medical skill, and on the ninth day was confessedly mortal. Josephine herself

was perfectly sensible of her approaching dissolution, and with mild resignation submitted to her fate.

Addressing her husband, for the last time, she exclaimed: "My dear Edward, Heaven can witness it is with unutterable regret that I depart from this fair world, where I have found with thee a state of supreme felicity; but though I am no longer permitted to live in those arms, doubt not thy faithful Josephine shall still hover round thee, and as a guardian-angel encircle thee till we meet again." She had scarcely uttered these words when she sunk on her pillow, and soon fell into a slumber, from which she awoke no more; and when the clock was striking nine, it was observed that she had breathed her last. The agonies of Sellner may be more easily conceived than described: during some days it appeared doubtful whether he would survive; and when, after a confinement of some weeks, he was at length permitted to leave his chamber, the powers of youth seemed paralysed, his limbs were enfeebled, his frame emaciated, and he sunk into a state of stupor, from which he was only to be roused by the bitterness of grief. To this poignant anguish succeeded a fixed melancholy; a deep sorrow consecrated the memory of his beloved: her apartment remained precisely in the state in which it had been left previous to her death;—on the work-table lay her unfinished task; the harp stood in its accustomed nook, untouched and silent; every night Sellner went in a sort of pilgrimage to the sanctuary of his love, and taking his flute, breathed forth, in deep plaintive tones, his fervent aspirations for the cherished shade. He was thus standing in Josephine's apartment, lost in thought, when a broad gleam of moonlight fell on the open window, and from the neighbouring tower the watchman proclaimed the ninth hour; at this moment, as if touched by some invisible spirit, the harp was heard to respond to his flute in perfect unison. Thunderstruck at this prodigy, Sellner suspended his flute, and the harp became silent; he then began, with deep emotion, Josephine's favourite air, when the harp resumed its melodious vibrations, thrilling with ecstasy. At this confirmation of his hopes he sunk on the ground, no longer doubting the presence of the beloved spirit; and whilst he opened his arms to clasp her to his breast, he seemed to drink in the breath of spring, and a pale glimmering light flitted before his eyes. "I know thee, blessed spirit," exclaimed the bewildered Sellner, "thou didst promise to hover round my steps, to encircle me with thy immortal love. Thou hast redeemed thy word; it is thy breath that glows on my lips; I feel myself surrounded by thy presence." With rapturous emotion he snatched the flute, and the harp again responded, but gradually its tones became softer, till the melodious murmurs ceased, and all again was silent. Sellner's feeble frame was completely disor-

dered by these tumultuous emotions; when he threw himself on his bed it was only to rave deliriously of the harp: after a sleepless night he rose only to anticipate the renewal of his emotions; with unspeakable impatience he awaited the return of evening, when he again repaired to Josephine's apartment; where, as before, when the clock struck nine, the harp began to play, in concert with the flute, and prolonged its melodious accompaniment till the tones gradually subsided to a faint and tremulous vibration, and all again was silent. Exhausted by this second trial, it was with difficulty that Sellner tottered to his chamber, where the visible alteration in his appearance excited so much alarm, that the physician was again called in, who, with sorrow and dismay, detected aggravated symptoms of the fever which had proved so fatal to Josephine; and so rapid was its progress that in two days the patient's fate appeared inevitable. Sellner became more composed, and revealed to the physician the secret of his late mysterious communications, avowing his belief that he should not survive the approaching evening. No arguments could remove from his mind this fatal prestige; as the day declined, it gained strength; and he earnestly entreated, as a last request, to be conveyed to Josephine's apartment. The prayer was granted. Sellner, no sooner reached the well-known spot than he gazed with ineffable satisfaction on every object endeared by affectionate remembrance.

The evening hour advanced; he dismissed his attendants, the physician alone remaining in the apartment. When the clock struck nine, Sellner's countenance was suddenly illumined, the glow of hope and pleasure flushed his wan cheeks, and he passionately exclaimed—"Josephine, greet me once more at parting, that I may overcome the pangs of death." At these words the harp breathed forth a strain of jubilee, a sudden gleam of light waved round the dying man, who, on beholding the sign, exclaimed—"I come, I come, to thee," and sunk senseless on the couch. It was in vain that the astonished physician hastened to his assistance, and he too late discovered that life had yielded in the conflict. It was long before he could bring himself to divulge the mysterious circumstances which had preceded Sellner's dissolution; but once, in a moment of confidence, he was insensibly led to make the detail to a few intimate friends, and finally produced the harp, which he had appropriated to himself as a legacy from the dead.

CAPTIVITY OF ALEXANDER SCOTT.

(Concluded from page 356.)

Our traveller, after taking leave of the pilgrims at the shrine of Sidna Mahommed El Hèzsh, embarked in the same boat to return to El Ghiblah, which, during his sojournment at the Sanctuary, had been employed in carrying over passengers as they arrived.

"Scott remarked that the opposite shore of the lake was not visible, even in the clearest weather, from El Hèzsh, on account of the lowness of the land. There being more wind than when they came, and it being fair, they placed two oars across each other by way of a mast, and spread on them a long narrow blanket, such as they wrap round their bodies, as a sail*. They left the shore of El Hèzsh, or the Sanctuary, a little after mid-day, and arrived on the opposite side at day-break the next morning (as Scott supposes about six o'clock.) In this voyage they had the advantage of sail and oars, and continued under way all night."

Scott was prohibited from conversing with the boatmen during this voyage, because he would not change his religion. The hire of the boat being settled, which was three camels for every family taken over and brought back, the party returned by the same route they came from El Ghiblah. After travelling a month, they came to the forest before described. While going through it, they saw some of the black people called Bambaras, who were armed with bows and arrows, and were quite naked. The Arabs attacked the Negroes, and many of them were wounded; at length they overcame their antagonists, and took eight prisoners. These were brought to the tents, bound hand and foot, and the next morning carried away by the Arabs, who pursued their journey. The Negroes were tattooed, or marked† by three diagonal cuts on each cheek, and a horizontal one across the forehead.

"After this the caravan† travelled about a month and a half over hard ground, with small hills covered with low wild bushes, but with-

* In the former part of this narrative, our traveller informs us that there was a hole in the centre of the boat to fix a mast; but he here remarkably confirms the following passage in Jackson's account of Morocco, page 310. Speaking of the boats here alluded to, Mr. Jackson says, "They have no sails, but when the wind is favourable, two oars are set up perpendicularly on each side of the boat, to which is fastened a large hayk, or spreading garment, which serves as a substitute for a sail." —Note. the hayk is a piece of woollen cloth about five feet wide, and from ten to twelve feet long, and is the envelope of the Moorish dress, and also that of the located Arabs.

† It appears that these marks designate the Negroes of Bambara, as other cuts do Negroes of other countries. Whilst these poor creatures remain in Sudan, the marks serve to claim them as the property of such a king or chief; but when north of the Sahara, every clue to their recovery or restoration is lost.

‡ These caravans are called by the Arabs Kafala, sing. Kùffel plur.

out trees; but there were trees of considerable magnitude in the low ground through which they occasionally passed. About this time they came to a large valley where there had been much rain, and a considerable quantity of fresh water was in it. Here meeting with shrubs and herbs, the caravan sojourned six moons, living principally on goats' milk during this sojournment: plundering parties went out from time to time, and brought back camels, corn, &c. When the camels and goats had stripped the bushes and eat the green herbs, they sent a party to look out for another place of encampment, and when they had discovered a suitable spot, the whole party set out for it, taking three days to reach the new district. Here they remained two or three months, without any thing remarkable occurring, until the trees began to lose their leaves, all the vegetables withered, and the ground dried up, when the whole caravan set out direct for El Ghiblah.

"For a week or two they went over hard ground, and then came to sandy valleys, quite barren, and without any vegetable on them, except the palm-like tree *El Myrreh*, before noticed. In little more than a week they got over this sandy district, and in about another week again arrived at El Ghiblah, but not in the exact spot from which they had taken their departure.

"They pitched their tents, however, by some wells, and seemed to consider themselves at home. They always avoided going too far to the northward, for fear of being taken by the Moors, subjects of the Emperor of Morocco, between whom and the wandering Arabs of the Desert, there is a deadly hatred and a perpetual war. At El Ghiblah the black prisoners taken in their contest with the Bambaras, were sold to some people from Wednoon, at eighty dollars each."

Our traveller informs us, that the tribe was now held in greater estimation by their neighbours than before their journey to *Hezsh el Hezsh*, and the men were now called* *Sidi el Hezsh Hezsh*.

Scott was frequently beaten during this journey, as he apprehends, for not having renounced his religion; but we suspect that, as the Arabs are vindictive against all who sleep much, and as Scott indulged himself in the morning, contrary to their customs, he incurred their displeasure more from this cause than from any religious propensity.

Scott says, the country is divided into four parts: the northern is called *Till*, which extends to about 100 miles south of Wednoon; the western is called *Sachell*†. *Zerrohah* lies east-

* We have before explained the term *Hezsh el Hezsh*; the term *El Hezshhezsh*, which is one word only, signifies a person who has just returned from performing the pilgrimage to Mekka. The word *Sidi*, or Master, Monsieur, or Mr. is prefixed to the name of all persons who have performed this pilgrimage, however poor and needy they may be. All sheriffs (princes) have also the prefix *Sidi* to their names. We apprehend the saint, whose sanctuary Scott visited, must have been a descendant of the prophet Muhamed.

† *Sachell* signifies any plain or flat country. Most of the ships which have been wrecked on this shore, have run aground at this flat part of the coast.

ward of the Till and the Sachell; the fourth division is to the south, and is called El Ghiblah. The tribes of these several districts are distinguished by the name of the district they respectively occupy, as the Till-eens*, Sachell-eens, Ghiblah-eens, Zeroha-eens. In each of these divisions there are particular tribes scattered, the names of some of which he mentions; as the Mujats and Zurghiem tribes, which dwell in Till, and are always at war with the Ulled D'Leim. The El Arosiem and the Ulled Missebah belong to Zerohah; those of Toborlet, Lemmaheir, Fyekett, Ulled Tiderary, Ulled Emonksor, Ulled Bmiâra, are of Sachell (or Sahell). In El Ghiblah are the tribes of Ulled D'Leim, Ulled Edouochala, Ulled Teggadow, and Ulled Emouss.

Scott says the people of El Ghiblah sometimes go far to the southward, to a place called †Lumgaufra, the chief man of which is called ‡Wildebacaab. Scott was told that at Lumgaufra there is a very large river, which runs a long way through the country, and that on the other side of this river the people are not Muhamedans. He could not obtain any name for this river but the general one of § Bahar El Tieb; which is not applied to small rivers. The name for them, Scott says, is || Illimon Sacharah, or running waters.

Our traveller describes the mode of skinning the animals, which is similar to that practised in Barbary.

* Scott is certainly mistaken in these names, the following being the names which these tribes are known by in the Sahara, viz. Till-ee, Sahell-ee, Ghiblah-ee, Zerohâ-ee, also D'leim-ee, Edouchal-ee, &c. &c.

† The Arabs, who are the cultivators of the various provinces in the empire of Morocco, are emigrations from the Bedouins, or wandering tribes of the Sahara. In the above enumeration of tribes it is evident that the Ulled Edouochalla is the original stock or ancestry of the extensive province of Duquella, or Woled Duquella, (i. e. the sons or descendants of Duquella) in the empire of Morocco, one of the most extensive and most productive provinces of that empire, for which see the map of West Barbary, &c. in Shabeeny's account of Timbuctoo, &c. p. 56. Lat. N. 23. Long. W. 8. The Lumgaufra (as Scott calls them) are unquestionably the Mograffa, who inhabit the south-western part of Sahara, in the latitude of Cape Blanco.—See Jackson's map of the track of the Caravans in the work above-mentioned, p. 1. A tribe of these Arabs are located in Lower Suse; the Ulled D'Leim of Scott are the Woled Delfeim, in Lat. N. 23. of the above map, an emigration from which tribe occupy a large track of country in Lower Suse; the Kalif or Viceroy, Muhamed ben Delfeim, was, at the close of last century, the Sheik of this tribe. Calling it Ulled, instead of Woled, is a trifling inaccuracy, which proceeds from Scott having only an oral knowledge of the language; if he had written the language he would have spelt it otherwise no doubt.

‡ Sheik Ebakâb was the chief of the El Mograffa Arabs when Mr. Jackson resided at Santa Cruz, and he thinks this is his son, called Wold Ebakâb.

§ As Scott could not obtain any other name for this river than the Bahar-tieb, it must unquestionably mean the Niger; but the Mograffa Arabs do not inhabit the north side of the Banks of the Niger, therefore this information which the Arabs communicated to Scott should be received with that latitudinal allowance which is necessary in taking reports from such people.

|| Illimon Sacharah is incorrect orthography for El Amen Sahara, which, in the Shelluh language, signifies Waters of Sahara, not running waters.

The dress of the Arab men is nothing more than a blanket or shawl, which is folded around them; the thick strong ones are called * *Lixsa*, the thin ones *Hayk*. The turban is worn by those called *Sidi*, who are generally elderly people, and also by the chief men of the tribe, either old or young.

Scott describes the marriages of the Arabs and their funerals, which do not differ materially from those of the Mithamidans in general: after which he gives a Vocabulary of the Vulgar Arabic. But as it is asserted in the narrative that Scott's proficiency, under his Arabic teacher, did not amount to a knowledge of the formation of the Arabic letters, it follows, of course, that he understood the language by ear only; accordingly we perceive many little inaccuracies in the orthography of these words; and as this language is becoming much better known in Europe than heretofore, and is publicly taught now at Paris, we shall present our readers with the Vocabulary itself, with Scott's orthography, to which we shall add the orthography delivered to us by Mr. Jackson, who informs us that the names are spelt in his vocabulary, according to the plan laid down in the introduction to Shabeeny's account of Timbuctoo, Housa, &c. For the notes on this vocabulary, as well as for the third column of it, we are indebted to Mr. Jackson, as also for all the notes explanatory in this article.

A. SCOTT'S VOCABULARY OF VULGAR ARABIC.

English.	Scott's Orthography.	Jackson's Orthography.
1 Sun,	Simse,	Shimsh.
2 Moon,	Gummah,	Gumrah.
3 Stars,	Injour,	Injume.
4 North,	Till,	
5 East,	Sharrag,	(Shárag.
6 South,	Ghiblah,	(Smawey, or El Ghiblah.
7 West,	Sáchell,	El Garbey—see note 7.
8 Valley, having a stream or river in it,	Wad,	See note 8.

* Any covering is called *Lixsa*, from *ixsy* to clothe; the *Hayk* is an envelope for the body, and is so called, whether thick or thin, if cotton or of woollen; the turban is generally worn by persons who have performed the *Hezshhezsh*, or pilgrimage to Mekka. These are called *Sidy El Hage*. *Sidi* is applied generally to the higher and middling orders, but always to those having the name of the Arabian prophet. The word *El Hage* is never given to any but such as have performed the pilgrimage to Mekka, when the name *Sidi* is also added, as *Monsieur El Hage*, or *Mr. El Hage*.

7 West. The name for the West among all the tribes of the Arabs is *El Garb*, the *Sahell*, or plain flat country, was situated westward where Scott was; and hence he might have mistaken it, and thought that *Sachell* meant west, whereas it only meant the wind that came from the plain or flat country.

8 Wad is the name of a river, and does not apply, in any sense, to the valley.

English	Arabic	Arabic
9 Gum-tree,	Tolch,	See note 9.
10 Oil-tree,	She-dar-ga'en,	See note 10.
11 Oil,	Zbt,	Zeet.
12 Fig-tree,	Karamos,	Karama.
13 Prickly pear,	Takanaret,	Riga, El Karmoon.
14 Orchilla,	Tomkile,	Takanaret.
15 Dog,	Kelb,	Kilb.
16 Fox,	Vil or Thib,	Dhib.
17 Wolf,	Zubah, or Athabah,	Dubbah.
18 Tyger,	Gurzahe e,	Nimmen.
19 Lion,	Sebah,	Sebah.
20 Male Camel,	Ishmael,	Jemmel.
21 Female Camel,	Anriag,	Auhag.
22 Young Camel,	Achwar,	Ashwar.
23 Goat,	Mas,	Maiz.
24 Sheep,	Nashe,	Kibsh.
25 Deer,	Roselled,	Elgrasseh.
26 Fish,	Sebent,	El Hote.
27 Infidel,	Kaffre,	Kaffre.
28 Christian,	Nazerenne,	Nasaranay.
29 Christian Boy,	Inferanne,	Nasaranet.
30 Ship,	Saffina,	S'feena.
31 Boat,	Zourgos,	Gharba.
32 A Man,	Erak Arôzahel,	Ayrajel.
33 A Woman,	Erak Hellemarah,	El Murrah.
34 A Cow,	Baggivæ, or Lib-gher,	Baggra, sing: l'bug-g're, plur.
35 He-Goat,	Artroos,	Atruse.
36 She-Goat,	Llang,	El'lang.
37 Ram,	Kabsh,	Kibsh.
38 House,	Dâr,	Dâr.
39 Water,	Illimalh,	Elmâ.

9 Tolch is the tree which produces the Gum-Barbary, other gum-trees are otherwise called: thus Arar is the Sandrac-Gum tree; Aurwar the Gum-Sudan tree; Fashook the Gum-Ammoniac shrub; Dergmuse the Gum-Euphorbium shrub, &c.

10 She-dar-ga'en is probably an error of the press—it should be Shejra Argan, i. e. the tree of the Argan olive. This tree has been already described in the first part of this review, p. 358. The name of the oil-tree, or olive-tree, is Zituna.

13 and 14 These two words are not Arabic, but Shelluh; the prickly pear opuntia or cochineal-tree, is called by the Arabs Kermuse Nassareh, i. e. the Christian's fig. It is reported in Suse that this plant was imported originally from the Canary islands, and called the fruit of Canary or Takanaret.

18 This is the Shelluh word: the Arabic is in the third column.

25 The word Roselled is El Grazel, i. e. the Antelope, not the Deer, being spelt with the letter ain, which resembles gr more than any other letters of European alphabets; we call it grasel, not gazel.

32 and 33 The word Erak signifies you shall see; from the verb ara, to see. We know not what it has to do with the word man or woman.

English.	Scott's Orthography.	Jackson's Orthography.
40 Elephant,	El Házsh,	Elfeel.
41 Moving Sand, forming Hills,	} Loggrhád,	El Gro'oad.
42 Rocky Mountains,		
	Kudderah,	Jerf.
43 Tree,	Sadrhu,	{ Shijra : a thorny bush, sedrha or shrub.
44 Date Tree,	Unghól,	Nakhúl.
45 Date,	Attomór,	Attimmer.
46 Gold,	Edhéb,	D'Heb.
47 Moorish Soldiers,	Umhal ta Sultán,	Máhel m'ta Sultan.
48 Ostriches,	Nám,	Nám.

In ten or twelve days after the arrival of the tribe in El Ghiblah, they went on a plundering expedition, taking Scott along with them. In three days they reached the tents they wished to plunder, and meant to attack them in the night; but the dogs* gave the alarm and prevented the surprise, and the two tribes fought in the morning. Scott's companions beat the other party, killed several of them, took their camels, and burned their tents; but in five days afterwards the beaten tribe retaliated, attacked and beat their enemies, obliging them to fly, leaving all their property behind them: they took refuge in the Wad Seyghi, close to the sea-shore. There they remained two months, and were at one time almost starved for want of food, at which time Scott says he was of essential service to them, and fish being their only resource, Scott was lowered down from high rocks to the beach, where he collected muscles† and fish for their sustenance.

They afterwards departed from this place, and going in search of their old adversaries, they found them in fourteen days, attacked them but were resisted; in this action Scott killed a man, his party gained the battle, and he was honoured with the

40 El Házsh signifies any wild beast, particularly a large wild beast; it is Arabic, but the Arabic for elephant is unquestionably Elfeel.

42 A rocky mountain or cliff is called Jerf, as Jerf Lihudic, the Jews Cliff, a celebrated pass in the province of Uda in West Barbary; Jerf El Sufar, the Yellow Cliff.

43 Sadrhu is a prickly bush or shrub: Shijra a tree.

47 These words signify the armies of the Sultan, not Moorish soldiers.

* The dogs are the guards of the towns as well as of the douars or encampments. They keep a continual barking till every one has retired to rest.

† During the ravages of the plague and scarcity in West and South Barbary in 1799, Mr. Jackson tells us he often visited a tribe of Arabs, who settled on the coast between the river Tensift and Mogador, and subsisted several months on muscles only.

name of the prophet for having killed an enemy in battle, and he was therefore called Mahommed the Christian.

On another occasion, being on a plundering expedition, and going to attack a douar or encampment, a dog barked and they fled, were pursued, and taken prisoners; Scott was threatened with death, but contrived to make his escape in the night, after killing some men who were asleep, and taking their arms.

He then attempted to make his escape from his master, was traced, retaken, and severely bastinadoed: his feet were struck with a hot iron, which prevented him from walking two or three months.*

After this period he was engaged in several depredatory attacks on other tribes, when he and his party were sometimes beaten and plundered, at other times victorious and robbing their enemies.

One day Scott and his master's daughter were attending sheep, they were both overcome by sleep, and awaking, found the sheep dispersed by a wolf or hyæna, and three dead sheep lying by them. Fearing severe chastisement for the loss of the sheep, he desired the girl to seek for the sheep in one direction whilst he would seek in another; he instantly fled to the sea-shore, along which he travelled in a northerly direction four days, during which his only sustenance was a little fresh water. Early on the fifth day he saw a great smoke eastward (which was from the houses at Wednoon). When near the houses he met a Moor, who was going to shoot him, but on an explanation Scott briefly told him who he was, and the Moor took him by the hand, told him he was safe, led him to his house, and gave him food.

He afterwards desired Scott to write to the English consul at Mogador, and Scott did so. This man leaving Scott under the care of his brother and his son, set off with the letter; and after an absence of eight days returned with a letter from William Willshire, esq. the English consul at Mogador, who sent a horse for Scott to ride upon, and 27 dollars to buy provisions.

Here the writer of Scott's narrative pays a very pretty compliment and a very just acknowledgment to Mr. Willshire, for the fidelity with which he discharged the agreeable office of redeeming Christians from slavery; and we think a compliment here paid to the Ironmongers' Company, would neither have been ill-timed nor ill-placed: the energy and decision with which this respectable company paid the ransom of a British sailor many years since, on an application from Mr. Jackson; and the deci-

* This mode of punishment is called by the Arabs *El Kéy*, from the verb *kowa*, to burn with a hot iron or knife: they keep striking the part till it forms a blister.

sive manner in which the Board of that Company urged Mr. Jackson to communicate his observations on the means eligible to be adopted in future for the redemption of British wrecked mariners, deserves more praise than we have language to describe, and reflects the highest honour on that Company. Every British sailor will be gratified to reflect that his brother sailors, who may be so unfortunate as to be cast on that desert coast, have only to suggest to the Arab who first claims him as his captive, to conduct him to the district or the neighbourhood of Wednoon*; and then write to the English Consul at Mogador, and he will, without delay, receive the money for his redemption!

After recruiting himself for three days longer, Scott accompanied by the Moor set off, and arrived safe at Mogador in five days, travelling about thirty miles a day.

From the neighbourhood of Wednoon, Scott saw to the eastward the ridge of Atlas, covered with snow†, which he was told remained on them all the year round.

At Mogador, and at Wednoon, the language spoken is called by Scott *Schlech*‡. He received every attention from Mr. Willshire during his stay at Mogador, who paid his ransom to the Moor, on account of the Ironmongers' Company of London. Scott reached Mogador on the 31st of August, left it on the 11th of November in the Brig *Isabella* of Aberdeen, and arrived in London 9th of December, 1816.

In Major Rennell's observations on the geography of Mr. Scott's route, annexed to the foregoing narrative in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, it is said, in substance, page 236:—

“As Scott travelled probably as fast as he could go four days and nights, and part of the fifth day, it is supposed he travelled over one hundred and ten miles of distance in a direct line; this, it is said, will place Ourerah at that distance S. W. of Cape Noon, and directly opposite to Fortaventura; then the province of Till is said to extend to the south of Ourera; after which comes the Sahell, or flat coast, invisible at sea; but if this were the case, the wreck must necessarily have been south of Cape Bojador, as that Cape is not more than a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty miles south of Cape Noon.”—

* Wednoon, or the river o Noon, abounds in e.e.s. Noon, or Nune, is the Arabic for eels, not Nun. If the river is spelt Noon, the cape should be spelt also Noon, not Nun.

† Mr. Jackson confirms this report, and says, he could see clearly the same mountains from Santa Cruz, which were continually covered with snow.—*Vide Shebney's Account of Timbuctoo, &c.* page 94.

‡ This unquestionably means the Shelluh language; but the Shelluh language, although it is the language of Wednoon, is not generally spoken at Mogador, except among the boatmen and fishermen; the upper and middling ranks speak the Arbee, or vulgar Arabic.

This, therefore, is apparently an error, as there is no doubt that the wreck of the *Montezuma* was north of *Bôjador*, and south of *Noon*, where the land is very flat, the current strong towards the coast, and the atmosphere hazy, as marked down in the Map of West Barbary, &c. in *Shabben's Account of Timbuctoo*, page 86. Lat. N. 28° 20'. Long. W. 13°: and this is the *Sahel*, or (more properly) the *Sahel* spoken of by Scott, viz. between Lat. N. 26° and 28° in corroboration of which we are informed by Mr. Jackson, that the mariners whom he redeemed from time to time, whilst resident at Santa Cruz, all invariably told him, that they were wrecked on this flat, invisible, and hazy coast, called by the Arabs *Sahel*, and lying between 26° and 28° of N. Lat.

We think the Major's calculation of ten miles a-day for the caravan travelling, is rather under the mark.

We also think, with all deference to the Major's calculations, that the lake *Dehebbie Dibbe*, or *Tieb*, (which, by-the-by, is never called *Dolomit*, or the dark lake) is larger than he makes it. The boats, described by Scott, on the *Bahar Tieb*, are exactly the same in fashion and construction as those used at Santa Cruz, at Messa, and at Wednooh; differing only in size, and being joined together with nails; those of the *Bahar Tieb* being twice or three times as large. Mr. Jackson tells us, that he has frequently gone in them at the rate of three miles an hour with six oars, in calm weather; but with a hawk for a sail, and a slight breeze, they go five miles an hour, or rather more, when assisted also by the oar. Now, Scott says, they embarked on their return (see *Edin. Phil. Jour.* p. 225) at noon, and reached the opposite shore at six o'clock, A. M. next morning, being a traverse of eighteen hours, at five miles an hour: this would give ninety miles for the width of the lake; which, from the circumstances mentioned by Mungo Park, that the canoes, in crossing from W. to E., lose sight of land one whole day, we presume is a tolerably accurate calculation.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF LUIGI ALAMANNI.

Says Helen to her husband dear,

Whilst back from Troy returning,

Down her cheeks streaming many a tear,

With shame and sorrow burning:—

“I've not inconstant proved to thee,

Though Paris did not mind me,

And with my person made too free,

My soul I left behind me.”

“That,” said her spouse, “I well believe

Is true—nor need I doubt you;

The part you left was (I perceive)

The very worst about you.”

STANZAS, WRITTEN DURING SICKNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASTARTE," &c.

I've plunged in every wild, extreme,
 That youth, and youthful folly knows;—
 I've tasted deeply of the stream
 That round the shrine of Pleasure flows;—
 And like the Bee, from flower to flower,
 Sipping each sweet, I've wander'd free;—
 Yet never found I earthly power,
 DOMESTIC LOVE! compared to THEE!

Sweeter than Passion's fever'd sigh,
 Dearer than Pleasure's fairy dream:
 Before THEE all life's sorrows fly,
 Like mists before the morning beam!
 Thou only canst the roses fling
 That make life's rugged pathway blest;
 And scatter from thy downy wing
 That peace which heals the wounded breast!

It is not in the revel loud,—
 At Mirth, or Fashion's midnight shrine,
 Where rival beauties thronging crowd,
 That Love asserts its power divine;—
 'Tis when the tortured frame is torn
 By all the pangs Disease can give;
 'Mid anguish, scarcely to be borne,
 Its smile can bid the sufferer live!

Domestic Love!—thy hand can shed
 Soft opiates o'er the burning brow;—
 And round the couch of sickness spread
 Those soothing hopes that cheer me now!—
 Yes!—let the libertine deride
 As priestcraft, wedlock's silken chain,—
 But tell me, has he ever tried
 Its power, in sorrow, or in pain?

And THOU, who in life's summer hour,
 Taught my young bosom to believe
 Marriage, an arbitrary power,
 Invented only to deceive;
 Who saidst, "At sight of human ties,
 Made for the base and slavish mind,
 The rosy god affrighted flies,
 Nor leaves one ray of bliss behind:"—

Oh!—didst thou know how false, how vain,
 This doctrine of thy heart will prove;
 Thou'dst own, that Hymen's fancied chain
 Is the true bondage wove by Love!

For where two youthful hearts unite,
And own one faith, one fate, one name,
Think not Love's torch will burn less bright,
Though REASON sanctifies the flame!

ON THE CHOICE OF PROFESSIONS.

"Consult the genius of the place in all."—POPE.

UPON the choice of his profession or trade a man's fortune in life materially depends, prosperity and comfort may be said to hang on the decision; and, by thwarting a peculiar bias, or evident preference, we may crush ambition, nullify genius, and substitute heartless labour and profitless exertion for energy, eminence, and fame. Few are gifted with universal talents, and few, perhaps, are able to pursue the particular study or occupation best adapted to their bodily and mental abilities. Powers and capacity may exist unknown even to their possessor, which, if circumstances had brought into notice, might have changed the whole current of his life, and altered and improved his destiny. When by some favouring chance a man discovers the peculiar bent of his genius, and when by a happy fate he is enabled to follow its direction, the foundation is laid for future eminence, though much subsequent exertion and continued perseverance will be requisite to raise the superstructure. To produce this exertion the spur of ambition is useful, but still more effectual is the sharper prick of poverty. When a nobleman showed a picture he had painted to Poussin, and asked his opinion of it, the artist replied, "If you were but *poor*, my Lord, you would become a fine painter."

It is not solely in the higher pursuits of science and literature that a predisposing and decided genius is necessary to perfection. Not only would Mozart have been an indifferent philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton an inferior musician, Milton a bad painter, and Raphael a second-rate poet; but who can doubt that Birch was intended by Nature to make mock-turtle soup, Colinet to play quadrilles, and Matthews to exercise the risible muscles of his fellow countrymen? As to the latter, when he first popped his droll face into the world, the doctor and the nurse must have held their sides at the sight of it, and laughed by anticipation at the mouth out of which it is agreeable to the nature of things that nothing but jests should proceed.

I am occasionally disposed to yield an assent to Spurzheim's theory, and to believe that the organs of the head irresistibly impel us to peculiar pursuits; and so strong is this tendency,

that, if fortune will not assist nature, nature will sometimes overcome fortune. For instance, a lady with a genius for letter-writing writes on without any thing to say; one with the organ of timidity is frightened without sufficient cause, makes a mouse do as well as a lion, and screams at spiders instead of scorpions; and another, precluded by birth from exercising her histrionic talents upon a stage, acts a part all her life long, and only assumes her real character in the retirement of her closet, and in the presence of her waiting-woman.

There are instances, however, of woful opposition between the capabilities and the destinies of men. Wood was never designed for an orator, nor Lord Thurlow for a poet; how many peers were intended for hackney-coachmen; how many ladies for milliners; how many quadrille-dancers would have found their proper station on the opera-stage, and how many useless M.P.s would have made excellent men-cooks. I have seen gentlewomen, who proved by their delight in unnecessarily performing half the work of the house, that nature had designed them for housemaids; and young ladies who, with time and money at command, endeavoured, by voluntarily slaving from morning till night at worked flounces and lace-veils, to accomplish their real destiny, and be sempstresses in spite of fate.

In the lower orders of life these things are doubtless the same: men with a genius for dressing hair are sometimes compelled to drive stage-coaches, the latent capabilities of a man-mercier are concealed under a coal-heaver's hat; and they who might have rivalled Hoby and Thomas in the profession of Crispin, are perhaps at this moment wasting their energies upon baking bad bread, or making razors that will not cut.

Happy he whose tailor is a genius; thrice happy she who buys her silks and gauzes of an inspired shopman. Go to Flint's with your wife or sister, and, instead of scolding her for delay, abusing shops and shopping, fashions, and flounces, dress and dressers, tapping your stick incessantly on the ground, looking at your watch every three minutes, and interrupting by your impatience and complaints a pending decision between a *gros de Naples* and a *Zephyreene*, amuse yourself by watching the countenance and manner of the numerous shopmen and shopwomen, and endeavour to discover which among them were intended by nature to serve customers at Grafton-House. Civil and patient as the generality may be, a look of abstraction, an air of languor may be observed in their eyes and demeanour, proving that their whole soul is not engrossed by their occupation, and that necessity, not taste, has placed them at the counter. How different he who is acting in his proper sphere, and whose genius delights to expatiate amidst the multitudinous contents of Flint's shelves and warehouses. He is evidently *enjoying* the labour which others

endure. His eagerness never betrays him into confusion, nor his quickness into bustle. "*Rapido sì, ma rapido con legge.*" He appears to take a personal interest in every lady's choice; he would not for worlds precipitate the important decision; but affords her ample time to reflect upon the comparative merits of the articles he displays, merits which he has previously stated with great clearness and most amiable impartiality. No caprice disgusts him, no delay wearies him, every shade of every colour, every quality, every texture is cheerfully exhibited, and when the important choice is at length made, when the lady has changed her mind till she is tired of her own indecision, and the decisive *snip* has precluded further vacillation, he then never fails to stamp her taste with his own humble approval. If not the prettiest, it is the newest, or the cheapest, or the most durable article in the shop, and altogether he may venture to congratulate the purchaser upon her choice.

His manner and language, too, are either respectful or familiar, as may best suit the rank or the taste of his customer. To the *real* gentlewoman he is all deference and humility, says little, and bows often. With her who is lower in mind than in station, and to whose coarse vanity the admiring eye of a shopman can minister, he changes his tone, speaks more familiarly, smiles often, peeps under the bonnet, and appears very much disposed to flirt, and to compliment—"Every one may not venture to wear *green*, Madam, but with *your* complexion." Apparently, a fear of offending stops the flattering sentence. There is yet another class of purchasers with whom he is on still more easy terms; he calls them "my dear," hopes their sweetheart is well, advises them to trim their bonnet with *love*, and begs they will purchase their wedding-gown of him.

How happy is a man of this description compared with the unfortunate wight who is tied to a business for which he has no taste, and to whom every difficulty seems formidable, every inconvenience a distress. I received a short time since a letter from an old female-servant of my father, who, after residing many years in our family as cook and housekeeper, was induced, on receiving a legacy of four hundred pounds, to set up a circulating library in a village not far from London. Her own inclinations had been decidedly directed towards the business of a pastry-cook, but some of her acquaintance persuaded her that the occupation of a librarian was much more genteel, and, in an evil hour, as appears from the following letter, she yielded to their advice, and exchanged comfort for consequence.

HONOURED SIR,

I WAS very thankful for your kind enquiries after me. I hope my master's gout is better, and that you and the rest of the family are well.

I saw Miss Marie's marriage in the papers, and hope she will be very happy. How I wish I had dressed the wedding-dinner ! I have been in business more than a twelvemonth, and I think it will answer very well, that is, if I should live to enjoy my money ; but I am so worn and worried by the fatigues of my present life, that I fear I cannot keep up much longer. People talk of the labour of dressing a dinner of three courses in the dog-days, but, Sir, it's no more to be compared with what I go through every day of my life, and get no credit neither, nor no thanks for my pains. How I wish I had set up as a pastry-cook, for every body agrees about what is good, in soups, and mince-pies, but no two people think alike with respect to my books.

"Oh, Mrs. Smith," says Miss Thompson to me, "you positively must get 'Melmoth' immediately ; I am dying to read it ; I hear it is the sweetest thing ever written, quite worthy of the author of *Bertram* ; and how is it you have not got the 'Life of a Lover ?' you must order that too, I always read it once a twelvemonth."

Well, I got the books as soon as possible, and then half my customers abused me for having such trash in my shop ; and one lady, to whom I sent *Melmoth*, was quite provoked with me, and said this sweet book had made her sick.

Then a gentleman told me he would withdraw his subscription if I did not get 'The Monk ;' so I bought it immediately, and soon afterwards a very respectable lady sent for a book to amuse one of her daughters, who was recovering from the measles ; and, thinking no harm, I sent her 'The Monk ;' and behold it was returned instantly with an angry message, and not one of the family has been in my shop since.

One person says to me, 'How can you take in that stupid Quarterly Review ?' another, 'I am ashamed, Mrs. Smith, to find that you buy that jacobinical Edinburgh ;' some insist on my having 'The Evangelical Magazine ;' and then others call me a Methodist, and bid me get 'The Christian Observer.' One grave gentleman pesters me to buy all Jortin's Works ; another wants me to give fifty or sixty guineas for 'Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia ;' and the young ladies are always teasing me about poetry, and finding out the names of a dozen first-rate poems, which come out every month. And when I mention them to my bookseller in London, ten to one if he has ever heard of one of them. However, sometimes I am fortunate enough to pick them up cheap ; indeed, one young lady always recommends books that may be bought in two months after their publication at the price of waste paper, but then nobody else ever asks for them.

Above all, how I am worried by my customers to let them have the new books soon, especially when dear Lord Byron (as the ladies call him) has published any thing. 'The Giaour,'—'The Corsair,' and 'Manfred,' are the chief favourites : 'Child Harold' is not so much liked ; and this new play, with the strange name, has disappointed a great many of my subscribers. Some ladies, who are very fond of Lady Morgan's works, and, to use their own expression, "positively dote" upon 'The Novice of St. Dominique,' and 'The Missionary,' think Lord Byron's new Heroine "a most insipid, milk-and-water

piece of business," and are quite provoked with him for putting *his* into his book. Then others admire what the first disapprove; the matrons are pleased that Lord Byron *can* draw the character of a modest woman, and some gentlemen say that Angiolina is the only heroine in his lordship's poems whom a rational Englishman would like for his wife. I was obliged to get 'Don Juan' to please the gentlemen; some ladies shook their heads when they saw it in my window, while others bribed me to send it to them secretly, wrapped up in paper, and carefully sealed.

However, I think I could go on pretty well, without being teased and fretted into a nervous fever, if it were not for these horrible Novels, written by some Scotchman, heaven only knows who, for there is always a different story about it. I believe the devil himself must be their author, for nobody else could write them so fast. No words can express how I dread their coming out; I have no peace of my life for three months before, and as many after their publication, and I am so baited, and scolded, and abused:

"What! Mrs. Smith, not got 'Kenilworth' yet, why it's really too bad."

"Ma'am, it's not out yet."

"Not out! it has been advertised these six months; you're always behind every body."

"Ma'am, the very moment it is out of the printer's hands, it will be sent to me. I have dispatched five messengers about it since last Monday."

"Then you'll let me have it as soon as it arrives."

"I am very sorry, Madam, but that's quite impossible; there are others before you on the list."

"Before me, Mrs. Smith! Why, my name has been down these six weeks."

"Very true, Ma'am; but there were three-and-twenty ladies before you."

"Three-and-twenty! it is false, Mrs. Smith—you *know* it is false. This is shameful behaviour; you have been bribed to set down others above me. I will subscribe here no longer."

"I am very sorry, Madam, but what *can* I do? I shall have two copies. I do all in my power to oblige my customers."

"Well, when will they be down?"

"Next week, Ma'am, I hope."

"And when shall I have them?"

"It is impossible to say exactly; it depends upon the other ladies, who sometimes keep them too long."

"But you should not permit that, Mrs. Smith."

"La! Ma'am, what *can* I do? I send, and send, and beg, and pray, and all to no purpose."

"Ah, you manage your library very ill, and are always behind every body."

And this is all the reward I get for my pains. Then, when the book is at last published, I am still worse off. My shop is besieged from morning till night. They send to me before I am up, and after I am in bed, at hours when they have no right to disturb me. One lady sent her servant seven times in three hours; and at last he said he should

lose his place if he went home without the first volume. Another set her footman to watch at the corner of the street for a little boy, who she knew was gone to fetch "Kenilworth" for a subscriber who was to have it next, and desired him to take it from my messenger by main force; and one gentleman quietly seated himself in my shop, and swore he would never leave it till he got the last volume. Then the gentle-folks tell such dreadful falsehoods: I do believe, since the world began, there were never so many lies told about any thing, as about these tiresome novels; and I can tell Sir Walter Scott, if he is the author, that he will have a great deal to answer for.

"I faithfully promise you, Mrs. Smith, upon my word and honour, that I will return you the first volume to-morrow. I read quick, and I shall make a point of sending it to you the very moment I have finished it."

Upon the strength of this assurance I venture to quiet another of my tormentors, with the promise of her having the book the following evening, and perhaps it does not arrive for ten days, and all the blame of unpunctuality and falsehood falls upon my unhappy head.

Then the ladies are so rude and violent. One tore the book out of my hands, though I held it as tight as I could, and persisted in carrying it off with her in spite of my entreaties. Lord bless me! I wish I had lived before this Scotchman began to write. And he gives one no respite. I had scarcely got through the first fury about "Kenilworth," and had begun to recover my spirits and my temper, when in comes a lady, and says, "Put my name down, Mrs. Smith, for *The Buccaneers*."

"Certainly, Ma'am," replied I, very quietly, "pray how long has it been out, and who is it by? I will order it immediately."

"Oh, it's not out yet; it's a new novel of Sir Walter Scott's. Another treat for us, Mrs. Smith."

You might have knocked me down with a feather. I turned cold from head to foot. "Am I never to have any peace of my life," thought I. "More misery for me, and more work for the devil, who loves liars." I am sure Sir Walter is in compact with him. The devil gives irresistible talent and unequalled rapidity of composition, and receives, in return, the power of making ladies who used to speak truth, speak falsehood, without either hesitation or remorse. And it can only be by some supernatural charm that the author of these accursed books contrives to please *all* the world. People differ about every other work in my library; but these Scotch novels are admired by young and old, grave and gay, wise and foolish. If they continue to come out so rapidly, I must either give up my business, to avoid dying of consumption, or else I must follow the example of a librarian at Oxford, who never will admit one of my Scotch torments into his shop. I dare say he is afraid of being torn to pieces by the wild Oxonians, which is likely enough to happen, for I am half killed by what is called "the gentle sex."

"I am quite ashamed, Sir, of having troubled you so long with my distresses; but knowing your Honour's goodness, hope you will excuse the liberty, and remain,

Your grateful and humble servant,

A. SMITH.

Notwithstanding my concern for my correspondent's distress, I want not only the power, but the will to relieve it, as I am one among the millions who are anticipating, with great delight, the publication of "*The Buccaneers*," and who hail with pleasure every addition to these *novels* of the 19th, and *classics* of the 20th century. I earnestly hope that their author will not be so moved by the wretchedness of poor Mrs. Smith as to resolve upon the suppression of his new work, and that he will not be grievously offended by the imputation of infernal intercourse. For my own part, I can never believe that the enemy of the human race would assist in affording them so much gratification in so innocent a shape; nor am I disposed to credit Mrs. Smith's heavy censures on my fair countrywomen. Truth, whether considered as "the conformity of speech to the end for which God designed it," as a moral virtue, or a Christian grace, is too serious a duty to be neglected, even for the sake of reading "*Waverley*" or "*Kenilworth*;" and a promise, in the opinion of every rightly-disposed mind, is sacred and binding, though made to the keeper of a circulating library.

I intend to advise Mrs. Smith either to give up her present business immediately, in order to put an end to her sickness and her sorrows, or to become more patient and less irritable, which will probably produce the same desirable effect. Indeed, all who are tied by fate to uncongenial pursuits, will find it their wisdom and their interest to accommodate their minds to these adverse circumstances. They will discover that perseverance is an admirable substitute for talent; and that he who has the habit of looking on the bright side of things, and persons, and prospects, may be said to possess the best genius in the world, — *a genius for being happy*.

SONNET, IMITATED FROM CHEVRÆANA.

To have a jealous, ugly wife,
 In hopeless love to pass one's life;
 To sail upon a stormy sea,
 Without an hope from death to flee;
 Alone through deserts drear to roam,
 Or in a prison find one's home;
 To deal with Scotchmen, or with Jews,
 Or time in ceremonies lose;
 In travelling to pass one's days,
 Disputing turpikes, boys, and chaise—
 All these are states we well term evil.
 But if in life you wish to know
 The climax of all earthly woe,
 London *sans* money is the devil.

of the "FIRST FRUITS OF AUSTRALASIAN POETRY," printed at Sydney, New South Wales, and published by a gentleman who fills a very solemn office there, it contains an *Ode to a KANGAROO*; with a previous piece entitled "*Botany Bay Flowers*."

Such is the title of a work, which has something curious about it. In the first place, it will be a novelty to our readers, as it was "printed for private distribution;" in the second, because it is what the title denotes, and was printed at "SYDNEY, New South Wales;" and thirdly, because, though written by a gentleman who fills a very solemn office there, it contains an *Ode to a KANGAROO*; with a previous piece entitled "*Botany Bay Flowers*."

Poetical feelings are not, at the first blush, much excited by the words "*BOTANY BAY*;" but this must certainly arise from the prejudice of unlucky associations in the mind, with regard to this part of what is (with the licence of the sister kingdom) called the *fifth quarter* of the globe. The term *Botany* cannot be but a favourite of the Muse, and, if we may be permitted a little *jeu de mots*, what is there abhorrent in the word *Bay*? Pope, it is true, talks of "*The Critic's Bay*," and this we admit, may occasionally make it productive of disagreeable sensations. The connexion, however, between the poet and this place, is indeed so close, that, on reflection, it seems impossible to think of one without the other, or Horace has been praised without judgment. It is the poet's part, says he, "to transport us:—

"*Ut Magus; et modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenas.*"*

The *fifth quarter* was not discovered in his time, or there is little doubt that *Australia* (a very pretty word for Latin verse) would have figured in his measure. That he was inclined to go still further in his description of a true poet, may be gathered from this passage:—

"*Ille per extensum sinem mihi posse videtur
Ire Poëta,*" &c.

The QUARTERLY, in reviewing "*Michael Howe, the last and worst of the bush-rangers*," printed at Hobart Town, the capital of Van Diemen's Land, recommends the ROXBURGHE CLUB to apply early for a copy, as that little book will, says the reviewer, be assuredly the *Reynolds the Foxe* of Australian bibliomaniacs. Now, if such is likely to be the fate of a prose work, published in that quarter, what may we not prophesy of a copy of the "*first fruits of poetry*," printed at Sydney, "for private distribution?" The Roxburghe Club can obtain no copy

* Epist. lib. ii. 1.

in England, and must rest their fame on Boccaccio, unless some of the members should by chance (and "chance happeneth to all") go to *Botany Bay*. Under these circumstances we take some credit to ourselves for introducing this rarity to our readers.

It is in *quarto*, printed by George Howe, and bears date (we beg Mr. Dibdin's attention) 1819. Its being in *quarto*, has in it, at first, something alarming; but the alarm of small readers will subside into perfect ravishment, when they learn that the whole work consists of twelve pages.

Of these "first fruits" we now proceed to give a taste, promising a hope that, being exotics, and coming from afar, they will be received courteously and thankfully.

The leading piece is "*Botany Bay Flowers*," to which the author takes a motto from Lucretius:

"—juvatque novos decerpere flores,
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ."

This is the opening:

"God of this planet! for that name best fits
The purblind view, which man of this 'dim spot'
Can take of *THEE*, the God of suns and spheres!
What desert forests, and what barren plains,
Lie unexplor'd by European eye,
In what our fathers call'd the *Great South Land*!
Ev'n in those tracts, which we have visited,
Tho' thousands of thy vegetable works
Have, by the hand of Science, (as 'tis call'd)
Been gather'd, and dissected, press'd and dried,
Till all their blood and beauty are extinct;
And nam'd in bar'rous Latin, men's surnames,
With terminations of the Roman tongue;
Yet tens of thousands have escap'd the search,
The decimation, the alive-impaling,
Nick-naming of God's creatures—scap'd in all
Still fewer (perhaps none) of all these flowers
Have been by poet sung. Poets are few,
And botanists are many, and good cheap.
When first I landed on AUSTRALIA's shore,
(I neither botanist nor poet truly,
But less a seeker after facts than Truth)

* We give Orzech's translation, that England may know what its son promises to himself:

"Tis sweet to crop fresh flowers, and get a crown
For new and rare inventions of my own;
So noble, great, and gen'rous the design,
That none of all the mighty tuneful Nine
Shall grace a head with laurels like to mine.

A flower gladden'd me above the rest,
 Shap'd trumpet-like, which from a palmy stalk
 Hangs clust'ring, hyacinthine, crimson red
 Melting to white. Botanic science calls
 The plant *epacris grandiflora*, gives
 Its class, description, *habitat*, then draws
 A line. The Bard of Truth would moralize
 The flower's beauty, which caught first my eye ;
 But, having liv'd the circle of the year,
 I found (and then he'd sing in beauty's praise)
 This the sole plant that never ceas'd to bloom."

He then changes the measure, of which we shall present a specimen, in the description of "*Th' Australian fringed Violet*:"

"'Tis then a floss-edg'd lilac flower,
 That shuts at early ev'ning's hour,
 When the sun has lost his power,
 Like a fairy's parasol
 (If fairies walk by day at all) ;
 Or, it may quicker gain belief,
 To call it her silk neckerchief,
 Dropt before she blest the place
 With her last night's dancing grace:
 For surely fairies haunt a land,
 Where they may have the free command
 Of beetles, flowers, butterflies,
 Of such enchanting tints and dyes:
 Not beetles black (forbidden things)
 But beetles of enamel'd wings,
 Or rather coats of armour, boss'd
 And studded till the ground-work's lost."

Not to be profuse with our little store, we shall conclude with some lines from *The Kangaroo*, and then repose our treasure in the cabinet.

She (Nature) had made the squirrel fragile;
 She had made the bounding hart ;
 But a third so strong and agile
 Was beyond ev'n Nature's art ;
 So she join'd the former two
 In thee, kangaroo ;
 To describe thee, it is hard:
 Converse of the camelopard,
 Which beginneth camel-wise,
 But endeth of the panther size,
 Thy fore half, it would appear,
 Had belong'd to some "small deer,"
 Such as liveth in a tree;
 By thy hinder, thou shouldst be,

A large animal of chase,
 Bounding o'er the forest's space :—
 Join'd by some divine mistake,
 None but Nature's hand can make—
 Nature, in her wisdom's play,
 On creation's holiday.
 For howso'er anomalous,
 Thou yet art not incongruous,
 Repugnant or preposterous.
 Better proportion'd animal,
 More graceful or ethereal,
 Was never follow'd by the hound,
 With fifty steps to thy one bound.
 Thou canst not be amended : no;
 Be as thou art ; thou best art so.
 When sooty swans are once more rare,
 And duck-moles* the Museum's care,
 Be still the glory of this land,
 Happiest work of finest hand !"

Poets, who have a license, and who have used it freely, ascending to the seventh heaven of poesy, and descending to the lowest depths of Tartarean horrors, in search of a theme for song, and often searching in vain, have so overlooked the fifth quarter of our earth, that, though nothing would seem to have escaped them, they have never till now addressed an ode to a *Kangaroo*—an object, in its form, so adapted to a variety of measure—*spondaic* behind, and *pyrrhic* before. But jesting apart, these verses are interesting, as springing out of the first impressions on the author in a distant land ; and are undoubtedly the composition of a man of observation and good feeling. Of his *Oriental Eclogues*, Collins, in his last illness, spoke to Dr. Warton with disapprobation, as not sufficiently expressive of Asiatic manners ; and called them his *Irish Eclogues*. Such an objection cannot be taken to these pieces, for the two subjects, the *epacris grandiflora*, and the *kangaroo*, are, it must be admitted, in perfect Australian keeping.

On the subject of BOTANY BAY, as a place devoted to its present purpose, we may here perhaps be allowed to say a word. As a colony for convicts, it seems to us to be for many reasons highly objectionable. Colonies, as they grow old, partake of the luxuries, and, as in this instance, considering the character of the inhabitants, have all the vices, in the worst degree, of the mother country. Now, that the necessities of the times have made so many of our countrymen not only fearless of the violent change, but desirous of emigration, the care and hu-

* "The *Cygnus niger* of Juvenal is no *rara avis* in Australia, and time has here given ample proof of the *oryzthorinchus paradoxus*."

manity of government would appear to dictate that they should have the preference over those, who have offended against the laws; and that innocent exiles, with their families, should enjoy the benefits of an established colony in an excellent climate, while criminals should be removed to form a new one, with all the disadvantages of painful labour, and a less favourable latitude. To this end, desirable as it would seem, we should recommend the transportation of the convicts from Botany Bay to our African possessions; and that they should not be permitted to revel in comparative ease and plenty*, while the honest natives of England are in their distress landed at the Cape, driven up the country, and, without society, amid constant fear and ceaseless toil, exposed to such a train of hardships and privations, as the criminals of Botany Bay are so little subject to, that transportation has long ceased to operate as a punishment, calculated by its terror to deter from the commission of crime. This circumstance alone, independent of the question of emigration, should have weight with regard to transportation to New South Wales; for, as our laws are free from any taint of a vindictive spirit, the object and end of our penal code are defeated, when it fails, by inspiring fear, to check the abandoned in their progress, or to save poverty from the temptation to err.

D.

GLOW-WORMS.

Of the star-worms that glow by night,
 The female only yields a light,
 Hanging her lamp in some green bower,
 (So accurate observers vouch,)
 That the far-beaming diamond shower
 May guide her winged paramour
 To Love's illumined couch—
 Thus when the female saints possess
 Th' exclusive light of righteousness,
 It shines on males that rove,
 Wooing each unconverted spark,
 That wanders guideless in the dark,
 To deeds and feasts of love.

H.

* We are by no means disposed to object to the greatest humanity in the infliction of pains and penalties; but it will doubtless be conceded that the most marked distinction should obtain between rewards and punishments, which has not always been the case. In the Penitentiary at Milbank, it is said that "it was the ambition of the governors to have a bed-room and parlour for each of its inmates;" and the *Quarterly Review of The Report from the Select Committee on Criminal Laws*, makes these observations on the subject: "We are much mistaken if it will not be found that one third of the labouring population are not so well provided with lodging, food, and clothing, as the criminals, who are sent there for punishment. If there were fifty Penitentiaries, like that at Milbank, planted up and down the land, we are confident that, when their merits came to be known, there would be a sufficient number of candidates to fill them."—No. XLVII. p. 255.

WALKS IN THE GARDEN, NO. 11.

But are not wholesome airs, tho' unperfumed,
 By roses; and clear suns, tho' scarcely felt,
 And groves, if unharmonious, yet secure
 From clamour, and whose very silence charms,
 To be prefer'd to smoke, to the eclipse
 That metropolitan volcanoes make,
 Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long;
 And to the stir of commerce, driving slow,
 And thundering loud, with his ten thousand wheels?—GOWPER.

In our last walk, we discovered the approach of rain from the shutting up of the *Convolvulus*, and *Anagallis arvensis*, commonly called the poor man's weather-glass;—the rain is now over, but as the clouds have not yet dispersed, we can derive no assistance from this sun-dial, in ascertaining the time of the day. However, we need not be at a loss;—this *Helianthus*, or annual sunflower, is not only

“ True as the dial to the sun,
 Although it be not shone upon;”

but enables us to form some estimate of the hour, even when the great luminary is invisible, an advantage which we cannot obtain from the dial. See, its large radiated disc already inclines westward, whence we may be sure that the afternoon has commenced:—it will follow the setting sun, and at night, by its natural elasticity, will again return to the east, to meet the morning sun-beams. It was thought, that the heat of the sun, by contracting the stem, occasioned the flower to incline towards it; but the sensibility to light seems to reside in the radiated florets, as other similarly formed flowers, such as several of the *Aster* tribe, the daisy, marigold, &c. exhibit the same tendency, though not in so striking a manner. Many leaves likewise follow the sun, of which a clover-field affords a familiar instance. But the flowers we have enumerated, as they resemble the sun in their form, seem to have a secret sympathy with its beams, in absence of which some will not expand their blossoms at all; while on hot cloudless days they absorb such a quantity of light, that they emit it again in the evening in slight phosphoric flashes. These scintillations were first observed to proceed from the Garden Nasturtion;—subsequently M. Hæggren, of Sweden, perceiving faint flashes repeatedly darting from a Marigold, extended his examinations, and stated, as the result, that the following flowers emitted flashes more or less vivid, in this order: the Marigold; Garden Nasturtion; Orange Lily; African Marigold; Annual Sun-flower. Bright yellow, or flame colour, seemed in general necessary for the production of the light, for it was never seen on flowers of any other hue. It

would have been well if every plant possessed as appropriate a name as the belianthus; and if Ovid, in his notice of this flower, had always been equally fortunate in adapting botanical qualities to poetical purposes.

Nature has provided us with various substitutes for watches besides the Sunflower, many others opening and shutting their petals at certain hours of the day;—thus constituting what Linnaeus calls the horologe, or watch of Flora. He enumerates forty-six which possess this kind of sensibility, dividing them into, 1st, *Meteoric* flowers, which expand sooner or later, according to the cloudiness, moisture, or pressure of the atmosphere. 2d, *Tropical* flowers, opening in the morning and closing in the evening, earlier or later as the length of the day increases or diminishes. 3dly, *Equinoctial* flowers, which open at a certain and exact hour of the day, and, for the most part, close at another determinate hour. We need not give the list, but can refer to their respective hours of rising and setting, if we encounter any of them in our rambles.

Observe this Pear-tree; in its wild state it has strong thorns, which have entirely disappeared from culture, whence Linnaeus denominates such plants *tamed*, or deprived of their natural ferocity, as wild animals sometimes lose their horns by domestication. The analogy between vegetable and animal life, approaches much nearer than is generally imagined. Recent observation has traced the progress of the sap from its first absorption by the roots, through the central vessels of the plant, into the annual shoot, leafstalk, and leaf, whence it is returned, and descending through the bark, contributes to the process of forming the wood; thus describing a course, and fulfilling functions, very nearly correspondent to the circulation of the blood. There is something equivalent to respiration through the whole plant, the leaves principally performing the office of the lungs:—it has one series of vessels to receive and convey the alimental juices, answering to the arteries, lacteals, veins, &c. of animals; and a second set of tracheae, wherein air is continually received and expelled. It absorbs food regularly, both from the earth and the atmosphere, converting the most vitiated effluvia, in the process of digestion, into the purest air. The vegetable and animal parts of creation are thus a counterbalance to each other, the noxious parts of the one proving salutary food to the other. From the animal body certain effluvia are continually passing off, which vitiate the air, and nothing can be more prejudicial to animal life than their accumulation; while, on the other hand, nothing can be more favourable to vegetables than these very effluvia, which they accordingly absorb with great avidity, and convert into the purest air. Plants are provided with muscles, by which they open and shut their flowers, turn their leaves to

the sun, even if they have been repeatedly folded back from it, and perform more complicated motions, as may be witnessed in the sensitive plants, the *Dionaea Muscipula* (or Fly-trap) and many others; nor have calm and reflecting writers been wanting who strenuously maintain the doctrine of a perceptive power in vegetables. As *Corallines*, *Madrepores*, and *Sponges*, formerly considered as fossil bodies, or maritime plants, have by subsequent investigations been raised to the rank of animals; Dr. Percival does not consider it extravagant to suppose that, at some future period, perceptivity may be discovered to extend even beyond the limits now assigned to vegetable life *. A Hop-plum turning round a pole follows the course of the sun, and soon dies when forced into an opposite line of motion; but remove the obstacle, and the plant quickly returns to its former position. When the straight branches of a Honeysuckle can no longer support themselves, they strengthen themselves by becoming spiral; when they meet with other branches of the same kind, they coalesce for mutual support, and one spiral turns to the right, one to the left, thus increasing the probability of their finding support by the diversity of their course. Lord Kames relates, that among the ruins of New Abbey, in Galloway, "there grows on the top of a wall a plane-tree twenty feet high. Straited for nourishment, it several years ago directed roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground, ten feet below; and now the nourishment it afforded to those roots, during the time of descending, is amply repaid, having every year since that time made vigorous shoots."—If a plant be placed in a room which has no light except from a hole in the wall, it will shoot towards the hole, pass through it into the open air, and then vegetate upwards in its natural direction. Even in the profoundest calm, the leaves of the *Hedysarum gyrans* are in perpetual spontaneous motion; some rising and others falling, and others whirling circularly by twisting their stems. From these and other evidences of spontaneity, Dr. Percival infers, that vegetables have a limited degree of sensation and enjoyment; that they have an inferior participation in the common allotment of vitality; and thus that our great Creator hath apportioned good to all things, "in number, weight, and measure."

Leaving these physiological researches to those who are more competent to discuss them, let us resume our desultory notices as we sit beneath this Laburnum; and, as we cannot record many poetical phrases of the Dutch, let us not omit to mention that they call this tree, with not less fancy than propriety, the

* Manchester Transactions, Vol. II.

Golden Bait. Was it from one of these trees that Jupiter climbed to the window of the brazen tower in which Danaë was confined, which thus gave rise to the fable of his visiting her in a golden shower?—Fix your eyes steadfastly upon the cup of this *Narcissus* growing at our feet, and by suffering your imagination to wave its magic wand, you will see slowly rising from its petals, and expanding into manhood, the beautiful youth who, in the early ages of the world, sat beside the Beotian fountain, and wooed the reflection of his own face, mistaking it for the Naiad of the waters, until his heart and the delusion were both broken together. Methinks I see the astonished and alive-struck countenances of the nymphs, when, on proceeding to take up his body that it might be placed on the funeral pile, they saw nothing but a beautiful flower, around which they knelt in silent reverence. What is it that brings the bees buzzing around us so busily? See, it is this tuft of *Colefoot* which they approach with a harmonious chorus, somewhat like the "*Non nobis, Domine*" of our singers; and, after partaking silently of the luxurious banquet, again set up their tuneful peens. Honey is of no other use to plants than to tempt insects, who, in procuring it, fertilize the flower by disturbing the dust of the stamens, and even carry that substance from the barren to the fertile blossoms. Observe what a quantity of this yellow material is collected on the legs and thighs of the little pilferers; who, as they carry it home for the construction of their combs, settle upon a thousand different flowers, and assist the great purpose of vegetable reproduction, while they are providing a receptacle for their own. Lavender and Rosemary afford a wax already prepared, as may be easily perceived on a close inspection of the leaf; and on this account are particularly acceptable to these winged marauders. It has been held a gross libel upon animals to say, that a man has made a beast of himself when he has drunk to such excess as to lose his reason; but we might without injustice say, that he has made a humble-bee of himself, for those little dispatches are particularly prone to intoxication. Round the nectaries of Hollyhocks you will generally observe a set of determined toppers quaffing as pertinaciously as if they belonged to Wilkes's Club; and round about the flower, (to follow up the simile) several of the bon-vivants will be found lying on the ground, inebriated, and insensible. Honey is found in *Aloes*, *Colecythis*, and other bitter flowers, as constantly as in *Cowslips*, *Foxglove*, and *Honeysuckle*; and the assertion of *Stambo*, that a sort was produced in *Pontus* which was a strong poison, owing to the bees having fed on *Aconite* and *Hemlock*, is not credited. Besides the flowers we have mentioned, bees are particularly fond of the *Lime-tree*, *Privet*, and *Phillyrea*; but the cultivation

of these useful insects is now nearly neglected. Mead was the nectar-off of the Scandinavian nations, which they quaffed in heaven out of the skulls of their enemies; we may, therefore, conclude that its use was not forgotten upon earth, and that the honey whence it was prepared, must have been produced in amazing quantities to supply these thirsty tribes. In fact, it continued the prevailing beverage of the common people in the north of Europe until very modern times, when it was superseded by malt liquors, and the bees were abandoned to the wastes and wilds. There is hardly bees-wax enough produced in England to answer the demand for lip-salve alone; but importation from America supplies all our wants, for the quantity obtained in that country is annually increasing. A few years ago the hum of a bee had never been heard on the western side of the Allegany mountains; a violent hurricane carried several swarms over that lofty ridge, and finding a new unexhausted country, singularly favourable to their propagation, they have multiplied, until the whole of those boundless savannahs and plains have been colonized by these indefatigable emigrants. Little thinks the ball-room beauty, when the tapers are almost burnt out, that the wax by whose light her charms have been exalted, was once hidden in the bells and cups of innumerable flowers, shedding perfume over the silent valleys of the Susquehanna, or nodding at their own reflected colours in the waters of the Potomac and Delaware.

Intoxication is not confined to the humble-bee, for yonder is one of the common sort, whom I have been watching within the calyx of that flower, where he seems to be motionless and insensible. Look again, my friend, and you will find your eyes have deceived you. That is the Ophrys, commonly called the Bee-orchis, which grows wild in many parts of England; and whose nectary and petals closely resemble in form and colour the insect whence it takes its name. By this contrivance the flowers have the appearance of being pre-occupied, and often escape those hourly robbers; or would it be too visionary to imagine that the bee first appeared in this vegetable state, detached itself in process of time from its parent plant, and acquired its present vitality? There is a Fly-orchis also, as well as a Spider-orchis, which may have undergone similar changes. A fanciful naturalist, who had studied this subject, thought it not impossible that the first insects were the anthers and stigmas of flowers, which had by some means loosened themselves, like the male flowers of Vallisneria, and that other insects, in process of time, had been formed from these, some acquiring

* This is at least doubtful. See "Foreign Varieties" in the present work, page 282.

wings, others fins, and others claws, from their ceaseless efforts to procure food, or secure themselves from injury*.

I see by the expression of your countenance, that you hesitate to ask the name of the humble plant upon which your eyes are fixed, doubting whether it be a flower or a weed. For my part, I know not which are the most beautiful—the wild flowers, or those that are cultivated; but the little tuft on which you are gazing, is the pretty weed called “Forget-me-not.” Sailing along the banks of the Thames at Lambeth, I saw it bending gracefully over the clear waters, as if it were admiring the reflection of its own blue eyes; and a lady of the party, who noticed my admiration of its beauty, sent me a pot of them for my garden. A poet has seldom any thing to bestow but the productions of his Muse, although she be often as poor as himself, as you will readily admit when you peruse the following return for her present:—

Thanks, Mira, for the plant you sent:—

My garden whoso'er I enter,

’Twill serve at once for ornament,

And for a vegetable Mentor.—

If Duty’s voice be heard with sobering,

Or absent friends be all forgot,

Each bud will cry, in tones of warning,

“Forget me not!—Forget me not!”

A nobler theme its flowers of blue

Inculcate on the thoughtful gazer,

That the same hand which gave them hue,

Painted yon glorious arch of azure.

Yes—He whose voice is in the thunder,

Planted this weed beside the cot,

And whispers through its lips of wonder,

“Forget me not!—Forget me not!”

A poor return your gift assures

When paid in this poetic greeting:—

The flowers which I exchange for your’s,

Are less delightful, quite as fleeting.—

Yet when the earth my bones shall cover,

Some few may live to mark the spot,

And sigh to those that round it hover,

“Forget me not!—Forget me not!”

H.

* Dr. Darwin’s “Origin of Society,” Canto 2.

JONATHAN KENTUCKY'S JOURNAL. NO. III.

March 10: WHAT a different animal an Englishman is at home and abroad! Abroad, he cannot move a step without abusing every thing and every body, while he sings in everlasting *To Praise* in praise of Old England; at home, he mulls, with equal violence, at all the customs and institutions of his own country. At home he is a lover of liberty, and an advocate for the equal rights of mankind; abroad, he acts like the Roman proconsuls in their provinces, as if the greater part of the human species were brought into the world for no other purpose but to wait upon his pleasure. In lighter matters, too, the distinction is equally striking. Abroad he is an indefatigable sight-seer, and will not pass through the obscurest town without an accurate scrutiny of every thing that a *laquais de place* can point out to his notice;—at home he loses entirely this thirst for information, and I verily believe there are many Englishmen who have lived half their lives in London, and yet know less of its curiosities than they do of Rome, Athens, or Thebes. An English friend, who has visited three quarters of the globe, called on me this morning just as I was setting out upon my daily pilgrimage, and upon my applying to him to direct me in the selection of the worthiest objects of curiosity, he candidly acknowledged that, excepting Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the British Museum, and Exeter Change, which he had been taken to see as a school-boy, he had never devoted a single morning to the examination of London. "Come then," said I, "you shall accompany me to-day;"—and so off we set. For the first time in his life he *saw* St. Paul's; for though he had often looked at it through the fog of Fleet-street, he had never surveyed it in all its details with the attention which so noble a structure deserves. St. Paul's is only second to St. Peter's; and in comparing them we must not forget what the English with justice boast of—that while it required 12 architects, 19 popes, and 145 years to complete the building of St. Peter's, St. Paul's was begun and finished in the short space of 35 years, under one Bishop, Dr. Compton, and by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren, who laid the first stone in the year 1675, and lived to see the last stone of the lantern placed by the hands of his son, in the year 1710. Wren, the son of the architect, in his "Parentalia" relates, that "in the beginning of the new works of St. Paul's, an incident was taken notice of by some people as a memorable omen, when Sir Christopher in person had set out, upon the place, the dimensions of the great dome, and fixed upon the centre, a common labourer was ordered to bring a flat stone from the heaps of rubbish, (such as should first come to hand) to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons; the stone, which was immediately brought and

laid down for that purpose, happened to be a piece of a grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this simple word in large capitals—RESURGAM. This accidental hint suggested to Sir Christopher the idea of the phcenix; which was placed on the south portico, with the same word inscribed beneath it.

Nothing seems more difficult than to get at the dimensions of churches accurately; and indeed the knowledge is not worth the difficulty. Scarcely any two writers agree in their comparisons of the statements of St. Peter's and St. Paul's. Wren's *Parentalia* and Pennant's *London*,—both works of authority—are directly at issue on almost every point of admeasurement. Where then is a poor traveller to seek for the truth?

If the outside of St. Paul's is inferior to St. Peter's, the inside is still more so. As we traversed the dreary, dirty aisles,—“every thing about them denoting a careless desolation,”—we thought of the difference of care and culture which the Roman temple receives from its Catholic guardians. The monuments are, with a few exceptions, a disgrace to the church; mere lumps of masonry, and fit only for the lime-kiln. One of the exceptions is buried in the vaults below,—Dr. Domesticus in his shroud. “A short time before his death he dressed himself in that funereal habit, and shutting his eyes like a departed person, was drawn in that attitude by a skilful painter; and this drawing served as a pattern for the tomb. The monument might be raised to the light of day at a trifling expense; but it is one of the parts of the revenues of the church are to be expended for its decoration. Here too is buried the flower of Chivalry—Sir Philip Sidney; and here you are shown the coffin of the great English Admiral Nelson, the glory of the sea;—but characters like Sidney and Nelson belong to mankind in general; and no inhabitant of any country can look without some inward stirrings of emotion upon the mortal remains of departed heroism. Here, also, in an obscure corner of the same vaults, beneath a common flag-stone, are interred the remains of Sir Christopher Wren; and on the wall above is an inscription written by his son, concluding with the following words, which, however, have no appropriateness in the dark hole where they are placed—

Lector, si monumentum requiris,

Circumspice.

The founder of the fabric surely merited a more conspicuous record of his name and honours. Why should not the *thought*, which his son has given in the *Parentalia*, be suitably engraved, and occupy its proper place under the great dome!

Lector, si tumulum requiris,

Despice.

Si monumentum;

CIRCUMSPICE.

April 6. I have been much interested during my residence in London by visiting different places of education. I have already explored Westminster and the Charter-house, and I hope soon to make excursions to Eton and Harrow. There is not in the world to me a more gratifying spectacle than a well-regulated happy school,—and in order to be happy, it seems only necessary that it should be well-regulated. There must be something vicious indeed in the system, that can throw a cloud over that joyous season of existence, when the “first sprightly runnings” of life are all sparkle and vivacity. If there be a duty incumbent upon parents, it is to take care, by the proper destination of their children in this respect, that those are not years of bitter suffering, and galling servitude, which ought to be years of sportive gaiety and light-hearted enjoyment.

“Oh happy years! once more I would I were a boy!”

The advantages of an English public school are too obvious to need much explanation. Though too many years may, perhaps, be devoted exclusively to classical studies, yet boys at least learn what cannot be learned any where else so well, and what is worth all the other learning in the world—the government of themselves. A boy so situated, soon finds that his character and estimation with his schoolfellows must depend entirely on his own temper and conduct, and he acts accordingly. Rank and fortune have little influence on the independent feelings of boyhood, and therefore each individual endeavours to found his claims to distinction upon personal merit. Again;—England is a country of so limited an extent, that three or four of the great schools are sufficient to comprehend the great majority of those who arrive at any distinction in after-life; so that the character obtained by the boy is of the greatest service to the man, who finds himself acting over again in the great world with the same individuals, the same parts which they had previously played together in miniature, at school. The system of *fagging*, as it is called, which makes the lower classes the servants of the higher, prevails generally; and though much may be said against it, yet perhaps, upon the whole, the practical effect is good*. If it be a state of servitude, it teaches, at least, the *equality* of servitude; and as there are no exemptions on the score of rank or fortune, it may often serve as a useful corrective to the pride of birth and the insolence of wealth. And it may fairly be left to the control of public opinion, which nowhere exercises more influence than amongst the boys themselves, to take care that the severity of the system is not carried beyond the bounds of moderation.

* The Editor begs leave to protest against the justice of this opinion.

The Bell system of instruction is established at the Charter-house; but, however well adapted this plan may be for communicating quickly, and generally the first rudiments of knowledge, it seems very ill-calculated for the higher branches of education. I have heard the extraordinary success of the Charter-house scholars at Oxford and Cambridge adduced to prove the advantages of this mode of teaching; but I am inclined to believe this success has been rather in spite of the system, than in consequence of it, and that it may with more justice, be attributed to the ability of the present masters, and to their unwearied exertions to supply, by private lessons, those deficiencies which must necessarily be inseparable from a system of mutual instruction amongst the boys themselves. But the peculiar excellence of the Charter-house, in my estimation, consists in its rejection of corporal punishment. Will it be believed, that in the year 1821, the common practice in the public schools of England, is to subject the scholars of all ages, from nine to nineteen, to the daily infliction of a species of chastisement, at which decency revolts, and common sense is shocked. The question of the necessity of corporal punishment has been often agitated. There are many who contend, from the mixture in the composition of our nature, that while there is a portion of *man* to be instructed, there is something also of the *brute* to be chastised. This is surely a wrong view of the subject, for we find the fiercest and most untractable of the brute creation are tamed and taught, not by blows, and violence, but by a patient perseverance in the mild arts of persuasion. I cannot believe that there is any human being, so much more untractable than the brutes, as to be governable only by the fear of the lash. But, however this be, it will scarcely be denied by the warmest advocates of the birch, that the rod ought to be confined to that early age, when the child is unable to comprehend a better argument; or, if ever resorted to afterwards, that it should be limited to such offences as may seem to deserve a degrading and disgraceful punishment. Solomon's memorable apothegm, which the child may "rue that is yet unborn," sufficiently defines the age marked out for this mode of correction, and it must not be forgotten, that his maxim is addressed to *parents*, whose feelings may fairly be touched to mitigate a too literal interpretation of his meaning. In England, however, it is not to the age of froward infancy, nor to flagrant derelictions of morality, that the infliction of the rod is confined. It is the regular, orthodox, established discipline; and whole schools, from the highest class to the lowest, are daily and hourly stripped, exposed, and flogged, by dozens. So much, indeed, is it taken for granted that no merit can ensure an escape from all share of flagellation, that I am told, *birch* forms a regular

item in the yearly charge for the education of every boy who is sent to Eton.

The consequences of persevering in this system of flogging, have been, in some instances, melancholy enough. It is only a short time ago that a scholar of Westminster, belonging to the highest class, cut his throat, out of shame at having been subjected to what he considered so ignominious a humiliation; and though the act of suicide was incomplete, it was quite sufficient to indicate the effect produced by the punishment upon the mind of the sufferer. There has since been a more fatal catastrophe at the same seminary; though it is not equally certain that this was connected with the same cause. Nothing shews more strongly the difficulty of changing long-established customs, than the continuance of such a system of scholastic discipline to the present time. As long ago as the reign of Charles the Second, the eloquent South, in a sermon composed expressly to be preached before the King at a school-meeting in Westminster-abbey, pours out a torrent of reprehension on this subject, which, if preaching could ever effect any thing, must long since have led to some reformation in this particular. After doubting whether there may not be some natures, in which "austerity" must be used, he proceeds:—"But how to do this discreetly, and to the benefit of him who is so unhappy as to need it, requires, in my poor opinion, a greater skill, judgment, and experience, than the world generally imagines, and than, I am sure, most masters of schools can pretend to be masters of—I mean those *Plagosi Orbili*, those executioners rather than instructors of youth; persons fitter to lay about them in a coach or a cart, or to discipline boys before a Spartan altar, or rather upon it, than to have any thing to do with a Christian school. I should give those pedagogical Jehus the same advice which the poet says Phœbus gave his son Phaëton—*parcere subulis*. Stripes and blows are the last and basest remedy, and scarce ever fit to be used but upon such as have their brains in their backs; and have souls so dull and stupid, as to serve for little else but to keep their bodies from putrefaction.

"Let not the punishment of the body be so managed as to make a wound which shall rankle and fester in the soul; that is, let not children whom Nature itself would bear up by an innate generous principle of emulation, be exposed to the scorn and contempt of their equals and emulators. For this is, instead of rods, to chastise them with scorpions; and it is the most direct way to stupify and besot, and make them utterly regardless of themselves, and all that is praise-worthy, besides that it will leave on their minds such inward regrets as are never to be qualified or worn off."

And yet such is the force of habit, that in a large company,

where this subject was lately discussed, I could scarcely get a single individual to sympathise with the feelings of indignation which I endeavoured to express;—on the contrary, flapping seemed to be in their eyes a right merry sort of proceeding; and Esau Northington, with the stereotyped marks of his "*Home*," was quoted and cheered by those on the opposite side of the question; as if a good story were a sufficient answer to a solid argument.

It is really edifying, after witnessing their own practices, to hear the English scoff at the obliquities of other nations, and put themselves forward as the leaders and enlighteners of Christendom. The fact is, there is no country where improvement wins its way with slower progress against the inveterate opposition of ignorance and prejudice. They seem yet to be scarcely convinced, in spite of the example of other nations, that the discipline of an army can be maintained without the constant flaying alive of a certain portion of the soldiers; "*pour enlever rager les autres*." It is but the other day that they ventured to repeal the established law which subjected women (*horrescens ferens*) to be nakedly and publicly whipped in the open market place by the common executioner. Whatever progress they have made in civilization and improvement, is due to the persevering efforts of enterprising individuals, who have pursued their object through all obstacles with enthusiastic and unabating ardour. And yet how often have the benevolent designs of such men been defeated! Mr. Grattan devoted the latter half of his life to the emancipation of the Catholics from the oppression of a set of statutes, than which, without going so far as my own country for an object of comparison, nothing more illiberal and intolerant can be found in any code in Europe; and he devoted his life in vain. Almost all that Sir Samuel Romilly was allowed to effect in the amelioration of the criminal law, was the alteration of the sentence for high treason; and even this solitary victory was not achieved without a hard contest. There were found, even in the walls of the House of Commons, persons to speak and vote for the retention of the established usage, though the barbarous indecency of the sentence (which would scarcely be believed by those who have not turned to the State Trials) is such as a nation of savages might well be ashamed to execute. Nay, at last, when the alteration could no longer be entirely resisted, the opposing party contrived, in the very moment of triumph, to throw in "some changes of vexation, that it might lose some colour," so that, though the "*bloody bones*" part of the ceremony was abolished, the "*rare head*" was, by their efforts, retained. Mr. Wilberforce enjoys the rare good fortune of living to witness the success of his efforts against the slave-trade; but before the English indulge in such bitter vituperations against us

for sanctioning the use of negro slaves,—a practice which we do not attempt to defend, but seek only to excuse on the plea of "*res dura et regna novitas*,"—let them remember the relentless opposition which was made in their own parliament to its abolition in their colonies, and let them not forget till how very late in the day the same practice existed even in their own island. Lest this should be forgotten, I will select one out of many similar advertisements, of no longer date than the reign of George the Third.

"FOR SALE,"

"A healthy Negro Girl, aged about 15 years; speaks good English; works at her needle, washes well, does household work, and has had the small pox."—*Public Ledger*, 31 Dec. 1761.

April 23.—This being Easter Monday, a party of holiday friends called to invite me to join them in a water expedition down to Greenwich. It is this part of its scenery that gives to London so great a superiority over Paris in grandeur and magnificence. The majestic march of the river, the solid splendour of the bridges, and the countless forest of masts through which you wind your course, overpower the mind with the ideas of an unlimited extent of wealth and power. An Englishman, who wishes to impress a stranger with an admiration of London, should take him in a boat from Waterloo-bridge to the Custom-house; the great room of which is indeed an imposing spectacle. The weather was beautiful, and nothing could be more propitious to the diversions of the Park. The trees were in their freshest green;—the grass soft and dry;—the day, in short, seemingly made on purpose for the lasses to roll down the hill with all due observances. The English, however, do not appear to advantage in a holiday-scene. Those who were not drunk were dull; and in the merriment of the former there was too much coarseness and brutality. The French are the people to figure at a fair;—and a fête at St. Cloud exhibits that light-heeled and light-hearted nation in their most becoming point of view. The view from Greenwich-hill cannot well be surpassed. It reminds me of the description in the Scripture of that mountain from which the Devil "shewed all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time." Independently of the picturesque beauty of the scene, the mind of the spectator is lost in the contemplation of all the pride, pomp, and circumstance belonging to the great ones of the earth, that is here spread out with so much prodigality beneath his feet.

"Oh thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Checker'd with all complexions of mankind;
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor."

Nothing amused me more at the fair than to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with another of the cabinet ministers, arm-in-arm, mingled with the crowd; in the very thick of the fun. I presume, if he had been recognised as the "gentleman who laid on all the taxes," it would have created no small alarm, especially among the "*little goes*," lest his visit should turn out to be a voyage of discovery in quest of ways and means for his next budget.

In our way home we went on board the Discovery ships, which were just completed, and ready for sailing. The burden of each is 380 tons; the amount of their respective crews, including officers, 60 men; and they are provided with food and fuel for three years. No expense has been spared in furnishing every thing to secure as much comfort to these enterprising adventurers as their situation admits. There is between the outer and inner planks of the sides of the vessels an intermediate lining of cork, which being a bad conductor of heat, is intended to act as a flannel-waistcoat in preventing the escape of their own warmth. In addition to this, a furnace-apparatus has been prepared for supplying all the internal parts of the ships with a constant stream of warm air. The crew seemed in high spirits, and a theatrical committee had been formed, which had already laid in a stock of scenes and dresses for the opening of the season in Baffin's Bay. It is always interesting to take the last look at those who may never be seen again. The last glimpse of their native coast must be to all of them a trying moment; but how much above all to their commander. A second undertaking of this kind cannot but be more trying than the first. The same attempts to amuse his men and support their spirits, can scarcely succeed again where the crew are the same; and every thing, wanting the zest of novelty, will be as tedious as a tale twice told.

As I shook hands with their gallant leader, and offered up a silent prayer for his safety, I felt all the awful responsibility of his situation;—though I would willingly derive consolation from reflecting, that if he should succeed, his return will be celebrated with rewards and honours; while his failure, if ~~fall~~ he should, will hand him down to posterity amongst those who have been most generally and deservedly lamented:—

"*Virtus recludens immeritis mori
Coelum; negatā tentat iter. viā:—*"

"Virtue to crown her favourites loves to try
Some unattempted passage to the sky,
Where Jove a seat amongst the gods shall give
To those that die, for meriting to live."

THE SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY

(Concluded from page 484.)

SECTION II.

PROFIT AND WAGES.

PROFIT arises from the employment of capital, or labour, or both.

What remains after the portion of capital employed has been replaced, and the charges incurred have been paid, is **PROFIT**.

Profit seldom arises from the bare employment of a man's own labour. Generally, if not always, when a man employs himself, he has some capital on which he bestows his labour, or with which he employs it on additional capital furnished by others. If he furnish the capital and employ himself upon it, he is then both capitalist and labourer, and he receives both profit and wages. In the second case, he receives wages for his labour, and profit on the article produced in proportion to the capital he has furnished.

It will, however, be sufficient for the purpose proposed, to consider only one state of employment, that of a person furnishing capital and employing workmen to whom he pays wages.

Wages need no definition.

Several eminent writers on political economy have treated of profit as consisting of two parts, viz. *nett profit* and *wages*. As this mode enables us to use fewer words than would otherwise be necessary, and as it does not at all embarrass the subject, we shall on this occasion adopt it.

It is intended to be proved,

1. That both nett profit and real wages are reduced in value by a permanent rise in the price of corn.

2. That the amount of nett profits depends solely on the high or low price paid as wages.

3. That the value of wages depends on the price of necessaries, chiefly food.

4. That when the price of corn has been considerably and permanently raised, wages must rise; but,

5. That both wages and profit will fall in value.

6. That although a rise in the price of corn, and other agricultural produce, will diminish profits and deprive the labourer of a portion of his subsistence, it will not raise the price of those commodities of which agricultural produce forms no part.

In a free country, where the whole community could be supplied from land of the first quality, the rate of profit would be high. The easy production of food would make it abundant, and a comparatively large quantity of it would be given in exchange

either for money* or for manufactured articles. And as in this stage labour would be in demand beyond the supply, the labourer would receive a proportionally large quantity for his labour on for the money he received for his labour.

In this stage the real wages of labour would be as high as they could possibly be, and the labourer would be contented. Until all the land of the first quality had been cultivated, there could be no diminution of profit, for when the wages of labour had once been settled, there would be no further advanced stage (except perhaps for a short time in some particular branch), and profit can only be reduced by increase of wages.

If, as before, we suppose the best land to produce 25 bushels of wheat per acre, the cost of cultivation, not including wages, to be 50s. per acre, and the price per bushel to be 3s. the gross profit will be 8s. bushels in quantity, or in money 25s. or 50 per cent. If we suppose this gross profit to be divided between the farmer and the labourer, as 3 to 2, then, 20% would be paid as wages, and 30% would remain as the net profit, and as there can be but one rate of profit on the common employment of capital, so 30 per cent. will be the net profit of the manufacturer and trader as well as of the farmer.

But when, in consequence of the increased demand of an increased and increasing population, all the land of first-rate quality had been cultivated and the price of corn had risen, then profits would begin to decrease, and the labourer would buy less corn with his wages. This process would be very slow at first, but by the time the community had arrived at the third stage, the fall of profits and the value of wages would be very considerable.

These consequences are thus produced. If in the first stage 100l. were requisite to procure one thousand bushels of wheat from forty acres of land, and the price was 3s. per bushel, the price must rise to 3s. 9d. per bushel before land of the second quality, from which twenty bushels only could be procured by the use of the same quantity of capital, would be cultivated. When however, the price had risen to 3s. 9d. per bushel, land of the second quality would be cultivated, because it would now yield the common rate of profit, although forty acres produced only 800 bushels.

For as 1000 bushels at 3s. = 150l.; so 800 bushels at 3s. 9d. = 150l.

The landlord would now, however, take from the cultivator of the best land five bushels, or their equivalent in money, as rent on each acre, and he who cultivated the best land, would have just the same quantity left as he who cultivated the worst land; each

* In this section the value of money is supposed to be invariable, as it will be in the proofs necessary to an elucidation of the principle which governs profit and wages.

would have the same gross profit on his capital, and each would have the same value in money.

In the second stage, as 100*l.* were required to procure 800 bushels from forty acres of land, the price must rise from 9*s.* 9*d.* to 1*s.* per bushel, before land of the third quality, from which only fifteen bushels could be procured by the use of the same quantity of capital, would be cultivated. When, however, the price had risen to 1*s.* per bushel, land of the third quality would be cultivated, because it would now yield the common rate of profit, although forty acres produced only 800 bushels.

For, as 1000 bushels at 8*s.* = 150*l.*, so 800 bushels at 9*s.* 9*d.* = 150*l.*, and so 600 bushels at 5*s.* = 150*l.*

The landlord would now take from the best land ten bushels, or their equivalent in money, and from land of the second quality, five bushels, or their equivalent in money, on each acre as rent; and he who cultivated the first and second qualities of land, would have just the same quantities left as he who cultivated the worst land; each would have the same gross profit on his capital, and each would have the same value in money.

In the first stage the real wages of labour are comparatively high, the money wages comparatively low. For example, if we suppose the labourer to receive 8*s.* a day for his labour, he would purchase a bushel of wheat with it, and a bushel of wheat would be the value of a day's labour. But as population increased, and the demand for corn increased with it, its price would rise, and 8*s.* would no longer purchase a bushel of wheat, and some quantity less than a bushel would be the value of a day's labour.

If, in the second stage, wages were to remain at 8*s.* a day, instead of receiving a bushel of corn for a day's labour, the labourer would receive only $\frac{1}{2}$ of a bushel; and, in the third stage, if wages were still 8*s.* a day, the labourer would receive no more than $\frac{1}{2}$ of a bushel for his day's labour. But this would not be the case. The demand for labour continuing, which it would not fail to do, so long as capital continued to increase, would induce the labourer, long before the community had reached the third stage, to endeavour to procure more money for his labour. He would reluctantly give up any portion of his comforts, conveniences, or necessities, and he would, after a while, succeed in raising his money wages. But as the farmer and manufacturer would lose from their profits whatever they paid as an advance on the labourer's wages, they would advance the least possible sum, and the labourer would be compelled to take less wages for his day's work than were sufficient to purchase a bushel of wheat, notwithstanding the increase of his money wages.

In the first stage, nett profit was taken at 80 per cent, wages at 20 per cent. In other words, for every 8*s.* the labourer received as wages, his employer would receive 4*s.* 6*d.* as profit. To pre-

to the deterioration of the labourer, and to his profit, suffering deteriorated, he must, in the second stage, receive 3s. 9d.* for his day's work, which would reduce the profit of his employer from 4s. 6d. to 3s. 9d. To keep the labourer in the same condition in the third stage, he must be paid 5s. for his day's work, which would reduce the profit of his employer to 2s. 6d. His net profit, which in the first stage was 30 per cent. would, in the second stage, be reduced to 25 per cent., and in the third stage, to 18 per cent.

The deterioration of profit would not, in practice, be as rapid; for, as was before observed, the labourer would not be able to maintain 3s. 9d. in the second, and 5s. in the third stage, for a day's labour; but since, whatever he did obtain, would be as much deducted from the profit of his employer, whether he were a manufacturer or a farmer, it is as much the interest of the farmer as in this respect, as it is of every other person in trade, that there should be no Corn Laws; and instead of encouraging or increasing them, and by so doing, decrease his own profit, he should do his best to cause the repeal of those already enacted, for the purpose of increasing his own profit.

As society proceeds from stage to stage, profits must necessarily fall, and the condition of the labourer become worse and worse, until both labourers and employers are reduced to the lowest possible state. This is the natural tendency, which man has no power to controul, if by any contrivance population is made to increase, as to force worse and worse land into cultivation.

This tendency would, however, manifest itself very slowly, but for the mischievous intermeddling of government. A country wholly free from restrictive laws, and more particularly a manufacturing country, might continue to flourish to an almost indefinite period, checked as this tendency would be by improvements in machinery connected with the production of necessaries; by scientific discoveries relating to agriculture, and by a free exportation of manufactures for produce.

But the Corn Laws are forcing this country on, from stage to stage, with a rapidity wholly unexampled. They have, by shutting the ports, and excluding supplies, restricted the production of manufactures, decreased commerce, injured trade, depressed the condition of the farmer, and operated on the state of the mass of the population as a continued dearth. They have produced the same effect as would any circumstance capable of making the soil comparatively barren. They have mainly assisted in pauperizing the people, and have retarded the growth of wealth, of industry,

* He would require rather less, since some of the commodities he consumed would not rise in price as corn rose.

and of intellect, in those countries whence supplies might have been drawn.

Wheat, it seems, could be imported; after paying all charges, at about 44s., but it has been taken at 48s. that there might be no dispute on that point; while the last returns to Parliament prove that, since the passing of the last Corn Law in 1816, the average price of wheat has been 78s. 5d. the quarter: nearly double the price at which it might be imported; and real wages and net profits must have decreased in proportion to the rise of price; and as these have decreased, so has the general prosperity of the country been retarded. When net profits are high, real wages will be high, and accumulation will proceed rapidly. The desire of all to increase their comforts, to possess and to enjoy more and a greater variety of products and conveniences, will both increase and be gratified. It is by means of accumulation, or increase of capital, and by that alone, that employment can be found for an increasing population.

But Corn Laws, and taxes affecting agricultural produce, would not only prevent an increase of capital; they would destroy profit; reduce nearly the whole population to a state of the most deplorable poverty and misery, and make absolute slaves of all but the owners of land and tithes.

"The rise in the price of necessaries and in the wages of labour," says Mr. Ricardo,* "is however limited; for as soon as wages shall equal the whole receipts (gross profit) of the farmer, there must be an end of accumulation; for no capital could then yield any profit whatever, no additional labour could be demanded; and population would have reached its highest point. Long, indeed, before this period, the very low rate of profit would have arrested all accumulation, and almost the whole produce of the country, after paying the labourers, would be the property of the owners of the land, and the receivers of tithes and taxes."

The laws prohibiting the importation of corn increase prodigiously the interest which a small proportion of the community have to oppress the mass of the people; and to increase the ill-will which a low rate of real wages necessarily engenders between the workman and his employer; and thus they produce a complicated mass of evil.

In proportion as the price of corn rises, so does the quantity the landowner receives as rent increase; and as the price, as well as the quantity, increases at the same time, the advantage to the landowner is doubled;† and the greater the injury to the community

* Principles of Political Economy and Taxation, p. 125.

† In the first stage no rent would be paid, and there would be no landlords. In the second stage, the landlord would receive, as rent, from land of the first quality, five bushels, at 3s. 6d. = 18s. 6d. per acre. Land of the second quality would pay no rent. In the third stage, the landlord would receive, from land of the first quality, ten

the greater is his advantage. . . And thus it is proved that the landowner has an interest in doing injury to the community; and between him whose interest it is to injure the community, and the community which is injured, there will, in the long run, be mutual strife and hatred.

By the rapid increase of the price of corn, caused by the Corn Laws, the struggle between the employer and the workman, the one to preserve his profits, the other to preserve his real wages, is increased and perpetually renewed; the employer, treating his workman as an unconscionable encroacher, the workman considering his employer as a merciless oppressor: and thus the Corn Laws not only do infinite injury to the community, but they also set it together by the ears.

There remains but one (the sixth) proposition to be proved, namely, that, although a rise in the price of corn and other farm produce will diminish profits, and deprive the labourer of a portion of his subsistence, it will not raise the price of those commodities of which agricultural produce forms no part.

Every commodity or manufacture, of which agricultural produce forms a part, will have its price increased, as the price of agricultural produce increases, in proportion to the quantity of agricultural produce it contains: hence the price of leather, and of all commodities manufactured from wool of home growth, will rise.*

The price of these articles must rise, or the rate of profit on the employment of capital would be unequal, and this inequality would be continually increasing, which is impossible.

But those articles, of which agricultural produce formed no part, would not rise while they continued in abundance, and could be procured with the same expense of capital, or the same quantity of labour; as, for instance, lime, iron, copper, tin, coals, &c.

It has been proved that corn rises in price in consequence of the increase of population producing scarcity, and by laws forbidding importation, forcing land of worse and worse quality into cultivation. But neither the increase of population, nor the Corn Laws, would make any of the articles mentioned scarce. The probability of any of those articles becoming scarce is too remote to make it matter for consideration here.

If the iron-master, for instance, supposed that he was entitled to an increase of price on the iron he smelted from the ore, because, in consequence of an increase in the price of food and clothes, he was compelled to increase his workmen's wages, he might say to

bushels, at 5s = 2l. 10s. per acre; and from land of the second quality, five bushels, at 5s. = 1l. 5s. per acre. Land of the third quality would pay no rent.

* That is, if those manufactures were still got up as they were before the improvement of machinery. The price being kept down by means of improved machines in no way alters the principle.

the coal-owner, I used to give you a ton of iron for four tons of coals, but food has risen in price, and my men have compelled me to increase their wages; and unless I charge the additional wages I have been obliged to give the men, on the price of the iron I manufacture, it will take away a large sum from my profits; I must therefore raise the price, and instead of the four tons of coals you used to give me for a ton of iron, you must now give me five tons of coals. To this the coal-owner might reply in the very words the iron-master had used to him, changing coals for iron and iron for coals. Any rise of price on these articles, of which farm produce formed no part, must be seen to be impossible.

The same principle governs the case when the iron, copper, and tin, have been manufactured into utensils. The same quantities of tin-ware would still buy, or be exchanged for, the same quantity of iron or copper utensils, or for the same quantity of coals. And as a rise in the price of corn would neither increase nor diminish the value of money, the same sum would still be paid for the same quantities of each of those products, as was paid for it before the rise in the price of corn.

A rise in the price of corn and other farm produce will not then raise the prices of those commodities of which they form no part, which was the point to be proved.

An erroneous opinion is entertained by almost every working man, that his employer can indemnify himself for any advance of wages, by raising the price of the articles he manufactures or deals in, and consequently that a refusal to raise his men's wages, as the price of provisions rises, is an act of unnecessary and cruel oppression. It has been clearly proved that he has no such power, but that, on the contrary, whatever he pays in advanced wages he necessarily pays from his profits.

Another opinion, equally erroneous, is entertained by almost every man who employs workmen; namely, that the demand of his workman for an increase of wages is an attempt at extortion, for which he deserves to be punished, and for which exceedingly cruel punishments are but too frequently inflicted. It has been clearly proved that it is impossible for the workman to prevent his circumstances being deteriorated; and the only possible means of removing the animosities which exist between the workman and his employer, are a repeal of the laws against combinations of workmen, and a clear understanding of the principles which govern PROFIT and WAGES.

E. P.

Feb. 20, 1821.

THE UNIVERSE, A POEM. BY THE REV. C. K. MATURIN.

We do not believe that this poem will add much to the reputation of the celebrated author of *Bertram*, but as its tone of reflection is philanthropic and elevated, and as it possesses some passages of merit, we give some quotations from it, a place among our leading articles. We own that the subject strikes us as too vast and vague to be a happy one. The Universe! What a trackless theme for the imagination; absorbing the mind at once in ideas of infinity and abstraction; prescribing no visible boundaries, either of beginning or end, to the poet's course; and leaving his planless and fortuitous progress without the power of exciting curiosity or anticipation. To two out of the three books of this poem, Mr. Maturin prefixes an analysis of his topics. In the third, he leaves the clue of his contemplations to be discovered by the reader's own sagacity. The first part opens with an address to nature:—

“ Nature—Ethereal essence, fire divine,
Pure origin of all that Earth has fair,
Or Ocean, wonderful,—or Sky, sublime!
Thou—when the Eternal Spirit o'er the abyss
Of ancient waters, moving, through the void
Spoke, and the light began!—Thou also wast
And when the first-born break of glorious day
Rejoic'd upon the youthful mountains,—Thou
Cam'st from it's God, the world's attempering soul!
From thee, the Universal Womb conceived
It's embryon forms, and teeming array'd
All Earth with loveliness and life—the things
That draw the vital air or brightly glow—
The animate, or silent beautiful,—
High spreading glories of the wilderness,
That lift their blossomy boughs in summer air,
From Araby to Ind; flinging sweet dews
Upon their fugitive twilight:—or the trees,
And flow'rets of the vernal temper'd zone,
Brief pensioners of Spring, that deck Earth's wide
Bestrew'd with all diversities of light;—
Seen in the rainbow when it's colour'd arch
Hangs glitt'ring on the humid air, and drives
The congregated vapours.—So array'd
In manifold radiance, Earth's primeval spring
Walk'd on the bright'ning orb, lit by the Hours
And young exulting Elements, undefil'd,—
And circling, free from tempest, round her calm
Perennial brow,—the dewy Zephyrs, then,
From flower-zon'd mountains, wav'd their odoriferous wings
Over the young sweet vallies, whispering joy—
Then goodliest beam'd the unpolluted—bright—
Divine similitude of thoughtful man,

Serene above all creatures—breathing soul—
 Fairest where all was fair,—pure sanctuary
 Of those sweet thoughts, that with life's earliest breath, //
 Up through the transparent air of Eden rose
 To Heaven's gate, thrilling love!—Then, Nature,—thou
 Thy Maker look'd upon his work and smiled—
 Seeing that it was good!—And gave thee charge
 Thenceforth for evermore with constant eye
 To watch the times and seasons, and preserve
 The circling maze, exact. Pure minister
 Of his unerring, all-pervading mind—
 Wherever is thy dwelling-place—All hail!—”

After descending on the inscrutable nature of the divine
 Author of the Universe, the poet contrasts the magnitude and
 durability of his works with the narrowness and uncertainty of
 human designs:—

“ All that is human fleeteth—nought endures
 Beneath the firmament.”

This truth has been so often endited, both in prose and poetry,
 that it now begins to lose the gloss of novelty. Bowzebeus*
 himself could sing how “ the corn now grows where Troy town
 stood,” and we have been so often assured of Babylon, Memphis,
 and Tadmor being now little better than piles of rubbish, and of
 the generations that inhabited them having passed away like
 the beings of a dream, that it baffles all ordinary powers of
 verse to give an air of originality to the fact. We remember a
 Presbyterian preacher, who enlivened this solemn truism by a
 rhetorical hypothesis peculiar to the Calvinistic pulpit—
 “ Where,” said he, “ my friends,” (astonishing the audience by
 an unexpected display of his erudition), “ where are all your
 “ great men of antiquity—your Hectors, and your Homers, and
 “ Alexanders, and where is Pontius Pilate, and Epicurus the great
 “ stoic, and all your Greek and Roman heathens? They are all
 “ dead, my friends, and what is worse, I am afraid they are all
 “ damned.”

Amidst a good deal of common-place matter, however, we
 were struck by the beauty and spirit of the following descrip-
 tion of Pompeii:—

“ Thus deep, beneath
 Earth's bosom, and the mansions of the graves
 Of men, are graves of cities. Such of late,
 From its long sleep of darkness disinterr'd,
 Pompeii, with its low and baried roofs,
 Rose dark upon the miner's progress, like
 A city of the dead! a tomb perchance
 Where living Men were buried!—Tyrant Death!

* In Gay's Pastorals.

How didst thou triumph then!—thou, as 'd'st to stand
 Behind thy sallow harbinger disease,
 Or take thine open and determinate stand
 In battle's ranks; with Danger at thy side,
 Forewarning gallant breasts prepared to die;
 But there,—thy spectral visage darken'd forth,
 Amid the joyous bosom scenes of life,
 From its invisible ambush! There—it found
 The myriad fantasies of hearts and brains,
 Young loves and hopes and pleasures all abroad,
 Spreading their painted wings, and wantoning
 In life's glad summer breeze, from flower to flower!
 And, with the fatal spell of one dread glance,
 Blasted them all!—How sunk the tender maid
 Then silent in the chill and stiffening clasp
 Of her dead lover! Echo had not ceased
 To catch love's inarticulate ecstasies,
 Strain'd in a first embrace—for ever, then,
 Fix'd statue-like in Death's tremendous arms;
 A hideous contrast!—One fell moment still'd
 Lovers and foes alike;—workers of good,
 And guilty wretches;—then the statesman's brain
 Stopp'd in its calculation, and the bard
 Sunk by his lyre;—the loud procession
 Before the temple—all the cares of life,
 With action and contrivance, through the streets
 Throng'd multitudinous, in their busy time
 Of bustle and magnificence,—and all
 Life's thousands were abroad, and the high sounds
 Of civic pomp rose audible from far:—
 But louder rose the terrible voice of ruin
 Over their mirth,—“BE STILL”—and all was hush'd!
 Save the short shuddering cries that rose unheard—
 The upturn'd glances from a thousand homes
 Thro' the red closing surge! the awful groan
 Of agitated Nature;—and beneath,
 Ten thousand victims turn'd to die:—Above
 Bright sunbeams lit the plain—a nameless tomb!”

In the second part the poet apostrophizes the morning-star, and fondly dreaming that it is a world of unprophaned luxuriance, makes a natural transition to the possible amelioration and happiness of the beings who inhabit our own planet:—

“Star of the brightening East!—Thyself most bright,—
 That thro' the shadowy air of silent morn
 Shedd'st thy lone love-beams down!—’Tis sweet to think
 —And soothing to the sorrow-stricken mind—
 They dawn upon us, from a blessed home
 Of peace and love!—For gazing on thy light,
 I feel their solace, and forget to mourn!”

Tired of my woes, I mount upon the wing
Of spirit, to thy glorious empyre;
To seek forgetfulness of storms that rend
A turbulent and transitory world!

"For in that blessed noon of time, the world
Shall be as one wide city—with its streets
And several factories, apart, yet join'd,
Commingle in one spacious mart,—by one
Collective spirit ruled, through all her realms;
One wisdom and one faith shall govern man:
And his regenerate race shall o'er all kinds
Regain it's lost dominion!—Walls shall rise,
Where monsters range the aboriginal woods
And thickets, undisturb'd;—and tillage fields
Bloom, where the horrid wilderness o'ershades
Th' unseemly loves, and instincts murderous
Of snaky broods, or, oft, at night, more fell
The tyger walks, and by some lone, scared hut
Prowls like a demon, uttering cries of death.

All dark and horrid things shall cease; and then
Evanishing, like spirits from pure dawn,
Fly from the waking world, then new disclosed,
In morning's mildly bright magnificence,
O'er many a climate, gilding tower, and town,
And dwelling seen by wood and mountain far,
Girt by the peaceful populous main, no more
By Heaven's dread wrath to tempests wrought,—or man's.
And then shall sounds of many voices wake
Those lone and mouldering fane, where Silence now
With Desolation holds coëval sway,
Amid the wrecks of dim antiquity!
Then, from their tombs of time restored, shall they
Arising from the dust stand numerous
From Ganges westward to the Nile: Then, proud,
Old Nineveh shall arise, and that predoom'd
Till then to sleep in fate!—Nor far from these,
That famous in the songs of Araby
Sung to its wizard lyre,—metropolis
And palace of Almansor shall be seen,
And, pillared on its golden capitals,
Hold commerce with all earth!

For then shall be
A highway through all nations, and a bond
Of joyful union!—Ispahan shall send
Glad tidings unto Sibir and Cathay,
Re-echoed with glad notes; for in that time
Peace shall attune the trumpet, never more
To shake the warrior's breast with fierce delight,

But with its silver mounting lay sublime;
 Winning the universal world to love!"

We take leave of Mr. Maturin, wishing to see his agreeable genius exercised on wieldier subjects than the Universe, and objecting to that theme, to borrow two of his own expressions, "most chiefly" on account of its "vastitude."

PARRY'S EXPEDITION.*

In proportion to the disappointment which the public felt, with respect to the comparative failure of Captain Ross's expedition, in 1818, for the purpose of discovering a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have been the fresh hopes excited by Captain Parry's appointment to a similar destination. It was reasonably enough to be expected that the lights, feeble as they were, which Captain Ross had thrown upon the track prescribed, as far as he had proceeded on it, would at least teach his followers what to avoid; and in the same manner it was hoped, that all the errors of judgment manifested by one party, would tend to the sharpening of it in another.

The Admiralty sufficiently shewed how well satisfied it was with the conduct of Lieutenant Parry, whilst he was with Captain Ross, by appointing him to the command of the *Hecla*, for the further prosecution of those important enquiries, in which for nearly three centuries all the maritime nations of Europe have been deeply interested. In consideration of the lively interest felt in all ranks of society who have been enabled to hear of this second Expedition, for the success and welfare of the individuals who composed it, we hasten to lay before our readers a detail of their proceedings, as far as the general interests which they set out to promote may be considered to have been served. In this "brief chronicle and abstract," however, we must premise, that we give a biographical, if we may so term it, rather than a scientific sketch of their proceedings; want of room obliging us to forego any account of the experiments and observations made during the voyage, and which are in themselves important enough to form the subject of a separate and most interesting article.

THE *Hecla*, Captain Parry, accompanied by the gun-brig *Griper*, commanded by Lieutenant Matthew Liddon, under the orders of

* Journal of a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the years 1819-20, in his Majesty's ships *Hecla* and *Griper*, under the orders of William Edward Parry, R. N. F. R. S.

Captain Parry, began his voyage on the 14th of May, 1819. The Griper appears from the first to have been remarked as a bad sailer, which was afterwards the source of much inconvenience to Captain Parry. It is needless to say, that these ships were fitted out with every aid which human ingenuity could suggest, both for comfort and safety; and, as the crews consisted chiefly of those whose good conduct on the former Expedition had gained them the confidence of their superiors, the voyage commenced under the most favourable auspices.

On entering Davis's Strait, the adventurers began to encounter the usual difficulties and danger attendant on navigating the Arctic Seas; and being baffled in their attempt to penetrate the ice to the Western Coast, they proceeded up the Strait, and entering Baffin's Bay, made a resolute and successful effort to penetrate an immense barrier of ice, which occupied the middle of it, running eighty miles in a N. 68° W. direction; and arrived on the southern side of the entrance into Sir James Lancaster's Sound, on the 20th of July. Here, Captain Parry remarks, they seemed to have got into the head-quarters of the whales, eighty-two being seen on that day: hence he concludes the Greenland fishermen's idea, that the presence of ice is necessary for the finding of whales, to be erroneous—there not being any ice in sight at the time when the whales were most numerous. Captain Parry reached the entrance of this Sound exactly a month earlier than Captain Ross had done in 1818, which he attributes to his feeling assured, from the experience he had gained in his former voyage, that he should find an open sea to the westward of the barrier of ice in the middle of Baffin's Bay; which confidence gave him the resolution to persist in forcing his passage through it, though it had never before been crossed in this latitude at the same season: such is the value of experience. Many of the party landed at Possession Bay, and recognised the objects they had remarked there on the former Expedition; and Mr. Fisher, the assistant-surgeon, found the tracks of human feet upon the banks of a stream, which seem, at first, to have struck him with as much surprise as Robinson Crusoe felt at seeing the print of the savage's foot in the sand; but, on a more accurate examination, they were discovered to have been made by the shoes of some of the same party eleven months before.

It was not without considerable emotion that Captain Parry entered the great Sound, or inlet of Baffin's Bay, to which his attention was particularly to be directed, by the orders of the Admiralty; and on the exploration of which the success or failure of the whole expedition might be expected to turn. The contrariety of the wind, and the unequal sailing of the Griper, kept the whole party in a painful state of impatience, which they beguiled as well as they could, by continual soundings and lookings out, and counting the whales, which appeared in considerable numbers, several of them younger than had been seen before in Baffin's Bay; it being generally remarked, that they are not found there as in the seas of Spitzbergen. At length an easterly breeze springing up, on the 3d of August, the Hecla crowded all sail, and was carried rapidly on towards the westward.

"It is more easy to imagine than to describe," says Captain Parry.

in his narrative, "the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance, while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the Sound. The mast-heads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crow's nest were received; all, however, hitherto favourable to our most sanguine hopes."

To the northward and westward of Cape Warrender, the land on the opposite shore had opened out into bold headlands, high mountains, and in some parts table-land. The different bays and promontories, one after another, received names from Captain Parry, as the several dictates of respect for public officers, and regard for private individuals. One, which in hastily sailing past it he thus distinguished by the appellation of CROKER'S BAY, he is of opinion may, not improbably, prove one day to be a passage from Sir James Lancaster's Sound into the Northern Sea; as the speed with which he passed it did not allow him to determine the absolute continuity of land round the bottom of it. After being carried briskly on towards the westward for the space of two days, they began to flatter themselves, from the appearance of a cape, which Captain Sabine named CAPE FELLFOOT, and which seemed to form the termination of the western coast, from no land being discernible towards the south, from the colour of the water, the absence of ice, and a long swell that rolled in between southward and eastward, that they were actually in the Polar Sea; and some of the most sanguine among them began to calculate the distance and bearing of Icy Cape, as a matter of no very difficult or improbable accomplishment. Soon, however, these cheering anticipations were, for a time, put to flight. At 6 P. M. August 4th, there was a cry of land; and that sound, of all others the most joyful to a seaman's ears on ordinary occasions, on this was only the signal for disappointment and mortification. The land, however, proved to be an island. Hope again revived, then drooped, then revived; according to the nature of the reports from the crow's nest, whence the appearances between sea and land were so continually deceptive, that it is probable they were at last chiefly determined by the prevalence of hope or fear in the breast of the reporter.

As we must confine ourselves in this article to a concise outline of Captain Parry's Journal, we shall not enter into those minute details, which, though highly valuable to the nautical adventurer, would only try the patience of the general reader, who will be more anxious to come at the result of his valuable information, than to follow him step by step in the attainment of it. We will, therefore, briefly state, that Captain Parry, finding his progress to the southward stopped by the ice, returned to the northward, keeping as near the western shore as the ice would permit. After sundry delays from ice and fogs, the prospect began to brighten, and Captain Parry thus expresses himself concerning it.

"We soon perceived, as we proceeded, that the land, along which we were sailing, and which, with the exception of some small inlets,

had appeared to be hitherto continuous from Baffin's Bay, began now to trend much to the northward, beyond Beechey Island, leaving a large open space between that coast and the distant land to the westward, which now appeared like an island, of which the extremities to the north and south were distinctly visible. The latter was a remarkable headland, having at its extremity two small table hills, somewhat resembling boats turned bottom upwards, and was named CAPE HOTHAM, after Rear-Admiral the Honourable Sir Henry Hotham, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. At sunset we had a clear and extensive view to the northward, between Cape Hotham and the eastern land. On the latter several headlands were discovered and named; between the northernmost of these, called CAPE BOWDEN, and the island to the westward, there was a channel of more than eight leagues in width, in which neither land nor ice could be seen from the mast-head. To this noble channel I gave the name of WELLINGTON, after his Grace the Master-General of the Ordnance. The arrival off this grand opening was an event for which we had long been looking with much anxiety and impatience; for, the continuity of land to the northward had always been a source of uneasiness to us, principally from the possibility that it might take a turn to the southward and unite with the coast of America. The appearance of this broad opening, free from ice, and of the land on each side of it, more especially that on the west, leaving scarcely a doubt on our minds of the latter being an island, relieved us from all anxiety on that score; and every one felt that we were now finally disentangled from the land which forms the western side of Baffin's Bay; and that, in fact, we had actually entered the Polar Sea. Fully impressed with this idea, I ventured to distinguish the magnificent opening through which our passage had been effected from Baffin's Bay to Wellington channel, by the name of BARROW'S STRAIT, after my friend, Mr. Barrow, Secretary of the Admiralty; both as a private testimony of my esteem for that gentleman, and as a public acknowledgment due to him for his zeal and exertions in the promotion of Northern Discovery. To the land on which Cape Hotham is situated, and which is the easternmost of the group of islands, (as we found them to be by subsequent discovery,) in the Polar Sea, I gave the name of CORNWALLIS ISLAND, after Admiral the Honourable Sir William Cornwallis, my first naval friend and patron; and an inlet, seven miles to the northward of Cape Hotham, was called BARLOW INLET, as a testimony of my respect for Sir Robert Barlow, one of the Commissioners of His Majesty's navy.

"Though two-thirds of the month of August had now elapsed, I had every reason to be satisfied with the progress which we had hitherto made. I calculated upon the sea being still navigable for six weeks to come, and probably more if the state of the ice would permit us to edge away to the southward in our progress westerly: our prospects, indeed, were truly exhilarating; the ships had suffered no injury; we had plenty of provisions; crews in high health and spirits; a sea, if not open, at least navigable; and a zealous and unanimous determination in both officers and men to accomplish, by all possible means, the grand object on which we had the happiness to be employed."

The favourable appearances of an open westerly passage continued to increase. Captain Parry made all sail for Cape Hotham, intending to seek the southward of it for a direct passage towards Behring's Strait. The quick and unobstructed run with which the vessels were favoured from Beechey Island across to Cape Hotham, so delightful at all times to the impatience of sailors, so seldom enjoyed in these seas, abounding as they are with obstacles, seemed encouragingly emblematic of the speed with which they might hope to reach the object of their wishes; but, as they proceeded westward, their obstacles again thickened upon them; fields of ice, the limits of which were not to be discerned, lay before their eyes; nor bird, nor any other living creature, made its appearance, though islands increased around them in every direction. Captain Parry gave to the numerous group the general name of NORTH GEORGIA, distinguishing them separately by the names of different individuals. Under one of the largest of these, which he denominated MERVILLE ISLAND, the ships dropped anchor; for the first time since leaving the coast of Norfolk; "a circumstance," says Captain Parry, "which was rendered the more striking to us at the moment, as it appeared to mark, in a very decided manner, the completion of one stage of our voyage. The ensigns and pendants were hoisted as soon as we had anchored, and it created in us no ordinary feelings of pleasure to see the British flag waving, for the first time, in these regions; which had hitherto been considered beyond the limits of the habitable part of the world."

It was in the morning of this day, Sunday, September 5th, that the ships had crossed the meridian of 110° west from Greenwich, in the latitude of $74^{\circ} 44' 2''$, by which they became entitled to the sum of five thousand pounds; the reward offered by act of Parliament to such of his Majesty's subjects as should penetrate thus far to the westward, within the Arctic circle. The nearest headland was in consequence denominated BOUNTY CAPE, by the men to whom Captain Parry communicated this cheering intelligence after divine service; exhorting them at the same time to make the most strenuous exertions during the short remainder of the season before them, as he had little doubt of their accomplishing their enterprise before the close of the following one, if they could penetrate a few degrees farther to the westward, before the ships were laid up for the winter.

For several days after this auspicious event the ships were unable to proceed farther than a little coasting round the island, on account of contrary winds, and the rapid accumulation of ice, which exposed them to the greatest danger, and the crews to incessant fatigues. This was the more mortifying, as Captain Parry had always looked forward to the month of September as the period above all others favourable to the more rapid prosecution of the object of his voyage. To add to his anxiety, a party of men, who had been sent on shore in search of deer, lost their way, and during three days created the most distressing apprehensions for their fate: nor were they finally recovered without considerable danger to those who went in search of them, and who, had their recovery been delayed one night longer, must have perished with them, as the thermometer fell before midnight to 50° ;

a temperature which it would have been impossible for them to have survived exposure to, debilitated as they were by excessive fatigue. In gratitude to God for their preservation, the nearest headland was called CAPE PROVIDENCE.

The increasing dangers and difficulties attendant on continuing the navigation westward, by which they had already been placed in situations of the most imminent peril, the rapid formation of the ice, the shortness of the day-light, and the effects which the crew of the *Griper*, in particular, which had been forced on shore by the ice, began to feel from the efforts constantly necessary to work her, all compelled Captain Parry to turn his thoughts to the providing of winter quarters, for which he finally fixed on the eastern side of Melville Island. The labour of cutting a canal through the ice, in order to get the ships into a place of safety for the winter, may be imagined by our readers when they are informed that the length of it was four thousand and eighty-two yards, and the average thickness of the ice seven inches. On Sunday, the 26th of September, the ships were securely harboured, and the joyful event was hailed by both their companies with three hearty cheers.

"Having now," says Captain Parry, "reached the station, where, in all probability, we were destined to remain for at least eight or nine months, during three of which we were not to see the face of the sun, my attention was immediately, and imperiously, called to various important duties; many of them of a singular nature, such as had, for the first time, devolved on any officer in His Majesty's navy, and might indeed be considered of rare occurrence in the whole history of navigation. The security of the ships, and the preservation of the various stores, were objects of immediate concern. A regular system to be adopted for the maintenance of good order and cleanliness, as most conducive to the health of the crews during the long, dark, and dreary winter, equally demanded my attention.

"Not a moment was lost, therefore, in the commencement of our operations. The whole of the masts were dismantled except the lower ones, and the *Hecla's* main-top-mast, the latter being kept fidded for the purpose of occasionally hoisting up the electrometer-chain, to try the effect of atmospherical electricity. The lower yards were lashed fore and aft amidships, at a sufficient height to support the planks of the housing intended to be erected over the ships, the lower ends of which rested on the gunwale; and the whole of this frame-work was, afterwards roofed over with a cloth, composed of wadding-tilt, with which waggons are usually covered; and thus was formed a comfortable shelter from the snow and wind. The boats, spars, running rigging, and sails, were removed on shore, in order to give as much room as possible on our upper deck, to enable the people to take exercise on board, whenever the weather should be too inclement for walking on shore. It was absolutely necessary, also, for the preservation of our sails and ropes, all of which were hard-frozen, that they should be kept in that state till the return of spring; for, as it was now impossible to get them dried, owing to the constantly low temperature of the atmosphere, they would, probably, have soon rotted had they been

kept in any part of the ships, where the warmth would occasion them to thaw; they were, therefore, placed with the boats on shore, and a covering of canvass fixed over them. This covering, however, as we afterwards found, might better have been dispensed with; for as we had not the means of constructing a roof sufficiently tight to keep out the fine snow which fell during the winter, it only served, by the eddy wind which it created, to make the drift about it greater; and, I have now no doubt that, with stores in the state in which I have described our sails to be, it would be better simply to lay them on some spars to keep them off the ground, allowing the snow to cover them as it fell. For want of experience in these matters, we also took a great deal of unnecessary trouble in carrying the anchors over the ice to the beach, with an idea of securing the ships to the shore at the breaking-up of the ice in the spring: a precaution for which there was not the smallest occasion, and by which the cables suffered unnecessary exposure during the winter.

"As soon as the ships were secured and housed over, my undivided attention was in the next place directed to the comfort of the officers and men, and to the preservation of that extraordinary degree of health which we had hitherto enjoyed in both ships."

Among Captain Parry's judicious regulations for the bodies of his crew, his precaution in allowing them a quantity of vinegar with their meat, and seeing them take every day a portion of lime-juice and sugar, must be particularized as one great cause of their remaining almost entirely free from that dreadful disorder—the scurvy. His next care was for their minds, the health of which he wisely considered as having no small influence on that of the body.

"Under circumstances of leisure and inactivity," says he, "such as we were now placed in, and with every prospect of its continuance for a very large portion of a year, I was desirous of finding some amusement for the men during this long and tedious interval. I proposed, therefore, to the officers to get up a play occasionally on board the *Hecla*, as the readiest means of preserving among our crews that cheerfulness and good-humour which had hitherto subsisted. In this proposal I was readily seconded by the officers of both ships; and Lieutenant Beechey having been duly elected as stage-manager, our first performance was fixed for the 5th of November, to the great delight of the ship's companies. In these amusements I gladly undertook a part myself, considering that an example of cheerfulness, by giving a direct countenance to every thing that could contribute to it, was not the least essential part of my duty, under the peculiar circumstances in which we were placed.

"In order still further to promote good-humour among ourselves, as well as to furnish amusing occupation, during the hours of constant darkness, we set on foot a weekly newspaper, which was to be called the *North Georgia Gazette, and Winter Chronicle*, and of which Captain Sabine undertook to be the editor; under the promise that it was to be supported by original contributions from the officers of the two ships: and, though some objection may, perhaps, be raised against a paper of this kind being generally resorted to in ships of war, I was too well ac-

quainted with the discretion, as well as the excellent dispositions of my officers, to apprehend any unpleasant consequences from a measure of this kind; instead of which I can safely say, that the weekly contributions had the happy effect of employing the leisure hours of those who furnished them, and of diverting the mind from the gloomy prospect which would sometimes obtrude itself on the stoutest heart."

On the 4th of November the sun sunk below the horizon, not to appear again above it for the space of ninety-six days. On the 5th the theatre opened with "Miss in her Teens;" and Captain Parry found so much benefit accrue to his men from the amusement the spectacle afforded them, and the occupation of fitting up the theatre, and taking it down again, that their dramatic representations were punctually continued the whole of the winter, and performed and witnessed with equal pleasure, even when the thermometer was below zero on the stage.

It seemed that the sinking of the sun below the horizon for so long a period was a subject of painful feeling to the animals who might consider themselves the lawful possessors of the island, as well as to the human beings who had sought a temporary asylum on it; for from that time the wolves began to approach the ships, as if drawn thither by melancholy sympathy, and would howl most piteously for hours together, much to the annoyance of a beautiful little white fox, which had been caught in a trap, set under the bows of the Griper, and which, from the nervous irritability he betrayed at the sound of their voices, seemed as if he had been accustomed to consider them as signals of destruction to his tribe. The wolves seldom appeared in greater numbers than two or three together; and it was somewhat extraordinary, that although the whole crews were constantly, for months together, intent on killing or catching some of them, they never could succeed, though the wolves were constant enough in their attendance to make acquaintance with all the dogs belonging to the vessels. Only one bear was seen during the winter; it was of the white kind, and tracked Captain Sabine's servant quite to the ships; but being there saluted by a volley of balls, it made a retrograde motion and escaped.

The weather now began to grow intensely severe; and during the latter part of November and the first half of December, Captain Parry's Journal presents little more than observations on it; and on the meteoric appearances, and fantastic illusions of light and colour, with which Nature seems to amuse herself in these dreary solitudes, as if, secure from the prying impertinence of man, she might descend to downright gambol with her powers. At one time the moon appeared curiously deformed by refraction, the lower edges of its disc seeming to be indented with deep notches, and afterwards to be cut off square at the bottom; whilst a single ray, or rather column of light, of the same diameter as the moon, was also observed to descend from it to the top of the hill, like a pillar supporting it: at another, light transparent clouds were seen to emit columns of light upwards, resembling the Aurora Borealis; towards the south-east, being exposed to a very light sky, they had a pale brown appearance. The Aurora Borealis itself seldom appears to have been witnessed in the splendour with

which it occasionally illuminates the Shetland Isles, or other places in the Atlantic, about the same latitude as our adventurers were now in; still it was both frequent and vivid enough to give variety and beauty to the long long nights they had to endure.—The shortest day, however, arrived, and actually surprised both the men and officers by the quickness with which it seemed to come upon them. So true it is, that an uniform life, provided it have sufficient occupation, always appears to pass more swiftly than that which is chequered by a variety of impressions; and that Captain Parry was sufficiently ingenious in providing his men with employment, is evident from a complaint accidentally coming to his ears that they had not time to mend their clothes.

The New Year was ushered in with weather comparatively mild; but it soon regained its severity. The scurvy now began to appear in a few instances; but by the judicious treatment of Mr. Edwards and his assistants, it was prevented from making any dangerous progress. Among the remedies prescribed, in such a situation, our readers would scarcely expect to find fresh salading; it was, nevertheless, not only prescribed but procured, by means of boxes filled with mould, and placed along the pipe of the stove in the cabin. By this means they were enabled, even in that inclement clime and season, (and though the economy they were obliged to observe with respect to fuel did not allow of their keeping a fire in at night,) to supply two or three scorbutic patients with nearly an ounce of fresh mustard and cresses daily; and when it is considered how very small a quantity of fresh vegetable matter is a perfect specific for this scourge of a sea-faring life, it is to be hoped that this simple method of procuring it will be oftener resorted to. These vegetables were of good flavour, though perfectly colourless from the privation of light: but as this peculiarity may only add to their value in the eyes of those who are tired of seeing any thing as Nature intended it to be, arctic salading may be introduced as an enviable rarity in future bills of fare at our fashionable tables; and perhaps, in process of time, become a regular branch of luxury with the Esquimaux ladies, should our accidental intercourse with them terminate, as attempts at civilization generally do, in inspiring them with a contempt for every thing within their reach, and a desire of any thing apparently beyond it.

Towards the end of January some of the ports were opened, in order to admit the carpenters and armourers to repair the main-top-sail-yard; in order that, at least, a shew of re-equipment for sea might be made. On the 3d of February the sun was seen from the main-top of the Hecla, for the first time since the 11th of November. By the 7th there was sufficient day-light, from eight o'clock till four, to enable the men to perform, with facility, any work on the outside of the ships; they began, therefore, that day to collect stones for ballast, to make up for the loss of weight by the expenditure of provisions and stores. By the 15th, Captain Parry was induced, by the increased length of the day, and the cheering presence of the sun for several hours above the horizon, to open the dead-lights of his stern-windows, in order to admit the day-light, after a privation of it for four months in that part of the ship. The baize curtains, which had been nailed close to the win-

dows in the beginning of the winter, were so firmly frozen to them that they were obliged to be cut away, and twelve large buckets full of ice, or frozen vapour, to be taken from between the double sashes before they could be got clear. This premature uncovering of the windows, however, caused such a change in the temperature of the Hecda, that, for several weeks after, those on board were sensible of a more intense degree of cold than they had felt all the preceding part of the winter. On the 24th, the house on shore was discovered to be on fire: it was got out without much injury; but Captain Sabine's servant, in his eagerness to save the dipping needle, which was close to the stove, ran out with it, without waiting to put on his gloves, in consequence of which his hands were so benumbed, that when they were plunged into cold water, the surface of it was immediately frozen by the intense cold thus communicated, and the poor fellow was afterwards obliged to submit to the partial amputation of four fingers on one hand, and three on the other.

The months of March and April seem to have passed tediously on, in watching the state of the weather. The crew of the Griper became somewhat more sickly, in consequence of the extreme moisture, which it was found impossible to exclude from their bed-places; and Lieutenant Liddon, in particular, who had suffered much from illness at different times during the voyage, became so unwell, that Captain Parry entertained serious apprehensions for his recovery. In May, Captain Parry laid out a small garden, planting it with radishes, onions, mustard and cress; but the experiment failed, though some common ship peas, planted by two of the men, thrived extremely well.

The state of the sick list becoming more favourable towards the latter end of May, Captain Parry and Captain Sabine, accompanied by ten others, officers and men, set off, on the first of June, to make the tour of the island; though a more unpromising subject for the excursion of a party of pleasure cannot well be imagined. They took tents and fuel with them, as well as provisions; and carried their luggage in a small light cart, to which the sailors occasionally appended their blankets, by way of sails. They travelled by night, as well to have the benefit of any warmth the sun might give for their hours of rest, as to avoid the glare of its light upon the snow. The dwarf willow, sorrel, poppy, and saxifrage, were the vegetable productions which they met with: and, at a place they called BUSHMAN COVE, which appeared to be one of the pleasantest and most habitable spots they had seen in the Arctic circle, Captain Sabine found a ranunculus in full flower, literally wasting "its sweetness on the desert air." The animals they saw were mice, deer, a musk ox, a pair of swallows, ducks, geese, plover, and ptarmigans, with some of which they occasionally varied their fare. Along the beach on the westward, they found a point of land eighty feet above the sea, which they named POINT NIAS, after one of the officers of the party; and had the patience to raise on it, as a memorial of their exertions, a monument of ice, of a conical form, twelve feet broad at the base, and as many in height. They enclosed in it, in a tin cylinder, an account of the party who had erected it, with a few silver and copper English coins; and Mr. Fisher, the assistant surgeon, took care to con-

street it with a solidity, which may make it last for years as a land mark; but it can be seen at several miles distance, either by sea or land. On a point of land within a hundred yards of the sea, the remains of six Esquimaux huts were discovered; the owners of which might probably be in the habit of visiting the island in the months of July and August, when it should appear that they would meet with a plentiful supply of game.

After a fortnight's absence, the party returned to the ships; to which now began to make itself visible. A great quantity of seal was daily gathered; hunting parties procured fresh animal food; and which had perhaps more effect on the health and spirits of the men than anything else could have produced. On the 22d of June, the ice was still served to be an motion. On the 11th of July, says Captain Parry, "the streams of water in the bays were very much more passable with great ease; and the snow had entirely disappeared, except on the sides of those ravines; and the other hollows where it had formed considerable drifts; so that the appearance of the land was much the same now as when we first made the islands in the latter part of August the preceding year." This winter which our people were enabled to take at this period, when the weather was really mild and pleasant, and to our feelings quite as warm as the summer of any other climate, together with the luxurious living afforded by our hunting parties, and by the abundant supply of seal which was always at command, were the means of completely eradicating any seeds of the scurvy which might have been lurking in the constitutions of the officers and men, who were now, I believe, in as good health and certainly in as good spirits, as when the Expedition left England. Gratifying as this fact could not but be to me, it was impossible to suppress, without pain, the probability, now too evident, that the shortness of the approaching season of operations would not admit of that degree of success in the prosecution of the main subject of our enterprise, which might otherwise have been reasonably anticipated in setting out from our present advanced station with two ships in such perfect condition, and with crews so zealous in the cause in which we were engaged.

On the first of August, 1820, the vessels weighed, and ran out of Winter Harbour, in which they had been sharing ten whole months; and a part of the other two, September and August. Could Captain Parry, or any of those with him, have foreseen, during their stay on Melville Island, that all their waiting would only enable them to get a few leagues further westward, on the very skirts of the island, where they had already been detained for such a dreary length of time, how importunately tedious would the interval have appeared. Fortunately, they did not contract the faculty of second sight in these northern latitudes; however, occasionally, that of long sight might seem to be imparted to them; they, therefore, once more set off on their inquiries, cheered by hope, and supported by the most praiseworthy zeal, to acquit themselves to the utmost of the duty required of them. They entered on their new discoveries on the anniversary of the day when they had commenced their former ones from the entrance of Sir

James Lancaster's Sound; but the bad sailing of the *Griper* was a great obstacle to that speedy advancement, which the shortness of the navigating season in these seas makes most particularly desirable; and indeed, there can be but little doubt, that the time Captain Parry lost in waiting for her at different periods, would have enabled him to attain the full object of his inquiry—*if, in fact, it be attainable at all in the direction in which it has hitherto been sought.* The sea, as the westward at first presented a very flattering appearance, being more clear of ice than it had been a month later the preceding year, and presenting a fine navigable channel of two miles and a half in width, which appeared from the mast-head to continue as far as the eye could reach along shore to the westward. But on rounding the point of Cape Heerne, the wind blowing against them, and a strong current setting towards the eastward, warned them to arm themselves with patience for a repetition of all the delays and difficulties which they had already experienced;—to these, great danger was soon added, from the drifting and pressure of the ice, which threatened the *Griper*, in particular, with total destruction.

We have not room to detail these particulars, interesting as they are; but Captain Parry's account of them sufficiently shows how anxious he was not to abandon the final object of his expedition whilst a hope of attaining it could be cherished. They had experienced, indeed, during the first half of the navigable season, such a continued series of vexatious disappointments, and delays, accompanied by such a constant state of danger to the ships, that he felt it would no longer be deemed justifiable in him to persevere in a fruitless attempt to get to the westward.

Accordingly, after having held a council respecting the eligibility of spending another winter in these dreary regions, and receiving an unanimous opinion as to the little chance, even at the expense of that sacrifice, and the risk of falling short of fuel and provisions, of being able to start from a more advanced station at a future season, Captain Parry determined to proceed to England without further delay; turning back, along the edge of the ice to the eastward, in order to look out for an opening that might lead towards the American continent, and taking with them the consolatory reflection that they had proceeded farther in the Polar Sea, to the northward of that continent, than any preceding navigators had done. The charts and surveys taken on the homeward passage sufficiently attest their unwearied zeal in the cause of maritime science. The western side of Baffin's Bay, in particular, was most carefully explored; and here in latitude $71^{\circ} 02' 42''$ they met with the vessels belonging to the whale fisheries, which had taken up their station on this coast, hitherto considered as inaccessible. Their next encounter with the "human face divine" was in the person of a group of Esquimaux, in the inlet which was named the river Ulua, in the Expedition of 1818. We regret that we have not room to dwell on the amiable deportment of these unsophisticated children of nature, who appeared to possess a degree of docility and principle far beyond any thing that the same description of people can boast of in North Greenland; but all our remaining space must be devoted to Captain

Parry's remarks on the probable existence and accomplishment of a North-west Passage into the Pacific Ocean. Of the existence of the passage itself he entertains not a doubt; but from the difficulties presented by the increasing breadth and thickness of the ice towards the westward, after passing through Barrow's Strait, amounting that it required five weeks to traverse from the entrance of Sir James Lancaster's Sound to the meridian of Winter Harbour, and only six days to sail back through the same distance, added to the shortness of the season, not exceeding seven weeks, in which the Polar Sea can be navigated in that part, he is inclined to think that an attempt to effect the North-west Passage might be made with a better chance of success from Behring's Strait than from this side of America. Still he acknowledges that there are circumstances which render this mode of proceeding altogether impracticable for British ships; foremost among which are the length of the voyage that must be performed before arriving at the point where the grand undertaking is to be commenced,—the impossibility of taking out provisions and fuel in sufficient quantity to ensure the confidence necessary for an enterprize, of which the nature must be so precarious and uncertain,—and the severe trial to which the health of the crews would be subjected by going at once from the heat of the torrid zone into the intense cold of a long winter, upon the northern shores of America. The middle course which he recommends between this choice of evils is, at once to attempt to penetrate from the eastern coast of America along its northern shore.

"The question," says he, "which naturally arises, in the next place, relates to the most likely means of getting to the coast of America, so as to sail along its shores. It would, in this respect, be desirable to find an outlet from the Atlantic into the Polar Sea, as nearly as possible in the parallel of latitude in which the northern coast of America may be supposed to lie; as, however, we do not know of any such outlet from Baffin's Bay, about the parallels of 69° to 70°, the attempt is, perhaps, to be made with better chance of success in a still lower latitude, especially as there is a considerable portion of coast that may reasonably be supposed to offer the desired communication, which yet remains unexplored. Cumberland Strait, the passage called St Thomas Rowe's Welcome, lying between Southampton Island and the coast of America, and Repulse Bay, appear to be the points most worthy of attention; and, considering the state of uncertainty in which the attempts of former navigators have left us, with regard to the extent and communication of these openings, one cannot but entertain a reasonable hope, that one, or perhaps each of them, may afford a practicable passage into the Polar Sea."

Captain Parry, with a natural and even laudable complacency, points out the services which have at least accrued in a commercial point of view, from the discoveries already made in the course of the different expeditions with respect to the whale stations, by which it is probable that our fisheries will be considerably benefited. Certainly both Captain Parry, and the brave and able men who accompanied him, are well entitled to the respect and admiration of their country for the zeal with which they have endeavoured to the utmost to extend her maritime renown. It is pleasing to contemplate the order, unani-

nity, and general good conduct which seems to have prevailed during the voyage, equally creditable to the officers, and to those under their command. We must not close our observations without expressing our approbation of the illustrative plates, most of them conveying to the mind of the reader the full effect which the scene had produced on the eye of the artist, and particularly the plate which represents the ships laid up in Winter Harbour, in beholding which, the words of Aspatia, in the *Maid's Tragedy*,

"Paint me a desolation,"
involuntarily rose to our lips.

THE PROPHECY OF DANTE. BY LORD BYRON.

If ever poet deserved to be a prophet, it was Dante. Had he lived in ancient Jerusalem, instead of Florence, it is likely that Providence would have commissioned his intrepid and public-spirited genius to have stood pre-eminent among the masters of sacred oracle. Indeed, by the strength of his political sagacity he predicted future events in the history of Italy; and if he failed to communicate a portion of his own magnanimity to his country, he left writings calculated after the lapse of ages to revive a masculine tone of taste and sentiments in the breasts of posterity. Ever since a dawn of patriotism has shone during this and the last century upon Italy, the admirers of Dante have increased in number, whilst those of Petrarch have diminished. Dante applied his poetry to the vicissitudes of his own time, when liberty was making her dying struggle, and he descended to the tomb with the last heroes of the middle ages; whilst Petrarch lived among those who prepared the inglorious heritage of servitude for the next fifteen generations.—
"Bride," says Ugo Foscolo, in his excellent parallel between the two founders of Italian poetry, "was the prominent characteristic of Dante. The power of despising, which many boast, which very few really possess, and with which Dante was uncommonly gifted by nature, afforded him the highest delight, of which a noble mind is susceptible. He was one of those rare individuals who are above the reach of ridicule, and whose natural dignity is enhanced even by the blows of malignity. In his friends he inspired less commiseration than awe, in his enemies fear and hatred, but never contempt."

Every one knows the unfortunate outline of Dante's history. He was saved only by flight and exile from being burnt alive by a hostile faction of his countrymen. After an absence of many years from Florence, he received an offer of being re-admitted to his native state, on condition that he compounded with his calumniators, avowed himself guilty, and asked pardon of the Commonwealth. His letter in answer to this proposal has been recently discovered; and exhibits one of the noblest testi-

monies of his spirit. "No! father," he writes to a friendly ecclesiastic who had communicated the offer; "this is not the way that shall lead me back to my country: I shall return with hasty steps, if you or any other can open a way that shall not derogate from the honour of Dante. But if by no such way Florence can be entered, then Florence I shall never enter. What! shall I not every where enjoy the sight of the sun and stars, and may I not contemplate, in every corner of the earth under the canopy of Heaven, consoling and delightful truth, without first rendering myself inglorious, nay infamous to the people and republic of Florence? Bread, I hope, will not fail me." Yet Dante was destined to eat bread embittered by dependence; and whilst Petrarca closed his life with the reputation of a saint, and Venice made a law against purchasing his bones, and selling them as sacred relics, Dante's memory was persecuted by his countrymen. He was excommunicated, after his death, by the Pope. His remains were ordered to be disinterred and burnt, and their ashes scattered to the wind.

Such is the character whom Lord Byron aptly conceives as a prophet-bard revealing the destinies of Italy. The poem, which he has constructed on this idea, is divided into four cantos, and is written in Dante's own terza rima. His lordship's attempt to engraft this measure on our language does not seem to us felicitous. Dante's triplets, generally including a full and succinct portion of sense, remind us of the three-forked thunderbolt; whilst the rhyme in the poem before us is scattered in the midst of sentences, and rather breaks than strengthens the harmony of versification. The poem has great intrinsic beauty, but the style of its egotism is too diffuse to be a just imitation of Dante, whether we suppose him to act the part of a prophet or a poet. The imaginary seer says more about himself than about any other subject in the vision of ages which he conjures up; and, whilst Columbus is dismissed with a line or two, Dante occupies a whole canto with his own complaints. We select from the second canto the lines most likely to interest public feeling on the subject of Italy.

"Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries
Is rent,—a thousand years which yet supine
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation;
Float from eternity into these eyes!
The storms yet sleep; the clouds still keep their station,
The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb,
The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
But all things are disposing for thy doom;
The elements await but for the word;
"Let there be darkness!" and thou grow'st a tomb,
Yes! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword;

Thou, Italy! so fair that Paradise
 Reviv'd in thee, blooms forth to man restored:
 Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?
 Thou, Italy! whose ever golden fields
 Plough'd by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
 For the world's granary; thou, whose sky heaven glids
 With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue:
 Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer builds
 Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,
 And form'd the Eternal City's ornaments
 From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew
 Her trophies of heroes, sanctuaries of saints,
 Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
 Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy paints
 And finds her prior vision has portray'd
 In feeble colours, when the eye—from the Alp
 Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade
 Of desert-losing pine, whose emerald scalp
 Nods to the storm,—dilates and dotes o'er thee,
 And wistfully implores, as twere, for help
 To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
 Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
 The more approach'd, and dearest were they free,
 Thou! Thou must wither to each tyrant's will:
 The Goth hath been,—the German, Frank, and Hun
 Are yet to come,—and on the imperial hill
 Bais, already proud of the deeds done
 By the old barbarians, there awaits the new,
 Throned on the Palatine, while lost and won
 Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue
 Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
 Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,
 And deepens into red the saffron water
 Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless priest,
 And still more helpless nor less holy daughter,
 Vow'd to their God, have shrieking fled, and ceased
 Their ministry: the nations take their prey,
 Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast
 And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they,
 Are; these but gorge the flesh and lap the gore
 Of the departed, and then go their way:
 But those, the human savages, explore
 All paths of torture, and insatiate, yet,
 With Ugolino, hunger prowl for more.
 Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set;
 The chiefless army of the dead, which late
 Beneath the traitor Prince's banner met,
 Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate;
 Had but the royal Rebel lived, perchance
 Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate.
 Oh! Rome, the spoiler or the spoil of France,

From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.

Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,
Crush them, ye rocks! floods, overwhelm them, and for ever!

Why sleep the idle avalanches so,
To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?

Why doth Eridanus but overflow
The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?

Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?

Over Cambyse's host the desert spread

Her sandy ocean, and the sea waves sway

Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thousands,—why,

Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?

And you, ye men! Romans, who dare not die,

Sons of the conquerors who overthrew

Those who overthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie

The dead whose tomb Oblivion never knew,

Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?

Their passes more alluring to the view

Of an invader? is it they, or ye,

That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,
And leave the march in peace, the passage free?

Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car

And makes your land impregnable, if earth

Could be so; but alone she will not war,

Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth

In a soil where the mothers bring forth men:

Not so with those whose souls are little worth;

For them no fortress can avail,—the den

Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting

Is more secure than walls of adamant, when

The hearts of those within are quivering.

Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil

Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to bring

Against Oppression; but how vain the toil,

While still Division sows the seeds of woe

And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil.

Oh! my own beautiful land! so long laid low!

So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,

When there is but required a single blow

To break the chain, yet—yet the Avenger stops,

And Doubt and Discord step 'twixt thee and thee,

And join their strength to that which with thee copes;

What is there wanting then to set thee free,

And show thy beauty in its fullest light?

To make the Alps impassable; and we,

Her sons, may do this with one deed—Unite!"

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ERRATA.

Page 132, line 22, for voluntarily move, read voluntary move.
 352, last line but one, for is, read are.
 353, line 1, for Saharawans, read Saharawans.
 354, last line but two, for Suse, read Suse.
 ——— let note 2d line, for Aurivar, read Aurwar.
 357, line 27, for Seodna, read Seodna.
 387, line 3, for my high power, read my high tower.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET.



